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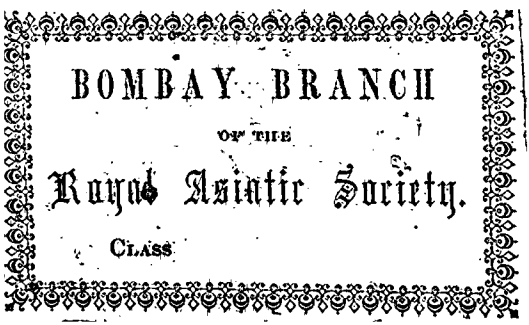

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X.6.8.

DEDICATION.

TO

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN DOWAGER OF WIRTEMBERG.

MADAM,

FLATTERY would be as painful to me to give, as I am persuaded it would be to your Majesty to receive; but truth is not flattery, and the dignified retirement in which you have lived, and exercised the private virtues of life since the decease of your Royal Consort, reflect even more honour and lustre on you than your high birth and descent. You now, Madam, feel the benefit of the talents given your Majesty by nature, and accomplishments derived from the excellent education given you by your Royal Parents, our late much revered Sovereigns; for of all things the most to be dreaded by Prince and Subject, is a life of idleness. I feel, Madam, I own, both pride and gratification in being permitted the honour of laying this little sketch at the feet of a Princess of the illustrious House of Brunswick, (sister of the Monarch who so ably wields the Sceptre of this Empire,) not less honourable by its antiquity, than estimable by its virtues;—a House for which I have an hereditary love and respect. What Great Britain has lost, Wirtemberg has gained; and whilst we lament the absence of the Princess Royal of England from her native

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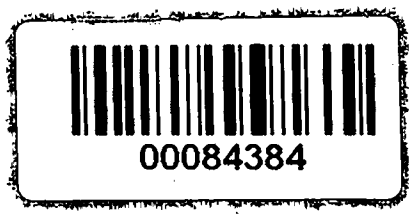

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PREFACE.

THE journey described in these sheets was undertaken from the following motives:—The writer of them had an opportunity, possessed but by few of his profession, and was tempted to make use of it by re-visiting the scenes of his early life, with additional ones, ever interesting to the classic traveller. He was also no less anxious to see the change produced by a number of years, and the various places distinguished in the late awful conflict, and most of them marked, alas! in some way by the fatal ravages of war. In this he has been completely gratified, and also has had the much-superior gratification of finding universally on the continent, that all are rejoiced that the din of war has ceased, and hail the restoration of peace as likely to be lasting as it was glorious. The inhabitants, now turning their swords into ploughshares, have leisure, which, it is hoped, they will

make use of, to attend to the sacred duties of religion too much neglected in the conflict of contending nations. The writer also enjoyed an additional pleasure, which, he confesses (he hopes with honest pride), was highly gratifying, in universally finding his countrymen respected, and looked up to under providence as the authors of that peace and comfort which the continent now enjoys. In this journey he was accompanied by his nearest and dearest relatives, which had its comfort and its alloys: if he had the pleasure of those most dear to him to assist him with their remarks, enliven him with their conversation, and entertain him with their sallies, yet was he often obliged to desist from seeing some interesting object, (which ought not to have been omitted by the inquisitive traveller,) in justice to the various interests and pursuits of a large family, consisting chiefly of females and tender infants, which, in kindness and humanity he was bound to consult, especially as they had gratified his wishes in accompanying him in this journey. The early and late hours, bad roads, and difficult accommodations, which are alike disregarded by the male traveller, whom no inconveniences deter from seeing every thing worthy of observation, are an insuperable objection to the female and infant tra-

veller: this will account for the writer of this not seeing *every thing* in the different towns and neighbourhood so completely as he wished; however, what he has seen, he has endeavoured to see with an impartial eye, and describe with an impartial pen—how he has succeeded must be left to the judgment of the reader.

In his remarks on religion, he has endeavoured to be liberal and impartial. Educated with his two brothers early in life by his excellent parents (on the limited income of a country beneficed clergyman) for the sacred profession, who were assisted in that task by his late venerable relation, Mrs. E. Carter, whose literary fame, "ære perennius," is yet much subordinate to her great humility, unaffected piety, and sincere attachment to the religious principles in which she was brought up, it might perhaps be forgiven him if he was partial to our religious establishment, especially when it is considered that his immediate progenitors, and all his near relatives, not only were of this profession, but all have reaped its patronage, which he gratefully acknowledges. But the writer is partial to it from a much higher motive, from early having imbibed and attentively considered its piety, simplicity, candour, and humility; from its endea-

vouring to enforce the truths as they "are in Christ Jesus." Its professors are not expected to believe implicitly all that they read, or is told them; but to read, search, and examine diligently, "whether these things are so." It can be no wonder then that he is firm in the religious principles which he has imbibed, as being the nearest possible to the Scriptures, and from which he hopes never to deviate; and when the Popish religion is considered as composed of tenets not warranted in Scripture, of superstition, grimace, empty ceremonies, the truth of which assertion all who have been in Roman Catholic countries must confess, the contrast is so great, that it can be no wonder that the purity and simplicity of the Protestant religion should strike us with additional force. At the same time the writer must repeat the remarks which he has made, that he with pleasure has observed unaffected piety and devotion in many of these deluded people. Their ministers are many of them attentive to the sacred duties of their profession, and appear persuaded of the doctrines which they teach, if they are not, wo be to them as hypocrites! There is one essential difference in favour of the Protestant traveller—he is now no longer obliged, as formerly, to comply with the external forms of adoration, when induced by curiosity to attend their

worship, but is left unmolested, if he preserve that quiet and decorum which all ought in every exercise of religion. The utmost liberality every where prevails, and he has the additional comfort (instead of persecution as formerly) of finding places of public worship in almost all the great towns for himself and Protestant brethren. May we not humbly hope that the time is coming when all our deluded brethren will be brought at length to acknowledge the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, unsophisticated by the art of man, undisguised by idolatrous superstition!

With regard to the sketch itself, the writer has given an account of things as they occurred. Having resided some time in Florence, and having access to an excellent library, he was induced to give some account of the family of Medici, as every thing in that city must remind the stranger of that liberal and munificent race; he has also, for a similar reason, given brief memoirs of the Kings of Naples. Conscious of many imperfections in this Journal, he trusts to the liberality of the reader for indulgence; one thing he has studiously avoided—to wound the feelings of any one in this publication—"Hic murus aheneus esto." The great advantage of keeping a journal is obvious, as we are reminded by it of the

scenes we pass through never to return. Life, at the longest, is but short, and must be made the most of, and travelling must be considered as part of a journey through life. Happy are they who make their knowledge, acquired either by books or travelling, subservient to the cause of morality and religion; they will have the comfort of reflecting, in the decline of life, that the time past in this manner has not been one of pleasure only but of lasting profit, which will endure unto the end.

In the public libraries, which are generally to be found in the large towns in France and Italy, the writer was obliged to accommodate himself to their hours, which was sometimes attended with inconvenience, when he wished to consult books, and made but a short stay in the place. Owing to this, he often was obliged to write down things on the spur of the moment, without, perhaps, being so accurate as he wished; so that he fears they will sometimes appear, instead of a regular well-digested account, rather "farrago libelli."

After having twice crossed the Alps and Pyrenees, and the Apennines five times, he returns to his native country to pass the remainder of the life which it shall please the Almighty to allot him, in the exercise

of his clerical duties with pleasure and comfort, considering it incumbent upon him to exercise them with double diligence and attention, as having observed with gratitude the essential difference between the English clergy and those of other nations, so that they cannot be too thankful for the blessings they enjoy in their native soil. Every English traveller, indeed, must be convinced, that, in spite of all the inconveniences of fog and cold *, and the changeable climate of England, there is no country like it in Europe, or perhaps in the world; and that though it cannot boast of the fine Italian sky, or its vaunted climate, or the noble lakes and grand mountain scenery of Switzerland, yet it possesses *more solid advantages*, in an excellent constitution, a learned and enlightened, and, it is to be hoped, a religious people. When we see the fine provincial towns abroad, lofty houses, noble windows and doors, the comparison with our own towns is certainly disadvantageous;

* England, with all thy faults, I love thee still.
* * * * Tho' thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year most part deformed
With dripping rain, or withered by a frost,
Yet would I not exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves,
Or golden fruitage, and her myrtle-bowers.
COWPER.

but when, on the other hand, it is considered with what advantage we travel, without the impediment of *gates, passport, or police*, who would not prefer these solid advantages to the temporary sight of fine towns and noble buildings? And with regard to the comforts of life, such as a cheerful fire, clean rooms, and mechanical conveniences, these are to be found in scarcely any country but England, and the English traveller will be much disappointed if he expect to find them when distant from his native shore. Other deprivations also are not wanting; for the continental traveller, instead of travelling with English comfort, setting out at eight or nine in the morning, and performing a journey of sixty or seventy miles with ease in a postchaise, and arriving in good time at an inn, in which he will find excellent accommodations, on the contrary, must submit to many inconveniences, setting out often *three or four hours before light* in a cold winter's morning, travelling five or six hours to a scanty breakfast, and not finishing a hard but slow day's journey (chiefly a foot-pace) till after dark, when, hungry and exhausted, he can only perhaps get eggs and bread for his supper, in a wretched inn, or rather cabaret; and with difficulty find decent beds and detached rooms—this frequently happens, espe-

cially in mountain travelling. These deprivations, added to many inconveniences, will, it is hoped, put a stop to that mad spirit of emigration which has taken such fast hold of our countrymen, inducing them to submit to every imposition, and spend vast sums in foreign countries which are so much wanted in their own, when they cannot be too thankful for the blessings and comforts which they enjoy in their native land.

It is hoped that the hasty attempts at some translations will be pardoned, when the old saying is considered, " Poeta nascitur non fit."

Rectory House, Thorley,
May 12, 1825.

FORMER SCENES

RENEWED.

CHAPTER I.

Departure from Calais—Interesting Meeting—Shifts of a Traveller—Vernon, Mantes, Rouen—Dilapidatory Scene at St. Germains—Arrival at Paris.

THE awful contest which had agitated Europe so many years, and prevented his countrymen enjoying the variety of Continental travelling, being happily terminated, the writer of this sketch, determining to avail himself of the present pacific state of affairs, and revisit with his family those scenes from which he had formerly derived such pleasure, embarked at Dover, July the 1st, 1818. A fair wind landed the travellers safely in less than three hours at Monsieur Le Croq's Hotel de Bourbon, and that venerable Aubergiste, distinguished by his urbanity and travelling information, soon supplied them with a convenient coach for Paris, by the way of Normandy, for the following day.

The chief difference we found in the appearance of the country during our long absence from the continent, was the scarcity of monks, who used to swarm in every corner; and the astonishing prevalence of English customs and language was such, that you might almost imagine yourself in your own country, was it not for the height of the houses and the different style in which they are built.

Boulogne was so crowded with English as to resemble an English town. Its lofty tower erected by Bonaparte, whether from pride* or political art†, and still unfinished, was seen for many miles‡.

The situation of Montreuil must ever be interesting, and the articles of life in its neighbourhood are remarkably reasonable§.

At Abbeville, the writer of this sketch had the unexpected pleasure of meeting a near and much loved relative‖ with his amiable consort; a relative not more connected with him by the ties of blood, than the strongest friendship; who is so deservedly esteemed as a divine and scholar, that it would be as superfluous as perhaps indelicate to add his humble

* ——————— Sepulcri
Immemor struis domos.—HOR. Sat., lib. 2. Od. 18.

† Turribus altis, magnas territat urbes.—VIR. Æn., lib. 4.

‡ Samers presented the melancholy prospect of the ravages of the French Revolution. Its noble Benedictine Convent being now a magazine for the forage of English soldiers.

§ Eggs, three shillings per hundred; bread, seven farthings per pound; butter, tenpence; meat, threepence; hares, tenpence each, and other things in proportion.

‖ The Rev. Montagu Pennington, Vicar of Northbourne, and perpetual Curate of St. George's Chapel, Deal.

voice on the occasion. An unexpected meeting between such near relatives, about to be separated for some time, was, as the reader may well imagine, particularly interesting.

The next day a division of parties took place, one setting off for England, and the other for Dieppe.

The Palace of Eu *, long the residence of the Ponthièvre and Orleans families †, is neglected and unfurnished; but the latter is expected once more to reside there, to the comfort and benefit of the inhabitants of the town.

We found Dieppe a scene of bustle and confusion, occupied in landing the passengers from the packets, and were glad to leave it for

Rouen ‡, which besides its grandeur and antiquity, and beautiful situation, must ever interest the traveller from its having been the last scene of the gallant but unfortunate Jeanne d'Arc, who fell a victim to the cruel policy of the Duke of Bedford §, Regent of France, who caused her to be burnt in the market-place. Her statue cannot fail of being regarded by the English with interest.

* Eu was the favourite residence of the celebrated Mademoiselle Montpensier.

† The Duc d'Orleans, who made so considerable a figure in the revolution, under the name of Egalité, and perished miserably a victim to its horrors (1), married the only daughter of the Duc de Penthièvre, a Princess distinguished by her virtues and misfortunes.

‡ Henry III. fixed his abode in this city, in 1588, when obliged to leave Chartres by the intrigues of the Leaguers.—Esprit de la Ligue.

§ This prince, who is interred in the Cathedral, is called from French conceit, "Prorex *Normanniæ*," viceroy of *Normandy*. Louis XI. was

(1) Necis artifices arte perire sua.

Henri IV., King of France, was very partial to this city. On the staircase of the Bourse is the following inscription:—

Mes Amis
Soyez moy bons Sujets
Et je vous serai bon Roy
Et le meilleur Roy
Que vous ayez eu!
Henri IV., aux Echerins de Rouen.—October 16, 1595.

Rouen* was taken and pillaged by the Royalists, Catharine of Medicis being at their head, in 1562, after a spirited resistance of one month, by Montgommery the commander, against very unequal forces.

In this siege there is a curious anecdote of an officer named François Civil, who owed his life to the fidelity of his servant, who, searching for his body in order to inter it, was quitting the ground in despair, when he observed, by the light of the moon, a diamond ring on a hand not covered with earth; approaching nearer, he knew that it was his master, by the ring. Great was his joy; but greater, when, taking the body to inter it, he found it warm. He took it to the hospital to be examined by the surgeons, who were so occupied by the number of wounded, that they paid no attention to a *dead man*, as they thought him. On

advised by his servile courtiers to destroy his monument which was so disgraceful to the French: "Rather," says the king, "let us suffer the ashes of a prince to rest in peace, of whom, if he were living, the bravest of us would be afraid; a noble monument on the contrary should be erected to his memory."—Rapin, vol. 4.—Happy would it have been for this king, if all his actions had agreed with this.—Ed. Here also is buried, Henry, son of Henry II., King of England, and the heart of Richard I.

* Rouen was the birth-place of that distinguished historian Pere Daniel, and Fontenelle and Corneille.

this, the valet, like the good Samaritan, took on himself the sole care of his master, and by his attention he almost immediately recovered, or at least was in a convalescent state. Soon after, the city was taken, and the house in which was Civil, was broken into, and he, in that weak state, thrown out of the window. He fortunately fell on a heap of dung, unhurt by the fall, but was obliged to remain there, without provisions, without assistance, and without remedies, till he was conveyed privately by his relations out of the city, where, with great care, he recovered. *De Thou* says, " after so many kinds of deaths, at the time I am writing an account of this event, forty years since it took place, this officer is still living*."

The situation of Rouen, in which they reckon 100,000 inhabitants, is very fine; and from Mont St. Catharine, about a mile from the city, you have a noble view of it, the Seine, and beautiful environs.

Of all the roads from Calais to Paris, that by the way of Normandy is much the finest. From Rouen it is a perfect garden, recalling to our minds the beautiful description of the Gardens of Alcinous—

Ογχναι και ξοιαι και μηλεαι αγλαοκαρφοι
Συκαι τε γλυκεραι και ελαιαι τηλεθοωσαι.

Odyss. Lib. 7.

abounding in cherries, apples, pears, plums, and apricots: the Seine also adds not a little to the beauty of it. The inns in general are tolerable; but at Gaillon we were obliged to exercise our patience,

* Esprit de la Ligue.

having wretched accommodation;—an old tin broken coffee-pot, without a lid, was our tea-pot, and two or three broken cups were all that the house furnished; no butter, and bad bread, and hardly a table * sound enough to contain this bad fare. But this was but the beginning of this kind of deprivations; we were to be inured to greater in our proposed extensive journey.

Gaillon, instead of the splendour and hospitality of an archbishop, as his palace was formerly here, presents the miserable spectacle of a depôt for Galerians, 500 of whom were here; but it must be acknowledged, that many of them were employed in useful works.

Vernon, which is beautifully situated on the Seine, is distinguished by having afforded refuge to its king, Henri III., when driven from Paris and Chartres by the factious Duc de Guise; and the village of Rosni †, some miles from it, reminded us of his gallant successor, Henri IV., whose friend and minister, Sully, was Baron and Marquis Rosni.

Mantes, which is likewise finely situated on the river, is distinguished by having been some time the

* This reminds us of the straits to which the Trojans were reduced:

Et adorea liba per turbam
Subiciunt epulis.
Etiam mensas consumimus inquit Julus.

ÆN. lib. 7.

† Henri IV., after the glorious battle of Ivri, passed the night at this castle, and being asked at supper by his captains, what name he would give to this battle, this great monarch answered, with his usual piety and humility, "The battle of the Almighty, to whom alone belongeth the glory of it." What wonder is it, that the arms of such a prince should be crowned with success?

residence of Henri IV., and there was a plot formed by the league and third party, as it was called, in 1792, to seize on his person, but it miscarried. Here also, in 1593, was holden the assembly for Henri's conversion, which paved his way to the throne.

The comfortable appearance of the male and female peasants struck us no less than their costume, which was interesting and pleasing, particularly that of the latter.

At Prossy, near St. Germain's, Edward III. formed an encampment in 1346, when he invaded France; this place, therefore, is particularly interesting to the English, as leading the way to the ascendency which they afterwards gained over this country. Here also was an abbey, founded in 1031, by Constance, wife of Robert, king of France.

The noble castle of St. Germain's, in which that bigotted prince, James II., breathed his last, presented a miserable dilapidated appearance, and broken windows*. We could not resist taking a view of Paris, and its beautiful environs, from the noble terrace, and finished our journey by entering Paris by the triumphal, but unfinished, monument of Napoleon's ambition, l'Arc de Triomphe, which forcibly called to our mind the instability of a conqueror's glory, in none more verified than in the fate of that extraordinary person.

Crossing la Place de Louis XV., our voiturier soon set us down at l'Hotel des Pyrenées.

* The English, who had the credit of all the mischief done in this neighbourhood, had likewise that of these broken windows, as a boy told us in answer to our inquiries.—"Fabula narratur."

CHAPTER II.

Parisian Manners—Cabriolets—Palais Royal—Boulevards—Café Mille Colonnes—Splendour and Dirt—Epicurean Pleasures—Great Inconsistency—Louvre—Luxembourg—National Liberality—Benefits of Toleration—Pantheon—Difference of Religious Customs.

In spite of the Revolution and the horrors it had experienced, we found in Paris the same thoughtlessness and gaiety for which it was ever distinguished; and the rapid change of dynasties had made little change in the disposition of the people.

There was the same levity and taste for frivolous pursuits as ever; and the goddess of pleasure reigned uncontrolled in this gay and lively capital, the resort of the giddy, thoughtless, and dissipated.

We did not find the city much improved or increased since our absence from it, though many alterations had taken place certainly for the better; the Rue de la Paix, with convenient trottoirs, took the lead of the improvements; but the number and rapidity of the cabriolets, and their quick evolutions round the angles of the narrow streets, with the noise of the drivers, and the mud thrown up in abundance, to the great annoyance of the sober and reflecting pedestrian, must ever prove an impediment to a female disposed to enjoy a walk in Paris, as in days of yore. The Parisian seems to centre every charm and beauty in the Palais Royal and Boulevards,—the resort of the young, the old, the serious, and the gay.

Hardly were we set down in our hotel, when our

waiter, with great eagerness, said, pointing with his finger, "Voila le passage qui conduit au Palais Royal;" and indeed it must be owned, that these are both fascinating places for the traveller, and present a lively cheerful scene.

The Palais Royal, with its numerous shops and gay exhibitions, was greatly improved since we saw it; and the epicure and sensualist may here gratify their taste with the choicest dishes at every corner, and *Verret* and the *Café de Mille Colonnes*, at their respective hours, exhibit a crowd of voluptuaries bringing profit and fame to their shrines; though the latter, in spite of the splendour of its mirrors, and the fascinating goddess* who sits on her throne to receive the incense of her adorers, exhibits a scene of negligence and dirt which sully the brightness of this celebrated temple.

As the traveller may refresh himself in the Palais Royal with *déjeûnés-à-la-fourchette*, and the female inspect the fashions at the *marchandes de mode*, which abound in every quarter, so may the man of literature satisfy his taste and learning in excellent libraries, (well furnished with books of all languages and the newest publications,) open to receive him; and the booksellers are always ready to afford him every assistance to satisfy his laudable desire of information.

Still Paris, with all its luxuries and elegancies must ever be confessed to be much inferior as a city

* In the coffee-houses in Paris, it is the custom for a female, elegantly attired, and ornamented with flowers, feathers, &c., in her head-dress, to sit on an elevated seat, and receive all that is paid by the visitors.

to London, both in comfort and convenience; and the numerous kennels and dirt of its narrow streets, bear incontrovertible witness to this truth.

Napoleon, with all his conquests, was ever attentive to the improvement of this city, and the fine column in the Place de Vendôme*, occupying the place of the statue of Louis XIV., and the Pont des Arts, and d'Austerlitz, are lasting monuments of his exertions and improvements, as La Madeleine is of the uncertain duration of the power of a conqueror.

Strolling to the Thuilleries, in the evening, which was warm and beautiful, we found them crowded; and as we looked on this gay thoughtless set, now employed in trifling pursuits, we could not help saying, as we looked on the Palace of the Thuilleries, where all the sanguinary scenes and massacres took place in 1790 and 1791†, Can this be the same people who imbrued their hands in the blood of their Sovereign, and disgraced themselves by acts which incensed all Europe against them? Now votaries of pleasure, they are apparently incapable of any serious pursuit. And we wished, as we remarked the contrast, Long may they continue so, for the repose of Europe ‡.

Proposing to stay but a few weeks at Paris, we re-

* This is between two and three hundred feet high, faced with the brass of the cannon taken from different nations; on the top was a statue of Bonaparte, carried to Russia, by order of the Emperor.

† When the foreign troops shewed that fidelity and attachment which he found not in his own.

‡ This wish has not been realized unfortunately, as it appears from the present aspect of affairs.

freshed our memory with reviewing the things we had formerly seen, many of which had undergone great alterations, and inspecting the new ones which we had not seen.

The Gallery of the Louvre is one of the first places which a stranger visits: it is more than fifteen hundred feet in length, and full of paintings by good masters, though deprived of its stolen goods by the respective proprietors, which altogether had formed a collection not, perhaps, to be equalled.

The facility with which the French have replaced these pictures from the Orleans, Luxembourg and Versailles Galleries is surprising, and you scarcely perceive a vacancy. This collection is seen with the utmost facility; and, by shewing your passports, you visit it as often as you please.

In our walks, this day, we viewed with fresh pleasure La Fontaine des Innocents, and found new beauties in it: the Halle, which is near it, still retains the noisy character for which the venders have been ever distinguished.

The gardens of the Luxembourg, affording such a contrast to the gay Thuilleries, from their interesting gloominess, did not pass unvisited by us.

The Palace, which is now used as the House of Peers, has several fine paintings, many of which are by David. There are several statues of Bonaparte's generals; and in a small room, intended for the young King of Rome, are some interesting views of that celebrated city; the room, full of splendid mirrors,

and glittering with ornaments, still retains the name of Mary of Medicis' Apartment.

The Luxembourg formerly belonged to the celebrated Mademoiselle Montpensier: and as we strolled over the apartments, we thought of the deep-rooted affection of that love-sick damsel for the Comte de Lauzun, which no obstacles or difficulties could conquer *.

Passing by the Sorbonne, which from having been the seat of learning, is now become a school of statuary, painting, &c., and inspecting the statue of Malherbes, the virtuous and zealous defender of Louis XVI., we came to St. Genevieve, now used as the repository for the ashes of illustrious men †; we were surprised to find this fine Greek building still unfinished, though began more than forty years since.

When we reflected, that the remains of violent Jacobins and revolutionists, who were the authors of the troubles which had so long desolated Europe, and stained its fields with blood, were deposited here, we were involuntarily seized with horror, and turned our steps another way. The portico and façade of this church are particularly beautiful.

* See Memoires de Mademoiselle de Montpensier, written by herself. She was the daughter of Gaston, Duc d'Orleans, by Mademoiselle Montpensier, and grand-daughter of Henry IV.; she was distinguished by her wit and gallantry.

† Among the poets and generals, are the remains of Rousseau, whose writings did so much injury to religion and morality; and those of Le Clerc, the French General, who married Pauline, Napoleon's sister; she is since married and separated from Prince Borghese.

The following day, which was Sunday, we had the comfort of attending the service of our church, which is celebrated at L'Oratoire.

This church is now exclusively appropriated to the English and French Protestants, and the writer of this sketch preached to an English audience in the pulpit formerly distinguished by the oratorical powers of Bourdillon and Massillon, the most celebrated preachers of the seventeenth century*.

We could not help recalling to mind that distressing period when the unfortunate Protestants were driven from their worship with drawn swords, and massacred if making any resistance; *mort ou la messe*† was then the order of the day: this praiseworthy liberality of the French government will, it is hoped, have a salutary effect on all other governments, and teach them to avoid persecution, as the bane of all civil government.

The shops, however, were all open; the carpenters at work with their hammers, and the smiths with their anvils; nor was there any appearance of the recurrence of this sacred day, which led us to contrast the different manner in which it is kept in England, not confounded with other days, but observed in a quiet devout manner, so much to the honour of the nation.

* The congregation consisted of nearly one thousand persons, and the greatest stillness and tranquillity prevailed.

† The word used by Charles IX. to Henry IV., then King of Navarre, at the massacre of Paris.

CHAPTER III.

Paris Amusements—A Great Actor—Notre Dame—Courts of Justice. Royal Chapel—An Interesting Female—Instability of Human Fortune.

No city abounds more in recreations than Paris; and the theatres, the gardens of Tivoli, Bellevue, *&c. &c.*, afford constant amusement to the inquisitive traveller.

In the former, Talma, at the Theatre Français, equally astonished and delighted us with his theatrical powers, nor did Feideau want its attractions; both the theatre and performers merit the stranger's attention. Tivoli, much as we had heard of it, delighted us with its variety of attractions, and we were equally pleased with the rapidity of the chars volants, the ships in *full sail* taking in passengers, the tricks of the jugglers and the varied dancing on the green; and the splendid fire-works, with which the exhibition concludes, confer credit on the taste of the proprietor.

In our morning strolls, we did not neglect to revisit many of the churches. Notre Dame, St. Roch, St. Sulpice, and St. Eustache, are those which are most worthy of being seen.

The venerable towers of the noble cathedral, and its numerous ancient figures, remain unhurt by the hand of time, or revolutionary violence; but, within, we missed the colossal statue of St. Christopher.

The archbishop has, at length, regained his pa-

lace; but the unsparing revolutionary grasp has deprived him of great part of his income.

We were not suffered to quit the church without being shown Louis XIII. offering his crown to the Virgin, esteemed a fine piece of sculpture; the Descent from the Cross, the *true* Crown of Thorns, the Chair used by the Pope in the Coronation of Napoleon, canopy, robes*, *&c.*, and the most interesting of all, the Crosier of the Archbishop, who laid the first stone of this church in 500, in the reign of Childebert; it is certainly a fine Gothic building, and was founded on the site of a heathen temple.

We would not be so near without going into the Palais, and inspecting the Courts of Justice, of which there are four, La Cour de Cassation, Cour des Comptes, Cour Royale, and Tribunal de la Premier Instance.

In the first, is a chief president, and three judges, forty-five counsellors, and an attorney, and four solicitors-general.

In the second, a chief, and three judges, ten masters of accounts, and an attorney-general.

In the third, a president, and five judges, forty-four titular counsellors, twelve auditor counsellors, an attorney-general, and four solicitor-generals.

The fourth is a large and important court, with thirty-six judges, and divided into six chambers, composed each of four judges and two suppleants.

* Each priest's dress cost three thousand francs. This political prince endeavoured to secure the priests by dresses, money, and giving splendid utensils to their churches.

There are five judges for criminal causes, and seven for civil juries, as with us, but the juries are men of substance, possessing from fifteen hundred to two thousand francs a-year; a custom worthy to be adopted by us: it is not necessary for the jury to be unanimous, in order to condemn a prisoner; the verdict being decided by a majority.

The first questions put to him by the judge are, *Votre nom, et qualité, et residence;* after which they proceed to the evidence, but the prisoner is suffered to be *seated* in a box.

The Prisons are under the Courts, in which the prisoners are placed when fully committed for trial, and the women are separated from the men.

We saw a general officer, who was shortly to be brought to trial, coolly reading in the court of his prison; and they shewed us the prison in which the unfortunate Marie Antoinette was confined. The old chapel is a noble and venerable Gothic building; Le Palais is certainly old, though not, perhaps, so ancient as is said; but it is certain that the mayor of the palace formerly resided here, which makes it older than the second race of kings.

We did not omit the opportunity of seeing the royal family at the chapel of the Thuilleries, for which tickets are obtained without any difficulty: the venerable King, who has experienced such vicissitudes in life, was in the gallery with all his family. We could not see the Duchess d'A—— without reflecting on the instability of human fortune: when we last saw her at chapel at Versailles, in 1789, she was in the bloom

of youth, happy in the society of her parents, and in possession of every comfort attached to her elevated station; but how soon and rapid was the change! Her palace was exchanged for a prison, and honours and adulation for scoffs and insult; no longer addressed as a princess, but *the daughter of Capet* to be brought to trial. This princess had the horror of seeing her father and mother put to a violent death, which she with difficulty escaped, and the temporary ruin of her royal house; and although, by the restoration, she has recovered the splendour to which she was born, yet have the misfortunes of her family diffused a peculiar air of melancholy on this interesting female.

On this occasion we had the pleasure of seeing not only the King, but also the Dukes of Angoulême and Berri, with their illustrious consorts*; and we were not a little gratified at seeing the House of Bourbon once more occupy their places within those sacred walls.

Temped by a fine evening, we drove round Paris in a cabriolet; our driver, like his nation, was very loquacious, but he was intelligent also, and epxlained to us the various improvements which had taken place as

* The family of Bourbon may be considered an unfortunate one. The famous Constable, forced to fly his country owing to the persecution of the mother of Francis I., was killed at the storming of Rome; Henry IV. perished by the hand of an assassin; his son Louis XIII. died young of a lingering disease; several of the sons and grandsons of Louis XIV. died so suddenly as to give suspicion of poison; and Louis XVI., with several of his family, perished on a scaffold; the present king was an exile twenty years.—

——breve et irreparabile tempus
Omnibus est vitæ.—VIRG. ÆN.

we proceeded in our ride, and amused us with anecdotes.

He kept an hotel when the allied armies entered Paris, and had a Russian officer quartered on him, who, on coming into his house, thus addressed him: "You Parisians think that we are bears come to devour you, but you shall find that we are more *civilized* than you think;" and he was as good as his word, paying for every thing and behaving with the greatest propriety.

Our driver likewise told us, that nothing could be grander than the triumphal entry of the sovereigns who rode round the Boulevard attended by their guard: the Parisians were at first in great consternation, but soon recovered their spirits, and the shops were open next day* as usual. We returned by Pont d'Austerlitz, which is a beautiful bridge and does credit to the taste of the builder.

We also passed by Le Grenier d'Abondance, which, although now in a useless state, was the result of a very useful and wise plan of Napoleon, being intended, after the manner of the Romans, to supply the inhabitants with corn in a time of scarcity at a reasonable rate. This drive round Paris by the Boulevard is a very advantageous way for a stranger to see the city.

In this excursion we turned out of our way to view the ruins of the Celestins, which we had formerly seen in all its splendour, full of interesting monu-

* On the entrance of Henry IV. into Paris the shops were open the same day, and the monarch paid a visit in the evening and played cards in a party, in as much apparent security as if he had long been established king.

ments *. Only the shell of that venerable convent remains; where formerly the matin bell called the pious fathers to their devotion the horse-hoof resounds; in short, the chapel is converted into a stable. Straw and hay are piled up to the Gothic roof, and the cells are converted into barracks.

CHAPTER IV.

The Temple—National Vanity—Montmartres—Interesting Equipage—Invalides—Ecole Militaire—Chambre des Deputés—Pavillon de Condé—Abbattoirs—Fontaine d'Elephant—Greniers d'Abondance—Cimetiere de Pere de la Chaise—Interesting Inscriptions.

THE temple was rendered so famous by the confinement of the late royal victims to revolutionary fury, that we could not avoid turning our steps to it. Its fine venerable towers no longer remain, but the concierge shewed us a curious model of it, and the rooms formerly occupied by this unfortunate family, with the different figures employed in various ways, in order, for the time, at least to lull their misfortunes. The sister of the present Duc de Bourbon, the last of that illustrious branch since the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, has an excellent house, in which she resides.

The heights of Montmartres † are at all times into

* Many of the House of Valois, Montmorenci, &c.

† St. Denis is said to have suffered martyrdom at Montmartres, which takes its name from this event. It was also called Mons Mariis, because on this hill was a temple dedicated to Mars. At the end of the sixth century were remains of it discovered, so firm and solid, that Henry IV planted his cannon on it at the siege of Paris.

resting, but more particularly now so, from the English, army having been so recently encamped on them.

We had here a complete specimen of national vanity in the miller who was our cicerone, and who described in strong terms the disasters caused by the troops. "Morbleu!" said the miller, "the allied army never could have taken Paris but by treason, for there are eight hundred thousand fighting people in the city."

From the telegraph is an extensive and beautiful view of Paris and its environs.

In the church-yard we were copying some curious inscriptions, but were abruptly shut out by the surly beadle *. In our way back to our hotel we met a carriage, (containing a venerable personage,) whose motto interested us much; the arms are the three towers of the temple, and his motto, 'Dec. 26th, 1792.' On inquiry we found it was the equipage of Monsieur de Seze, the undaunted defender of Louis XVI.: he had a grant of his arms from the present king, and his services have been rewarded by his being appointed chief judge de la Cour de Correction.

In the evening we took a cursory view of the Invalides and L'Ecole Militaire; the latter fine building, in which Bonaparte received his military education, is now used as barracks.

The Invalides has sustained no alteration, and we looked at its beautiful dome with fresh delight. There were in this noble institution two hundred and fifty

* In and near Paris, the church-yards are enclosed with high walls and gates.

officers and three thousand five hundred soldiers, all maintained in ease and comfort *.

We returned by La Chambre des Deputés †, formerly Le Palais de Bourbon. Much did we regret the vacation, as we could have wished to have been witnesses to the French oratorical powers. Le Salon des Marechaux, and Le Salon du Roi, are both very elegant; in the former are painted the late battles gained by the French ‡.

The elegant pavilion of the Prince de Condé also merits being seen; it consists of a suite of apartments on the ground floor. There is here a fine specimen of Gobelin tapestry representing Achilles preparing for the Trojan war.

Among the improvements and useful undertakings of the Ex-Emperor, for, with all his faults, no one will deny him the merit of many useful undertakings, may be reckoned the Abbatoirs, the Church-yard out of the town, the Fontaine d'Elephant, Greniers d'Abondance, &c.

There are four Abattoirs, or slaughter-houses, one for each quarter of the city; they are noble and spacious buildings, and in which every thing is admirably arranged to keep them clean, by means of large cisterns, &c.

* In the kitchen, we were informed, the daily consumption for this establishment is 2400 pounds of meat.

† When the king comes, he takes the place of the president; each member ascends the tribune, and speaks from it.

‡ As our conductor was boasting of these victories, one of our company maliciously observed, that he had forgotten the battle of Montmartres, to which he answered, very angrily, "Je ne suis pas politicien."

This may be said to be a Roman work; and it were to be wished that the same plan was adopted in our capital, as it would prevent those offensive smells and disgraceful sights of cattle being slaughtered in the midst of it, which are a discredit to any polished nation.

La Fontaine d'Elephant is situated on the very foundation of the Bastile, (whose gloomy towers, and wretched dungeons, we saw with pleasure levelled to the ground), and is a noble national work, as a model for an aqueduct for the city. The elephant is truly colossal, being forty feet in height, and the castle on its back is fourteen feet high.

They are here forming a canal to join the little river Ourcq with the Seine, for the purpose of opening a communication with the interior towns.

Not far from this is Le Château d'Eau, emitting water supplied by the Ourcq for the use of the neighbourhood.

The numerous conduits, called by the French *fontaines*, which supply this city with water, chiefly draw it from the Seine, but it is bad and unpalatable.

La Cimetiere de Père de la Chaise, so called from the famous Jesuit confessor of Louis XIV. having had a house on this spot, is one of the most interesting places in Paris.

The first consul of France, in 1806, issued a praiseworthy edict, that no more funerals should be performed within the walls. To his interdiction the inhabitants owe this salutary regulation. The site which La Cimetiere occupies was formerly called Mont St. Louis.

Here repose the remains of all nations, and all religions; divines, poets, marshals, mechanics, cooks, and restaurateurs.

> Matres atque viri defunctique corpora vitâ?
> Magnanimum heroum*.

We gave some time to this interesting spot. On a board, as you enter, is written the price of interment. The graves, as may be imagined, are numerous, there being only two other principal cimetieres for the city.

The plantations (chiefly of cypress) round the graves, and flowers † sprinkled within the mournful inclosures, make the sight truly affecting, filling the mind with a pleasing melancholy not to be described.

> Neque harum, quas colis arborum
> Te præter invisas cupressas,
> Ulla brevem dominum sequetur ‡.

We frequently found two stools placed in the funereal inclosure, for the friends of the deceased to indulge their melancholy by weeping over their loved remains. In short, the various dispositions of these solemn receptacles, the flowers, shrubs, and trees, planted in a variety of ways, the numerous inscriptions in all languages, and the few straggling figures gliding along in various parts of this immense burial ground, present a most interesting and solemn spectacle of "the house appointed for all living." Among the numerous inscriptions, some were beautiful, and most of them

* VIRG. Æn. lib. 6. † Purpureos sparsam flores.—ÆN. 6.
‡ Hor. Car. lib. 2.

were marked by simplicity and feeling; the following was of this description:—

Il fut mon père
Et je pleure en lui;
Mon meilleur ami.
D'enclos Lesscle.

The following also struck us:—

Dors en paix, dans le ciel, objet de notre amour,
Attends nous aujourd'hui, demain, ce n'est qu'un jour.

In peace repose, dear object of our love;
Time is a step t' eternity will prove.—ED.

The greatest age we observed was 97.

One thing disgusted us much:—There was a large trench *kept open*, into which, even whilst we were there, two or three corpses of the lower order of people were thrown in like dogs, and scarcely covered over with earth, no service being read: besides this disgusting sight, which much deranges the serious thoughts excited by the place, the stench in hot weather is intolerable, as we experienced, the day being very sultry. From twenty to thirty are frequently daily interred here; a register is kept by a man living on the spot, and a copy deposited with the municipality.

The ground for interment may be purchased in perpetuity. We here found the graves of many of our countrymen, with suitable inscriptions on the tombstones.

To make this scene more affecting, garlands of flowers were hung over many of the graves, and occasionally miniatures of the deceased placed under a glass, and pictures, were also suspended over them. The whole, in short, affords so interesting a spectacle,

that, if possible, the stranger should devote an entire morning to it; but we were sorry to see, in a Christian church-yard, some inscriptions to the *manes* of different persons, thus bringing us back to the times of paganism. The Protestants, who are here buried, have service read over their remains*.

CHAPTER V.

Catacombs—Maison Rouge—St. Etienne du Mont—Charitable Foundations—Sketch of an extraordinary Character—Manufactories—Salpetriere—Bicetre—Val de Grace.

HAVING never seen the Catacombs, we formed a large party, and promised ourselves much pleasure from the inspection of this curious place, to which we went, by passing the Barrière de l'Enfer, justly so called, as leading to them.

Taking guides and flambeaux, we descended fifty-four steps. The first solemn inscription which you find on entering this awful place, is the following:—

Has ultra metas, requiescunt beatam spem expectantes†.

You then enter the Catacombs, which is a vast excavated place, containing the skulls and bones of many thousands of persons, brought from different burial-grounds in Paris, and deposited here after the Revolution, when the church-yards were ransacked for the dead.

* There are more cimetieres in Paris, but, after that of Père de la Chaise, Montmartres is the most considerable.

† Beyond these limits they rest, who are in expectation of a blessed hope.

These are placed in regular piles, on each side as you walk; and the frequent solemn and appropriate inscriptions, taken from the classic authors, add not a little to the solemnity of the scene. Among others,

Æquat omnes cinis impares, nascimur,
Pares morimur.

La mort nous confond tous sous un même niveau,
La distance des rangs se perd dans le tombeau.

Death puts an end to man's career,
Nor will you find distinctions here.—Ed.

A heavy gloomy door now appears opening into the lower Catacombs, with this inscription above:—

Non metuit mortem qui scit contemnere vitam.

Death has no sting for him who life contemns.—Ed.

There are many other apposite inscriptions, too long to be here inserted.

Each visitor of this subterranean place is furnished with a wax taper, and there is a black mark on the roof, like Dædalus' clue, to guide the unwary traveller through these dark abodes; but in spite of these cautions, three of the party, influenced by curiosity, quitted the clue, and penetrated into the inmost recesses, "Intima regna," not one of them "cæca regens filo vestigia."

Thus they lost all benefit from their guides and party, and we quickly lost sight and hearing of them, nor could they regain their path, proving that

Facilis descensus averni,
Sed revocare gradum,
Hoc opus, hic labor est *.

Thus were they in these solemn recesses three

* Vir. lib. 6.

quarters of an hour, and would have been in an uncomfortable situation, *deprived of light*, if one of the party had not proposed extinguishing two of the bougies to guard against contingencies; their *forlorn hope*, the last light, was nearly consumed, when they were fortunately heard by another party, who rescued them from their peril.

In several parts of this gloomy cavern, is written "Le chemin d'Orleans," as that road was formerly in this direction.

They calculate that three times the present population of Paris are in these caverns, which are so extensive as to reach even under the Fauxbourg St. Jaques.

No one can walk along these gloomy receptacles of the dead, without the most serious impressions, and feeling the truth of the words of the poet,

Mors sola fatetur
Quantula sint hominum corpuscula.—JUVENAL.

Pale Death, attended by his sable train,
Declares the shortness of each mortal's reign.—ED.

We returned by La Maison Rouge de Santé, and St. Etienne du Mont.

The former is an hospital, founded by Louis XV., for one hundred and fifty old men and women, who when past the age of sixty, find here a comfortable asylum; paying two hundred francs a year for bed and board: after the age of eighty, they pay two hundred and fifty francs. There is a neat chapel, refectory, *&c.*

The church of St. Etienne du Mont, one of the oldest and most curious in Paris, is said to have been built in the reign of Clovis. It is a noble Gothic building, and rich in painted windows. Its antique screen and gallery are very curious.

In one of the chapels, is an old beautiful monument of St. Genevieve, brought from the adjoining church. In this church are interred the celebrated Pascal and Racine, and there are inscriptions on their tombs; that on Racine is by Boileau. The pulpit, supported by Samson, is esteemed a fine piece of architecture.

Among the charitable foundations at Paris, Les Orphelins, Les Enfants Trouvés, and L'Hotel Dieu, are the most remarkable; they were taken the greatest care of by the Ex-Emperor*, and the number of inmates were augmented by him.

In the Orphelins are six hundred children, who are comfortably maintained and put out apprentices at a proper age.

There are one thousand six hundred children at the Enfants Trouvés. All are received who are brought, and each infant has its name and time of reception on a label round its neck.

L'Hotel Dieu, which is a noble foundation and the

* Now that time begins to soften the asperity of party, and prejudices wear away, we may perhaps have candour enough to own that the character of Napoleon has been too much blackened, and confess that his institutions and undertakings prove him fully capable of conducting the weighty affairs of a great empire; and that hereafter, when time shall have drawn a veil over his errors, he will not only by universal suffrage be acknowledged as an extraordinary man, but likewise as a great sovereign. As his fault was cruelty, so ambition was his ruin: but sovereign power is very dangerous. What conqueror is without ambition and cruelty?

oldest hospital in Paris, was founded by Henri IV., in 1606. It is conducted on the most liberal plan, having a physician, surgeon, apothecary, and many assistants: there are also five chaplains attached to this institution, with handsome salaries; and every comfort of the patients is attended to.

Manufactories may be said to languish at Paris; at the Gobelins, which is now only shown once a week, only eighty persons were employed; and in consequence of its being seen so seldom, there is such a crowd, that the visitor is glad to get back even with his curiosity ungratified.

At Chaillot is a carpet manufactory, on a narrow and confined scale, for the royal family only, and very few are employed; but in the Fauxbourg St. Antoine is a noble glass manufactory, employing six hundred persons, who earn three or four francs a day each. This establishment is on a truly noble and enlarged plan, and we inspected the different branches of this curious work with great pleasure. The fine porcelain manufactory at Sevres is kept up, but not with spirit, and is very expensive.

In such a large city as Paris, houses of correction are highly necessary, and those of the Salpetriere, the Bicétre, and Lazare*, are the most remarkable as houses of industry and correction.

The former is for mad, sick, and indigent old women; the latter are employed in various works, such as spinning, making stockings, *&c.*

* Le Lazare is appropriated to disorderly women.

The mad, also, in their intervals of reason are not suffered to be idle, but employed in useful works for the house: there were in this hospital five thousand five hundred *.

The Bicêtre, which is two miles from Paris, is a very extensive building, containing seven hundred criminals and three thousand five hundred old men. This exhibits a gratifying scene of industry; there being various work-shops in which the men are employed, some in making shoes, others toys to be sold for their benefit; in short, it presents a scene of bustle, ingenuity, and industry.

The criminals also are employed in works of use, but they are not seen by the public; neither are the mad without an order from the physicians, except the convalescents and idiots, who are in a large court.

The Laundry, Reservoir, &c., here, also are well worth seeing, and are on a much larger scale than at the Salpetriere. Nor are the concerns of religion neglected in either, for in both are chapels and chaplains.

In the chapel of the Bicetre † is a good painting of Our Saviour on the cross, and the inscription in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, which we did not remember to have met with elsewhere.

Returning by Val de Grace ‡, we were surprised to find its noble and beautiful church full of blankets,

* The laundry and reservoir are well worth seeing, especially the latter for its great extent.

† The Bicetre was burnt in 1411, in the reign of Charles VI., when the two factions of Armagnac and Bourgogne committed such ravages.

‡ Val de Grace was founded by Anne of Austria, 1638.

and women at work for the soldiers. In fact, this noble building is turned into a military magazine, and its abbey into an hospital.

When we cast our eyes up into the beautiful dome and fine roof, and saw its splendid paintings now fading from neglect,* we could not help comparing it with its former state of splendour, nor forbear a sigh at the sad change.

The statue of the present king occupies the place of the Bon Dieu, to which the humble supplicant paid his adoration on entering.

Full of reflection on human vicissitudes, we now bent our steps homewards.

CHAPTER VI.

Châteaux Royaux—Various changes—Château de Vincennes—Abbaye St. Denis—Indigent Blind—Deaf and Dumb—A benevolent Character—National Institute—Minerals—Splendid Inauguration and respect to the memory of an Illustrious Character.

The Royal Chateaux and their inhabitants have undergone great changes within a few years.

Versailles *, which is no longer the royal residence, and was used as a depôt in revolutionary times, is emerging from obscurity, and though in a fallen state, is always interesting; they were repairing its noble gallery, chapel, and Opera-house.

We saw with pity the room in which the unfortunate

* In the Boudoir is a curious gallery, in which a person is represented one hundred and twenty ways.

Marie-Antoinette escaped the poinard of the assassin, to experience a more severe fate on the scaffold.

The Parisians still gratify their curiosity in crowds every fortnight, to see the display of the water-works.

The two Trianons, formerly the seat of royalty, are deserted, and St. Cyr is converted into a military school,—" sic transit," &c.

The town of Versailles has, indeed, grievously suffered in these changes; for now, with the Château, it contains but twenty thousand, instead of eighty thousand, inhabitants.

St. Cloud, whether tenanted by the House of Orleans, or the reigning family, as it is at present, will ever be esteemed a lovely spot, both the house and gardens being unequalled. The environs, full of villages and seats, are most beautiful; and Surenne*, Boulogne, Bellevue, Meudon, &c., add not a little to this picturesque appearance, enriched as it is by the river Seine.

Mal-Maison will ever be interesting as the favourite residence of Napoleon, and the ill-fated Josephine, whose remains are interred in the neighbouring church, where they were erecting a monument to her memory.

* At Surrenne (*a*) were holden the famous Conferences in 1593, which were the death-blow of the league; in these, the Archbishop of Bourges and Lyons, opposed to each other, greatly distinguished themselves by their violence, as well as by their ingenuity.—*Hist. de la Ligue.*

(*a*) Surenne, though surrounded with vineyards, is noted for bad wine. It is also famous for the annual *Rose Festival*, when three young girls above 18, distinguished by their good conduct, and nominated by the curé, syndic, and churchwardens, proceed to the election of La Rosiere (the premium is 300 francs) who is crowned with a chaplet of roses; which is thus not an *empty* honour.

The gallery in this house is enriched with several fine paintings*.

On the other side of Paris, Choisi Le Roi†, (formerly distinguished by the midnight dance, and the amorous dalliance of the antiquated Madame de Montpensier, and the haughty Lanzun), has ceased to be a royal residence, and is now the property of an individual. Among the palaces, Elysée de Bourbon is well worth seeing: nothing, indeed, can be imagined more charming than this beautiful place, which is now inhabited by the Duke and Duchess of Berry‡.

The gardens of Mousseaux, belonging to the Duc d'Orleans, will also pay for an hour or two's ramble; they are in the English taste, and the distances from the house are all marked in that language.

The noble and venerable Château de Vincennes§ is

* This house, belonging to Prince Eugene, is seen by applying for tickets at his hotel in Paris.

† Choisi, which is on the banks of the Seine, was much improved and embellished by Mademoiselle, who employed the celebrated Vandermeulen in its fine paintings.

‡ Bonaparte retired to this place after the battle of Waterloo.

§ Henry III. resided much at Vincennes, and there was a plan formed by the league to take him prisoner in his way from that place to Paris.—MEZERAI.

Vincennes must be interesting to the English from this circumstance, that Henry V., their pride and glory, there breathed his last, finishing his glorious career in the midst of victory. He was taken with a dysentery at Senlis, which increased so rapidly that he ordered his attendants to convey him to Vincennes, where he died with strong sentiments of piety and religion, having given prudent advice to the Lords assembled round him, and appointing his brothers, the Dukes of Bedford and Gloster, Regents of France and England.—RAPIN, vol. iv.

The Château was begun by Louis VII., as a hunting-seat, and enlarged by Philip Augustus; but Philip of Valois began the alterations which were finished by Charles V.; but it has been improved by the succeeding kings up to Louis XIV. Olivier

an interesting spot; it was built chiefly by Charles V., though part is said to be of the date of St. Louis. In the moat is a pillar to mark the spot where the unfortunate Duc d'Enghien*. was shot, after a mock trial before brutal judges, of whom Murat was one †. This must ever be considered as one of the worst actions of Bonaparte, in spite of his endeavours to palliate it.

The chapel is a fine Gothic building, devastated by revolutionary violence.

No place has suffered more by this than the noble Abbaye St. Denis ‡, which has been completely gutted, and made a depôt d'armes. Government is labouring to repair the damages thus sustained, and restore it to its former splendour.

Many of the royal remains, and the relics of other distinguished persons are about to be brought hither; those of Henri II. and Katherine of Medicis, which were formerly at the Celestins, are already transferred

Olivier le Barbier, called *le Mauvais*, gained an ascendency over Louis XI. by his talents. Louis ennobled him, calling him Olivier le Dain, but in his vanity he called himself Le Comte de Meulan, from a castle of that name given him by the king. Olivier was born at Gand, and was governor of this château.—PERE DANIEL.

* The head of this illustrious house is alternately Prince de Condé and Duc de Bourbon.

† It is said he was only asked his name and family, and immediately shot. On his asking for a confessor, Murat brutally asked him, if he wished to die like a Capuchin. Can any one be sorry that this man ended his days the same way in Calabria?

"Nudus in ignotâ? Palinure jacebis arenâ.

‡ Dagobert VI., King of France, founded this noble Abbey in 622.

The remains of the unfortunate Louis XVI., and Marie-Antoinette, have been transferred to the Abbey, and there is a stone to mark the spot in which they are deposited.

to St. Denis; and many monuments from Les Petits Augustins, which has been a temporary depôt, are to be brought from thence. The new Sacristy, built by Bonaparte, and full of paintings from the French school, is worthy the attention of strangers.

We would not quit Paris without visiting two noble institutions, that of the Indigent Blind, and the Deaf and Dumb. The former is one of the few things at Paris badly managed; too many tickets are given, the consequence of which was, that by dint of scrambling, we just got sight of some of the children, (the boys playing on wind instruments, and the girls at work,) and were glad, owing to the heat, to leave it as soon as possible.

The Deaf and Dumb charity does honour to its benevolent inspector, L'Abbé Sicard *; we passed some time at it, and were convinced of its use by the answers which the scholars gave to the respective questions.

The ease with which a stranger gains admission at Paris to the different institutions and houses, does honour to the conductors; he has only to write to the proper person a little time before he wishes to go, and he has a polite card of admission.

L'Hotel de Quatre Nations, now turned into the National Institute, is conducted on most liberal and enlarged plans. Young people of all nations and religions are instructed gratis, by professors paid by government. The lecture room was formerly the church

* This benevolent character has since paid the debt of nature, regretted by every friend to humanity.

in which was the tomb of Mazarin, and lectures are now given under the magnificent dome.

Near this is the Museum of Minerals, of which there is a fine collection, with medals, &c. We had the satisfaction of not leaving Paris without seeing the inauguration of the new statue of Henri IV. The ceremony was splendid and imposing; the whole city seemed alive to the excellent qualities of this Prince, and glad to show their respect for his memory. The following inscription is on the statue:—

Henrici Magni, ob paternum in populos animum
Notissimi Principis sacram effigiem
Inter Civilium furorum procellas
Gallia indignante dejectam
Post optatissimum Ludorici 18 reditum
Ex omnibus ordinibus cives
Ære Collato
Restituerunt
Necnon et Elogium
Quod simul cum effigie
Abolitum fuerat
Lapidi rursus inscribi
Curaverunt.

The sacred statue of Henri the Great, thrown down in the civil war, was re-erected after the restoration of Louis XVIII., by the voluntary contribution of all ranks of citizens, &c.

We were much gratified by the universal respect paid to the memory of a prince, who, with all his faults and imperfections, was the greatest prince that ever sat on the throne of France *.

* An anecdote is related of this prince, which shews that the bravest men are sometimes subject to fear:—

Henry IV., crossing the Seine in a boat, where is now Pont de Neuilli, with his Queen, the Dukes de Montpensier and Vendôme, and Princess

CHAPTER VII.

Departure from Paris—Unexpected Impediment—Plessis—House of a Curé—Road to Fontainbleau—Fontainbleau—Forest of Fontainbleau—Interior of the House of a Parish Priest—Character of the French Clergy—Malherbes—Pethiviers—Orleans.

HAVING seen most of the curious things in the metropolis, our party set off, on the 8th of September, for Fontainbleau, by Rue de l'Enfer; we were detained some time by the customary, but disagreeable form, of writing down our names, ages, &c.

The road goes through Ville-Juif, Fromenteau, &c., near the village of Plessis. The axle-tree broke down, happily with no injury to any of the party; but there was necessarily a delay caused by the accident; and we were obliged to submit to the accommodations which a country ale-house afforded, where we remained all night, thus accustoming ourselves, by degrees, to the chances of travellers. The road, for the first seven or eight miles, is even, rich in corn, pasturage, &c.; the views afterwards become bolder, and there are some romantic hills.

de Conti, in 1606, the royal party was in danger of being drowned. It rained hard, and they would not quit their carriage; the horses took fright, and they were all precipitated into the river; the king fortunately swam well, but the rest of the party was saved by the gallantry of André de Vivonne, and the horses were all drowned. When the danger was over the party smiled at their endeavours to avoid a little wet, by which they encountered so much more in the river, attended with danger. The king, it is said, had a violent tooth-ach, which was driven away by the fright; thus this great prince, exposed to danger so often in battle, was yet panic-struck at this watery accident.—P. DANIEL, vol. x. p. 382.

The beautiful Pont de Neulli was soon after built.

On our left was the Seine, and villages and seats were thickly scattered on its banks.

About ten miles from Paris, the road was cut through a rock, to lessen the declivity of a sharp hill, by order of Louis XV.; and there is a pompous inscription on a column mentioning the fact. There is, also, here, a fountain.

At Plessis, we went into the church, and afterwards had a specimen of the habitation of the parish priest. The former had nothing remarkable, nor, indeed, the latter, but its humility and plainness; its venerable inhabitant had only eight hundred francs a-year; when he told us what was the amount of his salary, it was not in the language of complaint; for, like the generality of the French parish priests, he was perfectly contented. He was offered a better benefice, but declined it, from love to his flock. What a lesson this to the avaricious and ambitious! Plessis itself is a small village, in a plentiful corn country.

Sept. 9. Set off for Fontainbleau, passed through Ponthiery and Chailli, both small villages, and posts.

From Plessis to Fontainbleau the distance is six leagues. Three miles from Plessis, is a beautiful château, belonging to Marshal Jourdan, on a rising hill, finely situated and well wooded; at the bottom runs the Seine.

Five miles from Fontainbleau, you enter the beautiful forest, rich in all the variety of foliage, and embellished with rocky precipices, &c. It is about twenty-five miles in circumference, and highly varied; some parts delighting the eye with its bold mountain

scenery, while other parts exhibit the most verdant plains, abounding with excellent pasturage, and stocked with game.

Fontainbleau is a good sized town, built chiefly at right angles, with a neat church and market-place, Maison de Ville, *&c.*; but its great beauty is the celebrated château, which, though built at unequal periods, is a fine and venerable building. Part of it was built by St. Louis, but the chief part by Francis I. and Henri II.; Henri IV., who was particularly fond of hunting, resided much here, as did also Louis XIII. and Louis XIV.

The rooms are numerous, large and lofty, with a great deal of Gobelin tapestry, containing the history of Esther, *&c.*

The gallery is one hundred and fifty feet long, with busts of distinguished persons, ancient and modern; those of Bonaparte's generals have been taken away: the state-room, play-house, chapel, and theatre, especially the two latter, are very fine.

The ball-room is one hundred and twenty feet long: among other things, you are shewn the room in which the Pope slept when here as Bonaparte's prisoner. We were also much gratified by seeing the table on which Bonaparte signed his abdication, and some of our party wrote their journals on it.

The gardens are chiefly in the old style, though one part is shady and well wooded; and they contain a noble piece of water, full of remarkably fine carp. From the castle there are charming views of the

forest, and the streets of the town are all bounded by it, which has a good effect.

Fontainbleau is fourteen post leagues from Paris. Wolves are so troublesome here, that a price of eighteen francs is set on their heads, and stuck up at the church door.

The church is neat; and there is a pompous tablet, with an interesting inscription, signifying that Pope Pius VII. assisted at mass such a day and hour, in 1805.

Sept. 10. Leaving Fontainbleau*, we went on an excellent pavé, about six miles, through the forest. At the end of the town we came to an obelisk, erected to the memory of the late Queen of France, the Dauphin, *&c.*, with suitable inscriptions.

The forest was here full of high rocks, which were close to the road, and the scenery was romantic and beautiful: we afterwards crossed the corn fields, vineyards, *&c.*, to La Chapelle, a small village, with a remarkable neat church. The curé took us into his house, which was large and convenient, with a large garden, very different from that of the curé of Plessis; his benefice was one thousand eight hundred francs a year, the levelling hand of the revolutionists not having touched it. He was very hospitable, and bore most honourable testimony to the benevolence of the English nation, saying that he was most happy to return it by any attentions he could shew them: indeed, from the many conversations we have had with the French

* At l'Hotel du Duc Berri, a good and not dear inn

clergy, and the various opportunities we have had of studying their character, they appear to be very respectable men, mild, patient, temperate, and contented with what little they possess; quite unambitious, and if they are not learned, they are, at least, very religious. Zealous in their profession, and particularly assiduous in their parochial duties; they deserve the character here given, which is penned without any undue partiality.

Malherbes (the next post,) so called from its marshy bad grass, is a small town in a sweet situation, with the river running at the bottom of it.

Here we were detained some hours by our voiturier, having neglected paying his dues at the different posts.

Every voiturier is obliged to pay for each horse five sous at every post, if he goes ten leagues a day, or forfeit five hundred francs; and this is done to encourage posting.

No road can be worse than that from Malherbes to Pethiviers; for the space of four leagues it was so full of deep ruts, that it was not safe to ride, so we patiently walked *the whole way;* and, consequently, did not get to Pethiviers till the evening.

This is a neat town, on a hill, with a handsome market-place and church. Chance brought us to l'Ecu, on la Grande Place, which we found as imposing as thirty years before, and kept by the same people.

This day's journey was through an open country, with corn-fields, some vineyards, and numerous villages interspersed.

Sept. 11. Left Pethiviers for Orleans, through Chillers aux Bois, a distance of three leagues, through as bad roads as usual, but a rich country. They plough here with two horses, as the land is light and sandy; but they are so well trained that they go quietly with only the plough-holder. The horses are small, but well made, and in high condition.

There are many flourishing farms, well stocked with cows, hogs, and all sorts of poultry, particularly turkeys, of which there are frequently droves of a hundred.

The approach to Orleans, in the midst of gardens and vineyards, with its noble cathedral in front, is beautiful and interesting. From Fontainbleau to Orleans it is sixty post miles, and the road is as bad as can be imagined; our party *footed* it the chief part of the way, for it is scarcely safe to ride.

CHAPTER VIII.

Orleans—La Rue Royal—Cathedral—Jeanne d'Arc—Departure from Orleans—Vintage began—Fine Country—Costume of Peasants—Beaugency—Old Castle—Arrival at Blois—Description of Blois—Observation of Sunday.

ORLEANS * is a fine city, containing thirty thousand inhabitants. It is on the Loire, over which is a handsome bridge.

* This city is famous for the assembly of the States in 1560, when the Prince of Condé was arrested and condemned to death, and the sentence was only prevented being put in execution by the unexpected death of Francis II.—MEZERAI.

La Rue Royale, which leads to it, is broad, straight, and full of good houses, and may be considered as one of the finest streets in France.

The cathedral is a truly grand and beautiful Gothic building; at the west end are two elegant high towers, open on the top, and rebuilt about fifty years ago; the architecture is light and elegant. The east end of the cathedral, which is the oldest part, consists of open work and spires; it is impossible to do justice to this part of the building, which is a pattern of lightness, elegance, magnificence, and grandeur.

At the north and south ends are two fine round painted windows. The old part of the church is said to have been built above one thousand years, under the second race of kings, but the modern part was built and repaired by Henri IV., and there is a table at the west end recording the fact. They are now making additions to it in length, and repairing it. On the outside are several statues. In short, it is so beautiful a building, that the traveller is well paid for his trouble in coming to see it.

The canons of this church have above one thousand five hundred francs a year.

L'Hotel de Ville is an old building, having a noble and venerable tower, and several good rooms, in one of which, used by the mayor for public business, are several pictures, and among them a very good one of the Maid of Orleans, with the following verses under it:—

In Iconem Jance Vocolaurice, Viraginis Aurelice!

Virgo rexit, Gallo multa vel imagine felix
Quam numen quondam, patrice non machina misit.

Subsidio Augurium, bone rex Henrice * salutas,
De Cœlis excita tuis virgo, altera votis
Fortunet regni auspicium, Janumque retractet,
Utraque ut antiquum tua sœcla recudat in aurum.'
G. N. G. P. P, 1581.

There is a fine statue of this celebrated heroine on the place; it was formerly on the bridge.

Orleans is a plentiful country, full of vineyards. The Duke had formerly a large appanage, which was taken away at the Revolution.

This city is famous for the siege it sustained against the English, commanded by the Earl of Salisbury, in 1428, who was killed at it. It was raised by the famous Jeanne d'Arc, May 12, 1429. Henry V., in 1421, was in the suburbs, but did not take the city.

Orleans was afterwards alternately in the power of the Hugonots and Catholics, of the former of whom there was a dreadful massacre.

Sept. 13. Set out for Blois, distant from Orleans fourteen leagues, through S. Cli, Beaugenci, Mer, Menars, *&c.*

The road is near the Loire on the left, through vineyards and a fine country; villages were on each side as thick as possible.

It was Sunday, and the peasants were dressed in their best attire, and gathering grapes for the vintage in numbers, presented a scene of cheerfulness and festivity.

The costume of the women is a jacket and petticoat of different colours, and a kind of Norman cap; and

that of the men a blue frock, stockings of the same colour, and very large flapped hats.

Beaugency is a tolerably-sized town on the Loire, over which is a very long bridge, of twenty-six arches; two divisions are of wood, the stone having been carried away some years ago by the rapidity of the river; but it was now so remarkably low, that some of our party walked on the sand over a great part of it.

At Beaugency is a noble ruin of an old castle, said to have been built by Julius Cæsar; it reminded us much of Rochester Castle. Here also is a good hospital, called l'Hotel Dieu, and a handsome large parish church. Formerly there was a large convent, and a church, which is now converted into a magazine. On the whole, Beaugency * gives you the idea of a town which has been formerly of some consequence.

Near this town the English filed off to besiege Orleans, when it was saved by Jeanne d'Arc.

At Menars, a small village and port, is a handsome château, belonging to Marshal Victor †, Duc de Bellune. The grounds are handsome, and reach to the Loire.

From hence to Blois, two leagues, is a continual chain of villages, châteaux, and pleasure grounds.

* This unfortunate town suffered, in 1562, all the evils that fanaticism and cruelty could inflict, being taken and pillaged by the Prince of Condé and the Hugonots, in revenge, because the King of Navarre had not surrendered it according to his promise, when he had holden it only as a deposit.

† This Marshal, it will be recollected, made a considerable figure in Bonaparte's campaign, and now lives retired as a private gentleman.

The entrance into Blois is beautiful; houses built among rocks, on the declivity of a hill, with the cathedral on the summit, forming a fine object on one side; on the other, the Loire winding its course through fertile meadows.

Blois is an old town, built on a sharp declivity, something like Lausanne, in Switzerland; the streets are narrow, and the houses old; but the quay is very handsome. Here are the best inns, and a fine public walk.

There is a fine stone bridge over the Loire of eleven arches, and an obelisk in the middle, with an inscription, shewing that it had been repaired in 1804 by the prefect, but it was begun in 1715, under Louis XV.

The cathedral is a Gothic edifice, with a roof of transverse arches, and the ceiling an imitation of brick-work.

Just by, is the palace of the bishop, now the prefecture; its handsome terrace, overlooking the river and the surrounding country. The church of St. Nicolas is a fine Gothic building, in which we noticed four curious figures, apparently of bishops, in the four corners of the roof.

But the great beauty of Blois is its venerable castle, chiefly built by Francis I. and Henri II. Here was the famous assembly of the states in the reign of Henri III., when Henri, Duke of Guise, and his brother, the cardinal, were assassinated. In fact, they shew you the spot in which the Duke's assassination took place, in 1588; and also the room in which

Mary of Medicis * was confined; as well as the tower and stone table on which, to divert her melancholy, she used to read and write. You are also shewn the great hall, in which the States, in the time of the league, used to assemble.

This venerable and noble building, once the scene of festivity and splendour, is converted into barracks, and the spacious court-yard, once filled with the horses and carriages of regal visitors, is now used as a *dunghill for the military horses.* But the situation, as long as the walls continue, no time can impair; for on the walls, from the terrace, you have a most commanding view of the town and its beautiful environs, where houses, intermixed with gardens, *&c.*, form an enchanting prospect.

Walking *under* the lofty walls of this castle, the view of the soldiers *above* you on the walls, winding along the terrace, is romantic, and highly interesting.

Gaston, Duke of Orleans, made great additions to this castle, and resided here much; his daughter is buried in the neighbouring church.

The difference of the architecture in this château, ancient and modern, is clearly perceptible; but the whole is grand and venerable. They shew you the blood on the wall where the Duke was killed, but a soldier archly observed, that they killed a fowl every year, and scattered his blood on the wall.

* She was wife of Henry the Great, and mother of Louis XIII; and died in indigence and obscurity at Cologne, a victim to the persecution of Cardinal Richelieu.

Blois * was bought, in 1391, by Louis, brother of Charles VI.

A greater proof of the cheapness of this country cannot be given, than the following: the officers who mess at the castle are found in two good meals a day, breakfast *à la fourchette*, and dinner, for fifty francs a month, wine included; no bad agreement, where a captain's pay is only five francs a day, a lieutenant's three, and a sub-lieutenant's two.

The Hotel de Ville has nothing remarkable; it has two good rooms used for public records, and a handsome new façade. At Blois, as at Orleans and Paris, the bishopric was vacant, and on one of us observing it to a well-dressed man, he coolly answered, "Tant mieux, s'il n'y en a pas de tout;" so much the better, if there were none at all. Indeed, the decay of religion is lamentable in this country; the shops are open at Paris and other towns on Sundays, as on other days, and not shut, any part of the day, except for the inhabitants to take their pleasure. On holidays they are much more shut than on Sundays.

It is said that a great personage has endeavoured, but in vain, to have this day observed in a solemn way, but he has hitherto been obliged to yield to the torrent.

Blois was formerly part of the possessions of the Counts of Champagne, till re-united to the crown of France.

* Blois, as well as Mer, a small place near Beaugines, were pillaged by the royalists in the civil and religious wars in 1562, in the reign of Charles IX. It is hard to say which party was most cruel; to use the words of an animated historian, "Many made prisons of their castles, and executioners of their servants."—*L'Esprit de la Ligue.*

CHAPTER IX.

Departure from Blois—Castle of Amboise—Surrounding Country—Costume of Peasants—Tours—Remarks on Revolutionary Profanation.

Sept. 15.—Set off for Tours; breakfasted at Ecures sur Loire, a most enchanting spot, with the Loire and hanging-woods and populous villages on one side, and on the other, a rich and fertile country.

Dined at Amboise, six leagues from Tours. Whilst dinner was preparing, we crossed the two bridges over the two branches of the Loire, and hastened to the noble castle, which is truly interesting, and deserves, indeed, more time than we were able to bestow on it.

This castle now belongs to the house of Orleans; the Duc de Penthievre, father of the duchess dowager, exchanged Rambouillet for it with the king.

Amboise is very famous in history; there is a fine ancient round tower, and long winding passages which lead to the castle. This venerable building is said to have been erected in part by Julius Cæsar; but, without going so far back, we have evidence of its antiquity in Hugh Capet's chapel, an elegant structure, built and used by that prince.

They also shew you where one hundred and fifty of the conspirators of Amboise* were hung, in the reign

* This ill-concerted enterprise was contrived by La Renaudie, in 1560, who, bravely fighting to the last, fell a victim to it.—*L'Esprit de la Ligue.*

The brave Castelman also was sacrificed to the Guises, in spite of a solemn promise of safety. The gallant Francis I. passed the early part of his life in this castle, playing at tennis, hunting, *&c.*, with Ann de Monmorenci, Philippe de Chabot, Robert de la Mark, *&c.*—*Vie de François Premier.* The

of Francis II.—Henri IV. was much here; as was, in early times, Charles VII., whose two sons, Louis XI, and his brother, were brought up just by, in a house which is pointed out to strangers *. There is a curious subterraneous passage under the two branches of the Loire, which lead to a magazine used by the Romans. There are also subterraneous passages, used formerly as barracks, and various other parts which show it to have been a strong fortress. Louis XIV. was the last prince who resided here.

The richness of the view from the terrace exceeds all description; the city of Tours at a distance seems almost under you; while the Loire, rocks, villages, vineyards, and châteaux, and the fine forest of Amboise, complete this charming scene.

The town of Amboise is very old, and the streets narrow. They were building a new bridge over one of the branches of the Loire, which was much wanted.

Four miles from Tours, we passed the little river

The Order of St. Michael was instituted by Louis XI. at Amboise, in 1469, because the Order of the Star, instituted by King John, was in great disrepute.

The Golden Fleece was the model of the Order of St. Michael—Dan. vol. v. p. 411.

* Charles VIII. died at the castle of an apoplexy, April 8, 1498, whilst looking at a game of tennis.—Guicciardini *Guerres d' Italie.*

He had been kept, as a prisoner, among servants in the early part of his life, by his tyrannical and suspicious father, Louis XI., who also carried about with him Louis, Duc d'Orleans, first prince of the blood, not suffering either to have any education.

This prince may justly be styled tyrannical and cruel, who had the two sons of the Duc de Nemours placed under the scaffold, that the blood of their father might *fall on them* at his execution, and who bathed in infant blood, *as is reported*, to recover his strength.—Mezerai.

Chere, on a stone bridge near the village of Ouvré: this small river and the Loire give name to the department, in which is Blois. From hence to Tours nothing can be imagined more beautiful than the road; a fine country, the river, excavated rocks, in which are houses of different sizes, and formed in the most fanciful manner, quite to the tops of the hills, and the city of Tours, make the view enchanting; added to this, you have gardens, vineyards, and all kinds of villas, as thick as possible.

This day's journey was, indeed, most lovely, with the Loire under us on our left, on the other side undulating hills, covered with vineyards.

After some miles there is a sudden change; on the right is a rich flat corn country, and on the left, over the river, excavated rocks, with trees and shrubs growing round them in the most romantic manner.

The agriculture is very curious and rather whimsical; in the same district you see wheel ploughs, and the light Essex ones, some of them drawn by horses and asses jointly, some with four, others with three, two, and even one horse; they are very industrious, and plough till quite late in the evening: they have also two and three horses with reins, and only one man to the plough.

In this country, they use only wagons on *two wheels*, or rather long carts; on these they put the largest weights of cotton, wool, wine, *&c.*, and use no carriages with four wheels, a custom worthy of imitation.

The peasants of both sexes wear no stockings, but

sabots. The women have large caps, and the men flap hats; in the hardest rains, the women wore neither hats nor bonnets.

There are evident marks of the Loire having retired a considerable way, and they were then ploughing up the former bed of it.

Tours is a very handsome city, containing twenty-two thousand inhabitants; the situation of it is beautiful, and the surrounding country very fine. We entered it by crossing a noble bridge on the Loire, of fifteen arches. This river is here both broad and rapid.

The Rue Royale is a broad handsome street, with a noble trotoir, and nearly half a mile in length, ending in the mall, which is a fine public walk, nearly surrounding the city. The Cathedral is a splendid Gothic building, said to have been erected in the tenth century by St. Martin; it is in the form of a cross, and is rich in painted windows on every side, but those at the eastern end are particularly so. The interior is beautiful; in it are the monuments of the two sons of Charles VIII. by Ann of Brittany, who died at Amboise, in her infancy.

There is a curious picture of St. Martin, in one of the chapels, taking off his cloak and giving it to a poor person. The Archiepiscopal Palace is adjoining, but, as usual, no archbishop to inhabit it.

There is in Tours a fine old tower, (with a clock for the use of the town,) which was formerly a part of the Church of St. Martin, and near it another old tower, said to have been built by Charlemagne.

The remains of the famous Gate of Hugo are scarcely to be seen, from which the Huguenots, who had their meeting here, took their name.

The city has a clean and elegant appearance, and there are several conduits for the use of the inhabitants, particularly one on the Grand Marché.

There are few places in France, in which a stranger may reside, cheaper than this, as provisions are very reasonable *.

We here met with an interesting man (a shoemaker) who had been one of Bonaparte's soldiers, and was at Moscow with him. He gave an appalling account of the hardships suffered in that unfortunate and ill-timed expedition. He had, he said, lived on the horses which *had died* two months and a half before, without bread or vegetables. Of the vast army which went there, he said, not thirty thousand returned; he had a pension of seven pounds a year.

We also met, by accident, with a female hawker and pedlar, who remarked that the English were apt to complain of taxes, but often without reason, for she paid eighty francs to government for a license every year.

The provinces of Orleannois and Touraine divide, a few miles from Amboise. The latter province was a long time part of the English possessions, having been annexed to them by Henri II.

We were at L'Hotel de St. Julien: it was night, and our coachman drove us directly into the Chapel of the Benedictines, which since the Revolution is become

* Meat is 8 sous a pound, a fine goose 36 sous, ducks 40 sous a pair, chickens 10 sous each, and good common wine 6 sous a bottle.

a Remise by purchase, and the moon shining through the gloomy Gothic arches and windows of the sacred edifice, had a picturesque and solemn effect: we were under its vaulted roof, scarcely knowing where our conductor was leading us, and involuntarily inspired, as it were, with reverential awe.

Adjoining the stable was the ancient Chapel of St. Sebastian, now used by a stone-mason; and just by the high altar, on which the pious priest was accustomed quietly to celebrate the rites of his religion, the noise of workmen attending to their occupation, seemed to profane the sacred place.

Tours * is certainly very ancient; it was called Cæsarodunum, and is said to have been founded by Julius Cæsar: it was afterwards, like many other towns in France, sometime subject to the Visigoths, and in latter ages made a great figure in the wars of the Huguenots.

Frederic II., king of Naples, the last prince of the house of Arragon, as he was the most worthy and unfortunate, after the loss of his dominions, finished his days in this town.

* Tours is in the department of the Loire and Indre. Henry III. fixed his residence here in 1589, when the Duc de Mayenne and the Leaguers made an attack on the suburbs, but were repulsed.

The young Duke of Guise made his escape from the castle of Tours in which he had been confined ever since the murder of his father) in August, 1591.—*Esprit de la Ligue.*

CHAPTER X.

Departure from Tours—Change in the Country—Montbazon—St. Maur—Sheep—Management of Auberges—Port au Pil—Les Ormes—French Château—Chatellerault—Departure from Chatellerault—Remarks suggested by the Country—Barres de Nintré—Trichirie—Poitiers.

Sept. 17.—Left Tours, and, after two miles, crossed the river Chere on a stone bridge. The road here becomes very broad, between two rows of walnut trees; the vineyards now give place to corn-fields, and we saw them ploughing in the same whimsical manner, with different animals, a horse and two oxen, and a horse and ass, often in the same field.

Five leagues from Tours we descended a steep hill to Montbazon, which we entered by a stone bridge over a pretty romantic river.

This appears to have been a place of some consequence; there are remains of towers and walls, and the fine ruins of a venerable Castle; to the right, on the hill, is the handsome château of Le Seigneur du Village. Montbazon gave the title of Duke to the noble family of Rohan, of whom Hercules died in 1654.

Two leagues farther is Scrigni, a small village, and two more, St. Maur, a small old town, with a very neat Gothic Church. The house now used as barracks was formerly the house of the Seigneur de Montbazon. There is here a tolerable market-place, with a halle used by the shopkeepers for their wares.

The situation of St. Maur, with its hanging gardens, rocks, &c., is romantic and pretty.

The peasants have their houses or huts in the rocks, as about Tours; we were in one which was tolerably neat, but it had no light but from the door when it was open. The post-house, where we took up our quarters, is half a mile from the town, and is a large excellent inn, but the charges were very high *.

This day's journey was through wide, but sandy, roads; the fields were large and open, and full of fine sheep, but of so small a kind, that they weigh only about twenty-six pounds each, and nothing can be sweeter or more delicate than the mutton; there were also a few Merino sheep.

In the inns in this country, the *landladies* only appear, and transact all the business; you see the landlords *rarely*, and a waiter *never*; the women also are the only active persons in the internal management of the inns.

Sept. 18. Set off for Chatellerault. At four leagues distance is Port au Pil, a small village and port, with a bridge over the Creuse, dividing Touraine from Poitou; the surrounding country is rocky and picturesque, walnut-trees, as usual, in abundance, and agriculture carried on with heterogeneous cattle; the mules in this country are very fine, frequently between fourteen and fifteen hands high.

It is, indeed, a very plentiful country; vast quantities of geese, turkeys, &c., are seen everywhere: of the last, droves of one hundred and one hundred and fifty; they are sold from two to three francs each: there are also many goats.

* In this town meat is also remarkably cheap, 3*d.* and 3½*d.* a pound,

We passed through some fine woods of underwood and oaks, but the oaks are smaller than in England.

Two leagues from St. Maria les Ormes, a small village and port, in which is a château of Mons. d'Argenson, grandson to Mons. d'Argenson, Chancellor of France * ; there are several paintings of him and his family ; the house is good, and the apartments large and handsome.

The gardens are beautifully situated on the banks of the Vienne ; on the outside of the house is the following inscription :

Non ingloria pax
Nobis hæc otia fecit !

In another place—

Diruit ædificat, *&c.*

The house was begun by the Chancellor. There is a very fine cork-screw stair-case on the *outside* of the house, leading to three or four balconies, and on the top a platform, from which is an extensive view.

In the parish church is an inscription to the memory of a former proprietor of the castle, who left the yearly sum of sixty francs to assist the girls of the parish in marriage, and to put out the boys apprentices.

Nine miles farther, is Ingrande ; and six more, Chatellerault ; the former is a small bourg, with nothing remarkable in it. Chatellerault is a large old town, with a considerable manufactory of cutlery, at which

* He was Chancellor of France in the reign of Louis XIV., and much distinguished by his learning and accomplishments. We experienced during our visit the most polite and obliging attention from Madame d'Argenson.

above one thousand men are constantly employed. The streets are very narrow, and most of the houses ill built; it contains about ten thousand inhabitants. There are three parish churches, the great one, which they call the cathedral, is a neat building. This town gave title to the Duke of Hamilton, who had a château and estate just by, which are now in other hands.

There is a stone bridge over the Vienne, which empties itself into the Loire here; and a very handsome public walk, which is much frequented. Chatellerault is in Poitou.

Almost every alternate house in this town* is a manufactory, and the noise of the hammer and file is incessant and stunning. You are pestered with women at every inn, teasing you to buy knives and scissars; and even at the towns on each side of Chatellerault, and at some distance, as Tours and Poitiers, these women are seen offering their ware for sale.

Sept. 19. Set off for Poitiers, distant ten leagues; the whole of this road is so fine as to equal some of the best in England, not paved, but a smooth gravelly way, passing by corn-fields, and woods full of fine oaks. There were vast flocks of sheep, goats, &c., and, as usual, the same varied agriculture and whimsical ploughing. Early as it was in the season, the peasants were sowing wheat, and every field presented the pleasing appearance of industry and plenty.

We were now in the midst of a country annexed to the British crown by the Angevine Princes, and for a

* Chatellerault was besieged, in 1589, by the Duke of Anjou, afterwards Henry III., but relieved by Admiral Coligni.

long time under their powerful but mild sway. Under these circumstances, the provinces through which we were passing must be particularly interesting to an Englishman, as recalling to his mind the scenes of past glory and the splendour of the Plantagenets *.

Whether it was this circumstance, or the resemblance this country bears to our own (the paved roads having given place to gravel, and the vineyards to corn-fields, and the general face of the country being that of an English farm highly cultivated, with the difference only of numerous walnut-trees on all sides,) can hardly be explained; but for the time we almost could fancy ourselves in England, and could scarcely forbear exclaiming, "O terque quaterque beati Britanni, sua si bona nôrint." Happy in giving peace to Europe by their energy and patriotism, happier still in the enjoyment of excellent laws, upright judges, and a pure constitution, may they make a right use of these blessings, by acknowledging the source from whence they derive them; otherwise, they must expect the fate of the nations, their precursors, which now exist no more. Great as were the power and splendour of England, when in possession of these rich provinces, Touraine, Anjou, la Maine, &c., they were nothing when compared with her present power, which she has acquired by her virtuous struggles for independence.

* Henry II., son of Fulk, Count of Anjou and the Empress Maud, was the first Plantagenet, and the most powerful monarch which had sat on the English throne since the Conquest, but his prosperity and domestic comfort were much impaired by the turbulence of Becket, and the rebellious conduct of his sons.

We passed through Barres de Nintri, Tricherie, and Clan, all villages, to Poitiers; two or three miles from which the face of the country suddenly changes, and vineyards and romantic rocks are seen on all sides.

Near Poitiers, on one side, the beautiful little river Clain winds among pastoral meadows; on the other, high and rugged rocks, the tops of which were covered with vineyards, hanging quite over, and excavated into romantic houses of different forms and dimensions, from the bottom to the top, make this scene most lovely and interesting.

The entrance into the city is disagreeable, up a steep hill, and through very narrow streets, full of old houses.

CHAPTER XI.

Description of Poitiers—Cathedral—St. Renegone—Sad effects of War—Humility in an Ecclesiastic of rank.

The city of Poitiers, formerly the capital of Poitou, and now of the Department de Vienne, is large and ancient; it is full of gardens, and the streets are most of them old, but the Place d'Armes and Place Royale are tolerable squares.

The Cathedral is a truly handsome Gothic building, and reckoned one of the largest in France; it has several fine painted windows, and the choir is light and highly beautiful; the organ is grand, and the chapel of the Twelve Apostles, with their statues, &c., is very curi-

ous. The Cathedral is one thousand years old, and said, though falsely, to have been built by the English, as the date does not agree with this.

None of the warriors slain at the battle of Poitiers, which in reality was fought at Beauvoir, two leagues distant, are buried in this Cathedral; which was a great disappointment to most of our party.

The Bishopric here is likewise vacant, and is now used as the Prefecture.

When we found all these bishoprics vacant, we thanked God for living in a country in which church and state are united, and the best interests of religion consulted, by regularly appointing as heads of the church distinguished men, fully competent to so great a charge, at once enlightening the nation by their learning, and adorning it by their example.

We accidentally met a gentleman, who kindly shewed us a list of the French nobles slain at the memorable battle*:

The other churches most worth seeing are St. Radegonde and St. Porchaire. The former is very old, part of it built in the sixth century, but the chief part contemporary with the cathedral.

Radegonde, thus sainted, was wife to Celotaire, the first king of France, who founded here the Monastery of the Holy Cross, and performed such miracles as to be enrolled among the saints.

* Poitiers is famous for the siege it sustained against Admiral Cologni, in 1569; it was defended by the Dukes of Guise and Mayenne, and the Admiral, in spite of his determined courage, was forced to raise the siege, on account of the sickness of his troops.—MEZERAI.

There is a chapel many steps under the high altar, in which is the ancient tomb of this distinguished personage; and all round it are different small wax figures hung up, as offerings for some cure performed by he mediation, or some benefit obtained by her means.

Over the entrance to this subterraneous chapel is a Latin inscription, signifying that Ann of Austria had made a splendid gift of candlesticks to the altar of St. Radegonde, on account of her son, Louis XIV., being restored to health through her intercession. Radegonde was niece of Hermanfrois, King of Turingis, and taken away by Celotaire, in the pillage of the city*.

In the body of the church is also a small chapel, dedicated to this saint, with our Saviour on one side, and the saint on the other, with the following inscription:

Adoravimus in loco, ubi steterunt pedes ejus.
Nous adorons le Seigneur dans le lieu
Ou ont reposé ses pieds. P. S. 131.

L' An du salut 586, le 3 d' Aout N.S. Jesus Christ apparut à St. Radegond, pendant qu'elle etoit en prieres, et lui dit, tu es une pierre precieuse de mon diademe.

En disparoissant il laissa imprimé le vestige de son pied droit.
Hæc Monimenta e Monasterio, Caroneo in tran.
Ecclesian, translata fuerunt, anno domini. 1792.

St. Prochâire also is a fine old church, with a remarkably venerable tower, said also to have been built by the English, who had nothing to do with the country at that time.

* Pere Daniel, vol. i. p. 95.

On the outside of the cathedral they show you some holes, made in the wall by Admiral Coligni in the wars between the Huguenots and Papists.

This city is very dull, vilely paved, and badly peopled; there are but twenty-two thousand inhabitants, though it is of very large extent.

The church of Notre Dame la Grande sur le Marché, is of great antiquity, and its towers and figures are truly venerable. In the church is a curious tomb of Our Saviour, with several women, and two venerable figures, one at the head, the other at the foot. The sculpture is ancient, and appears to be well executed: the men are St. John and St. Peter, and the women the two Mary's, *&c. &c.*

Two leagues from Poitiers was fought the famous battle in which King John was taken prisoner *. His

* The battle is described as being *near* Poitiers. The Black Prince intrenched himself at Maupertius, in a place enclosed with vineyards and hedges, and difficult of access. The king of France had sixty thousand, the Prince twelve thousand, men. This was more a rout than battle, as the French lost but six thousand men, but among them eight hundred *gentlemen*, and fifty of the most distinguished noblemen of the kingdom.—RAPIN, vol. ii. p. 209.

The king overtook the Prince of Wales at Maupertius, two leagues from Poitiers, where he was in camp. The prince had occupied a point intersected with vineyards, hedges, bushes, *&c.*, difficult for the cavalry to penetrate or infantry to attack; the greatest number given to the prince is twelve thousand, but the French had forty-six thousand, divided into three corps.—DANIEL, vol. v. p. 31.

Such are the accounts given by the historians of England and France. *Each* shews that that the glory which the English acquired was as great as the modesty of their gallant and youthful commander, only twenty-five years old, and that the misfortunes of the French are to be attributed to their rashness and presumption. *Both* historians agree that the prince

torians differ about the spot, but it is generally supposed to be near the village of Beauvoir. There are strong remains of Roman antiquities here: near la Place d'Armes you go on a terrace, from whence you see the old Roman wall, *&c.*; and some years ago there were various figures dug up, elephants, *&c.* We had an instance at Poitiers, of great humility, in an ecclesiastic of rank. In the cathedral we saw the Bishop of Gap in the body of the church at his prayers, with the greatest devotion, mixed with the crowd; having some conversation with him, we found, by accident, that he was a bishop.

They were re-establishing convents here; there are three already, Carmelites, Feuillants, *&c.*

There is a college for the education of students for the church, their board is four hundred francs a year, and the Professors are paid by government.

The Prince de Condé formed a plan to take this city in 1614, which miscarried by the resolution of the Bishop *.

offered to restore all the places which he had taken that campaign, and all his prisoners, engaging not to bear arms against France for seven years. Rapin says farther, that he offered to repair all the damages sustained by France.

DANIEL says that the king demanded that the prince and his whole family should surrender at discretion; but RAPIN, the prince and one hundred knights.

* Mezerai.

CHAPTER XII.

Leave Poitiers—Vivonne—Enclosed Country—Change of Fruit-Trees—Maisons Blanches—Specimen of a Country Mayor—Mansle—Angoulême—Situation—Cathedral—Castle—Cheapness of Provisions—Obelisk—Marine College—Bridge.

Sept. 8.—Set off from Poitiers to Angoulême. 1 Post, Crontelle. 2. Vivonne, a small old town, beautifully situated on the little river Vivonne.

The winding descent likewise down a hill to Crontelle, was very beautiful, and the road went along corn fields and woods: there were also small inclosures full of cows, sheep, *&c.*, which reminded us of our own country.

Went through Miniors, Couhé-Verac, and Chaunay, to Maisons Blanches. There is, in this country, an excellent custom of writing, at each post, its name, as on the Bath road.

Added to the fruit-trees which we had had along the road, we had now chestnut-trees, medlar, *&c.*, and in the fields much Spanish or Indian wheat. The season was so remarkably dry, that the girls were getting elm-leaves from the trees to feed the cows, of which there were abundance.

At Maisons Blanches, we had a complete specimen of the simplicity of a country mayor.

The master of the hotel de la Poste having behaved improperly, we were advised to go to the village for redress. We accordingly went, stumbling along a

dark lane among mud and stones, to the village, about a mile and a half off.

On opening a small farm-house door, a man accosted us, in a dirty night-cap, a waistcoat full of holes, and no stockings, holding a filthy lamp in our faces, for no candle was there in the room, which was as dirty as its master, in every respect.

On our asking for Mons. le Maire, he said to us, "Me voila;" and though he appeared to understand farming better than law, (for he was a small farmer,) yet his simplicity of manners, added to a natural civility, interested us much, and reminded us of Cincinnatus and Rome, in its unadulterated state; and though we did not obtain much redress from this village judge, yet we, on the whole, did not regret our walk, though the night was remarkably dark, but went away pleased with the character we had seen, and delighted with his natural urbanity, though we derived but little advantage from his legal knowledge, or his justice.

Sept. 22.—Set off from Maisons Blanches for Angoulême. One post, and a half to Ruffec, Negres one, and Mansle one and a half; this is a neat little town, on the Charente, which we crossed on a stone bridge. This river is very pretty and pastoral, running among meadows; it divides the department of Vienne from that of Charente, formerly Angoulême; Churet two posts, a small village; and one to Angoulême. This day's journey was, the first part, up and down gentle hills, through forests of beautiful large chestnut and other wood, and corn-fields; latterly

the country was bolder, and more romantic, with steep winding hills and beautiful views.

The vineyards became more and more thick, till it became a country of vineyards; and as the evening was fine, all the peasants were employed in gathering grapes, which the proprietors, with the greatest politeness, insisted on our partaking of, and pressed on us the best bunches. The whole, in short, presented a scene of hilarity and plenty.

You enter Angoulême winding down several hills; and from the suburbs, which are almost as large as the town, you ascend a very steep hill to the town.

The situation of Angoulême is romantic and beautiful in the highest degree; it is built on a steep rock, in the form of an amphitheatre; the walk round the ramparts, about two miles, is beautiful and rich, commanding a vast extent of country. Under you on one part is the lovely river Charente, meandering through a rich country, and forming many pretty isles; the different high roads seen for many miles, the bridge and winding road, and gardens under the walls, the forest at a distance, *&c.*, form the rich view which you have from the ramparts of Angoulême.

There are also rocks, vineyards, and houses and villages near and at a distance, forming a scene altogether enchanting; in fact, we had not seen any town which pleased us so well as this. Most of the streets terminate in the ramparts, as does also the cathedral, which is a very old building.

The roof of the nave consists of various domes, and

the ceiling appears to be brick, whitewashed, but the sides *bare walls.*

You enter the choir in a very singular way, by an arch; it is plain, and the roof is in form of a crescent, the high altar is handsome and *bifrons*; there is a noble flight of steps and platform of marble; the Bishop's Palace, as is usual, is the Prefecture, and the Bishop has a house elsewhere; his revenues are nearly two thousand pounds a year.

The castle*, now used as the prison, is venerable for its noble ancient round towers. The town has been strongly fortified, and may be made as strong by art, as it is by nature; provisions are plentiful and reasonable, and it is a most comfortable and agreeable residence. The consequence of which is that many families of distinction live here, where they are able to obtain not only provisions reasonable, but wine which is both good and cheap.

There are sixteen thousand inhabitants, governed by a prefect, who is appointed by the king†.

There are three or four winding roads, one above another, under the ramparts, which, with the horses and carriages on them, give the stranger walking on

* This castle is famous for the brilliant defence made by the Duc d'Epernon, in 1588. This gallant duke, with *only twenty men, without provisions or powder*, although the castle was open on all sides, resisted for thirty hours the attacks of the whole city, set on by the League, or rather by the feeble Henry, thus meanly abandoning his favourite. The Duke was *conquered in this unequal contest*, and acquired immortal glory.—*L'esprit de la Ligue.* O that he had conducted himself equally well in all the circumstances of his eventful life!

† *Under* five thousand inhabitants, they choose their own Prefect.

the walls most pleasing ideas of the place; indeed, it has altogether a most singular effect, and reminds one of the descriptions of fairy land.

There is an excellent naval school lately established here, and a large paper manufactory; also a cannon foundry about two leagues off, but not used at present.

Under the ramparts is an obelisk, erected on the spot where the Duchess of Angoulême passed on her way to Bordeaux, with this inscription,

Chemin de Madame
Le 17 d'Août
Année 1815.

Angoulême is said to have been built by the English; it was certainly in their hands some time, but was finally united to France in 1372.

In few towns will a stranger live cheaper* than in this. A gentleman of the place assured us that he could board for six hundred francs a year, and have a good apartment for twenty-five francs a month; so that an English family may live for half what it can in England. It follows, as a natural consequence, that many families come here for economy, where they find society that is good and choice, and the roads excellent, though hilly.

The Marine College at Angoulême is not yet quite finished; it is on an extensive plan, for five hundred boys from twelve to fifteen or sixteen years of age.

The building is large and handsome, constructed of the stone of the country; it will cost four hundred thou-

* Good wholesome brown bread is only three sous a pound, and the bes white, four at la Table Ronde, an excellent and reasonable inn.

sand francs, and the yearly establishment one hundred thousand. The Governor is a Vice-Admiral, and has about seven hundred pounds a year; and the Lieutenant-Governor, who is a Captain, five hundred pounds: there is also a Chaplain, who has one hundred pounds a year, and various other officers. They seemed in great spirits, and determined to vie with their neighbours in maritime affairs.

There is a bridge of five arches over the Charente, which river goes to Rochelle. On the borders of this river, not many miles from this city, was fought, in 1569, the famous battle of Jarnac, so fatal to the Huguenots, in which the brave Prince de Condé, their leader, was massacred by Montesquieu, Captain of the Duke of Anjou's guards*.

CHAPTER XIII.

Ruins of an Abbey—Road excellent—Barbesieux—Cavignac—Country woody—Lameness very prevalent—Change of Departments—Change of Country not for the better—Cahusac—Dordogne—Garonne—Bordeaux—Entrance into Bordeaux—Description of the City—High Rents, Palais de Gallien, Public Gardens, Cathedral, Harbour, *&c.*

Sept. 25.—LEFT Angoulême†; one league from it we passed the ruins of a venerable abbey on our left.

* *Esprit de la Ligue.*

† Mary of Medicis escaped from Blois to Angoulême, with the assistance of the Duke of Epernon, and the connivance of the Grand Duke Cosimo II. In 1618, at the time she was agreeing to a compromise with her son, there was a plot formed by Luines to blow up the fortress, in order to destroy her.—GALUZZI.

Two posts, Roulet, and one more Poligni, a single house. The road was up and down gentle hills, among vineyards, *&c.*, as firm and good as one of the finest in England, which, indeed, it had been all the way from Poitiers. We passed many woods, full of game, which, however, at times, was destroyed by the wolves, of which there were several.

Barbesieux is a small market town, erected into a marquisate by Louis XIV., in favour of one of the sons of his minister Louvois. There is nothing remarkable in it but a neat public walk. The streets are very narrow, and badly paved, and the old castle is converted into a prison. Provisions are here as, or even more, reasonable than at Angoulême.

Sept. 26.—Left Barbesieux*. Revignac, one post and half; Grolle, one and a half; Montlieu, two; Chiersac, one; and Cavignac two. These are all villages and single houses, except the last, which is a small town.

This day's journey was very different from the others, and the face of the country much changed; it was chiefly woods of oak, and underwood, and firs; of the last there are immense numbers, and very beautiful; they plant themselves, like the beach in England. There were also several large heaths, on which was much fern; all these were, however, occasionally varied by vineyards, Indian corn, *&c.*

There were, as before, gentle hills, from which there were some fine views, especially Bois Verd, where

* At the post, a dear and bad house.

we breakfasted; from hence was a most commanding prospect.

The vines in this country are as strong as trees, and grow also to a great height; they are regularly trained along stout poles. Claret of excellent quality is made here.

We observed numbers of people lame in their hips, and the common opinion is, that it proceeds from weakness in the joints, occasioned by eating coarse bad bread, from which little nourishment is derived About four miles from Cavignac is a pillar with an inscription, signifying that it is the end of the department of Charente, and the beginning of that of Gironde. This evening we saw a wolf going along the wood in search of prey.

At Cavignac*, where we slept, there is nothing remarkable; but the garden of the inn was very large, full of fruit, and kept in as high order as an English one.

Sept. 26.—Left Cavignac for Cubzac, distant five leagues. The country is flat, dull, and uninteresting, but there is an excellent pavé, which, in this wet country, must be necessary.

At Cubzac we came to the river Dordogne, which is large and rapid, and as wide as the Thames at Gravesend.

Cubzac, though a small place, is full of life and bustle, owing to the vast concourse of people passing to Bordeaux; there are ten ferry-boats constantly going.

We crossed the Dordogne in a large ferry-boat, but as the wind was high, and against us, we were nearly

* At the post a tolerable inn, but dear.

half an hour crossing. We saw a very large building, used to transport the troops, by vast numbers at a time.

Carbon Blanc one post, and two more we came to the Garonne. From Carbon Blanc, we passed through a country of vineyards, from which is made the fine Bordeaux wine. As far as Bastide, a small place on the Garonne, opposite to Bordeaux, there were numbers of country-houses belonging to the merchants, built in a variety of ways, and having a pretty appearance at Bastide. We crossed the Garonne, which, is here about as wide as the Thames at London, in an excellent ferry-boat, which carried us over in a few minutes.

They are, however, building a bridge which will be of great service to Bordeaux, as having these two rivers to pass, (which cannot easily be done when the wind is high,) must be a serious inconvenience to so large a commercial city.

The Dordogne and Garonne have their junction about four leagues from the city, and their embouchure is about twenty leagues off: the two rivers, when united, are called the Gironde, which gives name to the department.

The entrance into Bordeaux is very striking; along a broad and noble quay, full of the bustle of commerce; the harbour is crowded with vessels from all nations, and is capable of containing frigates and ships of six hundred tons.

Bordeaux is the capital of *ci-devant* Guienne, but now of the department of the Gironde; the city is

large and handsome, the streets broad and well paved, and the houses high and well built, but extremely dear; L'Hotel de France, in which we were, was then on sale, and the price asked for it was one hundred and sixty francs; and for a small hotel opposite, L'Hotel des Americans, sixty thousand. There are at Bordeaux about one hundred thousand persons.

The fine ruin known by the name of Palais de Galien, appears to have been an amphitheatre; it is a noble piece of antiquity, and the arches are in high preservation.

The public gardens and Champs de Mars are pretty, and a great convenience to the inhabitants of this populous and flourishing city.

Among various fountains or conduits for the use of the city, is that of Figuerreau, which appears to be a building of great antiquity; and water-carts are passing from it and repassing continually: it is farmed of the city for eighteen hundred francs, for the inhabitants have not the convenience of pipes in their houses, no more than at Paris.

The Cathedral of Bordeaux is a beautiful and venerable Gothic building, with two noble spires like that at Orleans. It was built in 1200, and the choir which is particularly elegant, contains an excellent organ, and a handsome pulpit of variegated marble. There are but few painted windows: if it had these customary ornaments of a cathedral, like those of Tours or Poictiers, it would be truly magnificent.

On the Place du Palais Royal is the former archiepiscopal palace, now appropriated to the royal family.

It has been modernized for them, and is a large convenient house. The residence of the archbishop is in a house near the cathedral.

L'Hôpital St. André is a charitable foundation for old persons, sick, *&c.;* and had then about four hundred in it.

L'Hotel de Ville has a large and handsome room, with two fine paintings of the King and Duchess d'Angoulême, given to the city by the latter. There are also busts of the Duc d'Angoulême, Berri, *&c. &c.*

Opposite L'Hotel de Ville, is the famous old building containing the city clock and large bell; it has two ancient towers, ending in pyramids, with a kind of observatory in the middle; it is said to have been a Roman work.

La Basse Porte is also a fine Roman gate, but the Palais Tutelle, Aqueducts, *&c.*, are not now to be seen. Just by the cathedral is a noble and beautiful tower, erected about four hundred years ago, by Pierre Berlan, Archbishop of Bordeaux.

Against one of the sides of the cathedral is a very high *Bon Dieu*, with the following verses:—

> Qui posuere crucem hic nobis iterare videntur!
> Sic nos dilexit non redamare nefas*.

Amidst these palaces and valuable remains, we searched in vain for the palace in which Edward the Black Prince, the darling and glory of England, resided, when he made Bordeaux the seat of his empire. "Not a wreck is to be traced of the place which had

* The erecters of this cross seem to exclaim, "It is criminal not to love him in return, who has shewed such affection for us."

the honour of the residence of the hero of Poictiers, who made his fame more splendid by the humility of his deportment; thus it is with the cloud-capt towers and gorgeous palaces."

There is a very large market at Bordeaux, but provisions are dear, and of this circumstance, the inns take advantage; for there are few higher in their charges than in this city: even for grapes, which are so plentiful, they ask you five or six sous a pound; and the wine is also very dear. The most beautiful parts of this city are *La Rue, Chapeau Rouge, Rue l'Esprit de la Loi, Place Royale,* and *Place Dauphine.*

The public walks are Allées de Tournée and Cours de Tournée, with fine rows of trees in the centre, and houses on each side: they are fine streets, the latter nearly a mile in length.

They were taking down Le Château de Trompette, built by Louis XIV*.

There is here a Protestant church well attended.

There are in Bordeaux a very fine Exchange, covered over, and round it shops of all kinds of ware; and a Douane, or Custom-house: between these, is La Place Royale, in which is held the great fair,

* Madame de Maintenon was confined in this castle in her infancy. At four years old, walking one day with Le Marechal d'Albret, and pointing to it, she said, "Je vous assure que je ne trouve pas mon lit plus doux que mon berceau,—I assure you, my bed is not softer than my cradle."—*Vie de Mad. Maintenon.*

Playing one day with the daughter of the keeper of the prison, who had an elegant silver menage, she said very scornfully to the little d'Aubigné, "You are too poor to have any thing of the kind." "That is true," said the latter, "but *I was born a gentlewoman,* and *you are not one.*"—*Mad. de Maintenon peinte par elle même.*

which lasts a fortnight. Over the Exchange, are several public rooms for the merchants, the Sale de Commerce, and the Tribunal, in which are determined affairs relating to commerce, by judges chosen among the merchants, who sit every Friday.

The extent of this fine city along the quay to the mouth of the harbour is very great; but the other way it is comparatively narrow, not exceeding a mile or a mile and a half.

The Castle of Ham is a fine square venerable building, on La Place d'Armes, with a mole, *&c.*; it is said to have been built by the English, and this is probably true, as they were so long connected with this place. This castle will amply pay the traveller for a long walk: farther on towards the river are the remains, and remains only, of the Forts St. Croix and Louis; they were levelling them, and filling up the ditches as fast as possible.

The Capuchin gate, and that on the Port, are fine structures, but La Place d'Armes, Capuchin, Cours d'Aquitaine, *&c.*, though large and wide tracts, are very dull, with so small a population, that a stranger would be inclined to look on them almost as a different town from the frequented parts of Bordeaux*, such as the Port, Place Royale, *&c. &c.*

On walking along some of the old streets and searching for some mark of the English who were so long established here, we cast our eyes accidentally on the corner of a street, and, to our surprise and joy,

* Bordeaux was formerly a parliament town.

saw *St. George and the Dragon carved,* and the street had the name of St. George: our English vanity was consequently not a little gratified.

Bordeaux has its name with reference to its situation, as to the rivers.

They use here sledges and oxen for conveying goods from the ships.

There were various councils formerly at Bordeaux, to settle the affairs of religion, the earliest of which was in 385. There was in this town a dreadful massacre of the Huguenots.

CHAPTER XIV.

Departure from Bordeaux—Parish Church of Castres—Ferry at Langon—Singular Customs at Langon—Fruit Trees abundant—Travelling frequent—Views of the River Boats—Mills—Numerous Proprietors of Land—Lafitte Wine—Female Equestrians—Costume—Patois—Mode of Agriculture—River Lot—Expertness of Ferrymen—Swarms of Flies—Excellence of Inns—Port St. Marie—Port St. Hilaire—Agen—Valuable Prints—Ortolans—Ruins of Cathedral and Palace—Departure from Agen—Malanza—Ruins of Castle-Moissac.

October 2.—Set off for Toulouse; Bouscant, one post and three-quarters; here is only the post-house. Castres, one and three-quarters, a pretty village, where we went into the parish church, which was fancifully ornamented with garlands, wreaths, &c. At Ceron, one post and a half, there were only a few houses; Langon one post and a half; this is a small town on the Garonne, which we here crossed in a ferry to St. Marcaire, a small village, where we remained all night.

This day's journey was, as usual, among fine vine-

yards and extensive woods of firs alternately; these latter are often of a very large girth.

Whole woods also of beautiful acacia were in our route; which in this part of France, is even more common than the ash in England, and grows to a great size. Fig-trees, peach, &c., were on all sides; the vines in this part of the country are very high and single, and supported by high poles, twelve or fourteen feet long, presenting, in all respects, the appearance of an English hop-ground. The hills were gentle, and the roads excellent, as the sand, which was the prevalent soil, was well mended, by being mixed with sifted gravel.

Travelling in this road is so frequent, that at Castres, where we dined, there were five coaches at one time; and at Langon, the ferry-boats were constantly passing with carriages, horses and passengers; the river was perfectly calm, and not so broad as at Bordeaux. At Langon prevails a singular custom of boys, great and small, walking on stilts*; and this they do so regularly, and with such ease, that they walk along the high road a long way together, and keep up with the horses and carriages, which go a foot-pace †: we even saw men amuse themselves in this puerile way.

* At Zurich the juvenile citizens are so expert at this exercise, that they go up the longest and steepest flights of steps, and *down again*, with the greatest fleetness and agility.

† The horses in the voitures in this country, which are not accustomed to trot, walk uncommonly well, nearly four miles an hour, where there are no mountains.

St. Marcaire, where we took up our abode for the night, presents the appearance of a town formerly of some consequence: its broken walls and antique towers remind you of the feudal times, when the proud baron, having absolute power over his tenants, often held his sovereign at defiance; and in no provinces was this more realized, than in those through which we were travelling.

As we were anxious to see every thing curious in our journey, we usually went from twelve post leagues to fifteen; scarcely ever less than the former, or more than the latter.

October 3.—Set off from St. Marcaire: Cauderot, a small village, one post and a half; la Reole, a small town by the Garonne, on a steep hill, formerly fortified; la Motte Landron one post, a small village; Marmande, one and a half, a market town; and Tonnein, a small town, where we staid all night.

Great part of this day's journey was flat and uninteresting—varied at times, however, with fine views of the Garonne, which would be still more agreeable if it had not so muddy an appearance.

There are here several small mills, in boats, near the shore, and fixed with cables; they are curious, and highly useful to the neighbourhood.

In this country there are numerous small proprietors of land, who live very comfortably on their estates, having plenty of game, and unmolested by any haughty Seigneur. The common wine here is very good, but the fine wine known by the name of Lafitte,

comes from the vineyards near Medoc, in the neighbourhood of Bordeaux. Medoc also gives name to a wine in great repute.

The women, even those of the better sort, usually ride astride in this country, which is so populous, that you meet numbers of them in all parts, as also horsemen, carriages of every description, Spanish women passing with guitars, peasants without shoes or stockings, &c.*

The women speak a kind of Patois, composed of Gascon, French, &c., difficult to be understood.

Near Reole† we passed Gironde‡, a small town, with a creek which goes into the Garonne.

They plant peas and beans in this country, in order to make manure for their land, and we saw vast quantities then in bloom; large tracts of pumpkins are here also of an immense size. Fig-trees and vines grow wild in the hedges. Numerous Maisons de Campagne, also, with large gardens well cultivated, are seen on all sides, and every thing shews a rich and populous country.

October 4.—Set off for Agen, distant five posts. Two leagues from Tonnien, the river Lot empties itself into the Garonne. One league farther we passed the Lot in a ferry-boat to Aiguillon; the river here is rather broad and shallow.

* This was for coolness, as the season was dreadfully hot, for there was no appearance of poverty among the peasants.

† La Reole appears formerly to have been a place of some consequence, and had a large convent of Benedictines.

‡ This probably gives name to the department (*a*).

(*a*) This department is generally supposed to take its name from the union of the two rivers Garonne and Dordogne.

The French are very expert and expeditious in their ferries; they do not even take the horses out of the carriages, and are over almost as soon as they are in the boat.

One post more, Port St. Mary. The weather now was warm and sultry, especially about the middle of the day; and the swarms of flies, which are very large, so troublesome that we could hardly keep them from the provisions.

The inns in this country, even in the villages, are excellent and well frequented. Tiles now gave place to good boarded floors.

The little town of St. Marie is old, but beautifully situated on the Lot; on the other side are rocky declivities and mountains, with vineyards, houses and gardens, from the bottom to the top; orchards of fig-trees, peach, pomegranates, quinces, &c., completed this scene of plenty: there were also numerous country-houses, and every thing indicated the appearance of comfort, though the peasants were still without shoes and stockings; the dress of the females was, however, very smart, scarlet petticoats, short jackets, &c. &c.

From Port St. Marie to Port St. Hilaire, is one post and half; here are a few houses, with a bridge over a creek, which goes into the Garonne. One post more, Agen.

This day s journey was very pleasant, with the Lot on the right, and hills, with vineyards, on the left. The vines here are of a great thickness, and wind round the trees, elm, pear, peach, &c. and many willows. There are whole hedge-rows of these, intermixed with

all the trees, and full of choice fruit. We arrived in the evening at Agen.

The entrance into Agen is handsome, and the road broad, between two rows of trees; the town, however, is old, and the streets narrow. You pass the ruins of the magnificent cathedral, destroyed by the Revolutionists; from its appearance, it must have been a fine Gothic building: it is said to have been erected by the English, which is not improbable, as Agen and the Agenois were ceded and confirmed to the English with Querci, the Limosin, &c., by a variety of treaties. The Prince de Condé saved himself here with difficulty, in 1652, after his check at Miradoux.

The Grande Place is a tolerable one, and the Great Church, now used as the cathedral, is but a bad representative of it. In one of the streets are arcades on both sides, which are very old, making the shops dark, though they are a protection from rain.

At Agen we had the Ortolan, the little bird so much prized by the disciples of Epicurus; it is small, not much larger than a sparrow, but with great art and care, made a lump of fat; they have a barbarous mode of killing them in brandy*, and sending them, thus prepared, a very great distance, as grouse are sent into England from Scotland. Thus, in some places we find the cruelty of man keeping pace with his luxury.

The bishop's palace was destroyed with the cathedral, but he has a good house in the city; his revenues are about twenty-four thousand francs a year.

* Scevior armis,
Luxuria incubuit. Juv. Sat. 6.

In the neighbourhood of Agen grow the famous plums, known by the name of Agen plums; these are dried, packed up in boxes and sent to London, and sold there at a great price; here they are from two-pence to three-pence a pound.

Oct. 3.—Set off from Agen; one post and a half, Ceroguelardit, a single house; and one and a half, Magisore, a small market town, prettily situated on the Garonne; on the left is a romantic hill, with a village and church called la Remoule; two leagues further, is Valence, a market town; one post and three quarters from Valence is Malanze. Here are but a few houses, but they are clean and neat, with a great appearance of comfort. At some distance, on the right, is the Garonne; and in front, and at the left, are hills covered with vineyards.

Malanze is a small place, most beautifully situated. Here are the ruins of an old castle on a very high hill. We clambered up it, and were well paid for our trouble: it commands an extensive view of the Garonne (which here receives the river Tarbe,) Montauban, Moissac, and a most enchanting country.

The Castle belonged to the Marquis de Moissac Bourbon, and was purchased by a gentleman who is building a house, of the materials of the castle, near it. On a declivity is the little parish-church, the church-yard, and curé's-house, in a most delightful situation (with a fine view of the river under it,) suspended as it were in the air.

The two last posts to Moissac continue through a very charming country, up and down steep hills, the

vales full of fine cypresses, firs, *&c.*, and on each side vineyards, corn-fields, fruit-trees, and frequent views of the river in its winding course. We here saw many flocks of goats going to Spain; the Spaniards meet the shepherds, (and buy the goats both for milk and food,) on the Pyrenees. The houses in this country are usually built with arcades, with a gallery on the first story as in Switzerland; the language is chiefly Gascon, and is difficult to be understood. The peasants continued without shoes and stockings.

Vineyards in this country are very profitable, the proprietor netting from forty to fifty francs an acre yearly, but the expense of cultivation is twenty francs per acre.

Moissac is a tolerably large town on the Tarn, beautifully situated in a fine country, and containing fifteen thousand inhabitants. There are here a great number of corn mills, and a large depôt of flour, from whence considerable quantities are exported to England.

The descent, down a long winding hill, with white houses on each side, mixed with the vineyards, is highly picturesque.

The principal church of Moissac has a very singular roof, apparently chequered and painted.

Here are the remains of an old bridge, but they are building a new one over the Tarn. There is a handsome public walk, but the town is dull. We were *au cheval* Blanc*, the back part of which is very sin-

* We were here as badly situated as ever with regard to our tea equipage, having a saucepan for our kettle, and a coffee-boiler for a tea-pot.

gular ; you go out from the chamber into the garden, which, of course, is very elevated, and from thence to the vineyards on the top of the rock.

On entering the town is the following inscription on an old house, proper, indeed, for every place and every country :

> Respecte les proprietés et la productions d'autrui,
> Elles sont le fruit de son travail, et de son industrie,

and in no place can this caution be more necessary than in Moissac, as the country abounds in fruit.

CHAPTER XV.

Departure from Moissac—Montauban—Cathedral—St. Jaques—Ville de Bourbon—Prison—Funeral Ceremony—Course—Leave Montauban—Grizolle—Bruyers—Road through a bad Country—Toulouse.

Oct. 6.—Set off from Moissac* ; two posts to Saula, and one and three-quarters farther to Montauban.

The first part of this day's journey was along winding hills, the last part dull and uninteresting. The cottages are very indifferent, with low chimneys and hardly perceptible windows, and in almost every vineyard is a low hut, which you can scarcely crawl in, for Le Gardien de la Vigne†. The peasants, how-

* Moissac was taken by Henry II., king of England, when he invaded Languedoc, in 1160.—Mezerai.

† On meeting a man with a long pole, and an iron point like a spear, near Fontainbleau, one of us asked him who he was ; with a great strut, he answered, "Moi! je suis le gardien des vignes."

ever, though thus apparently badly housed, are robust and hardy.

The materials of the better sort of houses are chiefly of brick, and there is a great number of brick and tile-kilns in the neighbourhood.

Montauban is a fine old city on the Tarn, and in the department of the Tarn and Garonne. The river, which you cross on a remarkably old brick bridge of eight arches, divides it into two parts. The town is large, and many of the streets are wide and well paved.

La Place Royale is curious, with a double row of arcades quite round, under which are good shops of all kinds.

The cathedral is a handsome modern building, erected in the reign of Louis XIV., three hundred feet in length, with a very fine dome in the centre, and within the high altar is another dome, elegantly painted; on each side are two of the Evangelists, over the altar a painting of the Assumption, and on each side a colossal statue of a bishop of Montauban.

The church of St. Jacques is handsome, and built of brick, as is great part of the city.

Montauban must be particularly interesting to the Protestants, as having been one of the cautionary towns* formerly given to them. There are still many established here, and they have a church appropriated to them. In Montauban are twenty-eight thousand inhabitants; and there is a great manufactory of coarse

* The other cautionary towns were La Charité, La Rochelle, and Cognac. The number of these was extended afterwards to nine, and in 1579, to fourteen, by Catherine de Medicis, with full liberty to build churches and levy taxes to pay their ministers.—Mezeray, and *l'Esprit de la Ligue.*

cloth, at which, however, the poor cannot earn more than from eight to ten sous a day.

At the end of the bridge is a fine old gate, dividing the Ville de Bourbon from the old and new town; and the river is about as broad as the Medway, at Rochester bridge.

The Griffon Fountain is old, and well worth seeing; the women are continually bringing their earthen vessels to fill, which seem the exact Amphora of the Romans.

The Prison and House of Correction are admirably managed. The prisoners are allowed eleven sous a day, with which they have a pound and a half of bread, a pound of vegetables stewed, good soup made of meat, and a pound of straw each day for a bed; those who can afford it may have a bed for a sou a day.

They have a large yard to take the air in, and in bad weather a comfortable room, where they are employed in works of different kinds. They have a cell for four of them, about nine feet by six, and are allowed a shirt a week. The governor had had the care of the prison twenty-one years, and in that time no accident had happened, nor any prisoner escaped; he has a comfortable apartment, and eight hundred francs a year, and seems admirably calculated for this responsible situation. Religious concerns are not neglected; there being a chapel, in which mass is regularly said; in short, we were much pleased with the whole administration of this prison.

They have here vast numbers of mules and asses, very large, and remarkably handsome, especially the

latter. The natives speak a language*, compounded of French and Spanish. We observed that much Indian corn is cultivated in the neighbourhood, and some of the bread at Montauban is made of it†.

We had here an opportunity of seeing a funeral procession; three boys preceded the priest with a bon-dieu and two flambeaux, and he was followed by four boys bearing the *pall only*, with skulls, bones, *&c.*, painted on it; next came four men bearing the coffin, which closed the procession. The whole number walked, chaunting to and from the church; after service in the church, which lasted half an hour, the same ceremonies were observed to and in the church-yard, at a considerable distance from the city, and the service *De profundis* was sung. Some prayers used were much like ours, over the body deposited in the grave.

The public walk called the Course, on a fine terrace along the river, is very beautiful, commanding a most extensive view; and, on a clear day, the Pyrenees are plainly to be seen.

* The common people do not understand French.

† Montauban is famous for its noble defence against the whole force of the French monarchy, commanded by the Constable Luines, the celebrated Duke de Mayenne, Lesdiguieres, Comte de Schomberg, *&c.*

The city was invested August 17, 1621, and the siege was raised November 27. This noble defence was conducted by Le Marquis de la Force and Le Comte d'Orval, son of the celebrated Duc de Sully, and reflects the greatest honour on the inhabitants, who fought for their privileges, liberties, and lives.—*L'Esprit de la Ligne.*

The fortifications of Montauban, Nismes, Castres, and D'Uzes, were all razed, by a treaty between Cardinal Richlieu and the Duc de Rohan, June 27, 1629. Montauban afterwards, in 1652, espoused the cause of Louis XIV., contrary to his expectations, which was rewarded by that prince.—Au grand soleil at Montauban.—MEZERAI.

As the soil is dry, they have here an ingenious custom of having wells in all the gardens, with high poles, and a curious mechanical process, which makes it easy to furnish the gardens with water. They look at a distance like so many masts of ships.

Oct. 8.—Left Montauban, breakfasted at Grizolle, a small village, two posts and a half distant; and four posts further is Toulouse.

This day's journey was chiefly flat and uninteresting, through a low wet country, with some hills, however, on the left, and vineyards.

Three leagues from Toulouse is Bruyers, a large village; the surrounding country, however, is not good.

The entrance into Toulouse is very handsome, on a remarkably broad road; villas, *&c.*, are on each side. Toulouse is a very fine large city, situated in a fruitful plain; it was formerly the capital of Languedoc, and is now that of the department of Haut-Garonne, which river you pass on a handsome bridge. Toulouse, which is not well peopled for its size, contains about fifty thousand inhabitants. It was formerly more populous.

There are several handsome squares, such as La Place Etienne, Place Royale, and Place St. George; La Place Royale is large and handsome.

L'Hotel de Ville, called the *Capitol*, as the chief magistrates were formerly called *Consuls*, is a remarkably fine, extensive, and beautiful building, ornamented with a head of the present king, in bas-relief. There are several noble public rooms, and one which they call la sale de Trone, in which is a throne, erected for, and used by, Buonaparte, when he came from Spain,

and dined here in public. In the front of the court of the Capitol is the following inscription:—

Hic Themis dat jura civibus,
Apollo, Flora, Camœnis,
Minerva, Palmas, Artibus.

Over this is a head of Henri IV., with the following lines:—

Hunc vivum complexa est gens tota, hunc flevit ademptum.
Posteritasque pia semper amore colet.

On each side of the great hall are the heads of the great men of the province, who have been distinguished by their learning and abilities.

——————Vitam excoluêre per artes *.

Among them is Fignet, who planned and executed the royal canal. There is also an ancient statue of Clemence Esaure, foundress of the Academy of Belles-lettres of Languedoc.

Henry II., and last Duke of Montmorenci, was beheaded in the Capitol, October 30, 1632 †; the arbitrary disposition of Richlieu was inflexible, and Louis XIII. too feeble to resist.

The cathedral, dedicated to St. Stephen, is a fine but irregular building of brick, not finished; but the choir, which is handsome, has an awkward appearance, not being in the middle of the nave.

The north and south aisles have the true beautiful Gothic architecture, but the nave is different. The roof of the choir was burnt down about two hundred years ago, and repaired by the care, and at the expense, of Cardinal Joyeuse. There are some fine painted

* Virgil. † Daniel, vol. x., p. 37.

windows, and over the high altar some fine sculpture, among which is the martyrdom of St. Stephen. The towers are very high, and on the sides are some singularly high and strong buttresses.

The ancient church of St. Saturnine is well worth seeing; the outside is of brick, and the steeple remarkably high; the inside is uncommon, with double aisles, and is very large and ancient.

The city of Toulouse * is built of brick and well paved, and the streets are generally broad and handsome; there was no archbishop, and the noble palace is used for the prefecture.

On entering the town, you are shewn the holes in the walls made by the English artillery, at the battle of Toulouse, a few years ago, when so much blood was wantonly shed, owing to errors in one of the parties.

Toulouse appears formerly to have been strong, and some of the walls are still standing, and many of the city gates. The public walk is very handsome; there are numerous gardens round the town, but every thing is dear to strangers, who resort here much.

Over the Garonne is a brick bridge † of seven arches; just below, the river is formed into a cascade from one side to the other, for the mills which

* In clear weather you have a fine view of the Pyrenees from Toulouse; Barege, celebrated for its mineral waters, is in the Pyrenees, and about fifty miles from Toulouse.

† The bridge has a large hole by every arch to carry off the water, when owing to a flood coming from the mountains it is high. Near this are the remains of an old bridge.

are just by, which are newly erected, the old ones having been burnt in the conflict with the English army. Two miles further is the junction of the Royal Canal and the Garonne; you pass the former on a circular bridge of *one arch* towards the town, and *two* towards the river. Just by the entrance are three pair of fine gates for the canal, which enters the river by a passage above twenty feet broad. This famous canal is about six feet deep, and cost, at its first formation, twenty-four million of francs.

There is here a great appearance of business, warehouses, sheds, &c., and a vast number of different sized vessels, loaded with merchandise for Bordeaux and the Mediterranean.

The passage either way is made in eight days, and is of great utility to this part of France.

The mill, called Bazade, which is in reality twenty small mills comprised in one large one, is a noble work, not only supplying Toulouse with flour, but exporting a vast quantity. The Bazade is conducted by only twenty men, and in the driest seasons is never without water. Just by the mill is an aqueduct, conveying water to silk and cotton mills.

On the other side of the bridge is a gate with the head of Louis XIII. in bas relief, lately restored to its place, as signified by an inscription.

The other churches most worth seeing are the Dorade, Dalbade, and St. Pierre; the former is a fine modern Grecian building, the altar and north and south parts circular; round the high altar are some good paintings.

Dalbade has a nave only; there is in this church a curious *black figure** of Notre Dame, and the Infant Jesus, over the high altar.

The church of St. Pierre is a splendid building, and the interior most elegant, with paintings, sculpture, *&c.*, in abundance.

There are in Toulouse† five large parishes, and several smaller ones, called Secusales. This city has always borne a distinguished part in the annals of history. So early as 1127, the long-contested succession to Toulouse between William and Raymond de Gilles, which was the occasion of much bloodshed in Europe, was also the cause of involving England in this political contest.

Henry II., king of England, laid claim to Toulouse and Languedoc, in right of his wife, Eleanor, and actually took great part of the country in 1160. But long before this, it was known, by having been conquered from the Visigoths, by Clovis, king of France, so early as 508. Afterwards, in 767, it was taken from the Saracens, by Pepin, father of Charlemagne.

In 1216, we find the famous Simon de Montfort receiving the investiture of the county of Toulouse, its former count being deprived of it by the Pope, for adhering to the party of the Albigeois; and from this circumstance, whatever relates to it must be interesting to the English ‡.

* We, in our farther progress, saw so many black Notres Dames, that we ceased being surprised at them, but could not trace their origin.

† At l'Hotel du Nord, Toulouse.

‡ Raymond, however, soon recovered possession of his county, and

In latter times, it took an active part against the Huguenots, and embraced the side of the League *. Toulouse gave title of Count to one of the natural children of Louis XIV., by Madame de Montespan†.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Canal Voyage—Numerous Sluices—Arrignonet—Castelnaudari—Country romantic—Mountainous Views—Carcassone—Market-place—Mairie—Old Town—Cathedral—River Aude—St. Vincent—Pont Rouge—Departure from Carcassone—Cruscades—Difference of Country—Manner of treating the Wheat—Narbonne—Cathedral—Canal—Unexpected Conversation.

Oct. 11.—SET off for Narbonne, by the canal of Languedoc, or Canal Royal, at five o'clock in the morning, on the ringing of a bell; the passengers, who were numerous, being ready, and the luggage being previously arranged, all embarked.

The barge is long, but not very wide, with a large cabin and a small one; for the latter, double fare is paid; but it being remarkably fine and hot, the greatest part of the passengers were on deck; they stopped nowhere for breakfast, and they who had neglected furnishing themselves with provisions fared badly.

Two leagues from Toulouse, is Castanet, the first of

transmitted it to his posterity, which ended in the person of Jane, who died in 1271, without children; and Toulouse and Languedoc were finally united to the crown of France, by King John, 1361.

The county of Toulouse comprehended a considerable part of Languedoc.

* Mezerai.

† Toulouse was a parliament town.

the numerous sluices which impede this voyage, which otherwise would be expeditious. Near it that of Vic, Mont Guiscard, Aignes river, Sanglier, *&c.*; these are not above a mile or two asunder, and sometimes nearer. Near Sanglier, to the right, is the romantic village of Montesquieu, situated on the right, on a beautiful declivity.

Our vessel stopped at the sluice Negra, where was an excellent dinner provided. Not far from this is the beautiful village of Arrignonet, where the English and French armies were engaged after the battle of Toulouse. Eight leagues from Toulouse is Mont-Serrat, a pretty village, on an elevated situation.

Owing to the delay occasioned by the numerous sluices, it was late in the evening before our bark arrived at Castelnaudari, the place of its destination, where we disembarked, and, tempted by a beautiful moonlight night, walked the last four or five miles on the borders of the canal.

This day's voyage, about twelve leagues *, was very agreeable, the canal passing through a fine country, among hills, with a charming view of the noble range of Pyrenees, whose snowy tops are seen towering to the clouds.

Numerous villages and châteaux in this populous country add to the beauties of the scenery; it is, however, (owing to the many sluices,) but a slow way of travelling; as there are sixty-two between Toulouse and Beziers, so that you go not more than three miles and a half in an hour.

* Leagues of the country (four miles, at least)

At Castelnaudari is the reservoir for the canal, which is a very fine one; you pay the first day for your passage at the rate of forty sous each person, and the second, thirty, making a bargain for your baggage as you can: we paid for ours, which was very heavy and cumbersome, fourteen sous to Carcassone.

Castelnaudari is a small town in Languedoc, on the river Aude, which you cross on a bridge; a great part of it is most delightfully situated on a hill, and the mills, the church, white houses, *&c.*, have a most romantic appearance.

Castelnaudari * is distinguished in history for having been some time the residence of the celebrated Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, the declared enemy and dread of John, King of England; and latterly for the famous battle between the Marshal Schomberg, and Gaston Duc d'Orleans and the Duc de Montmorenci united, which proved so fatal to the latter †.

Oct. 12.—Set off for Carcassone, distant six leagues. As you advance, the sluices are less frequent; at first there were often four or five together, afterwards a league, and even more, asunder.

The country through which we this day passed presented an appearance very similar to what we had witnessed the day before; the villages and towns, with the white houses which are seen on every side, have a most picturesque effect; and the frequent

* At Castelnaudari, l'Hotel de France, an indifferent house, and very dear.

† Mezerai.

windings of the canal, with the numerous vessels which we met, rendered the scene still more cheerful. The Pyrenees were in view about twenty leagues distant, and on the other side we had a fine prospect of the Cevennes.

As the barge had set out as usual very early in the morning, we were not sorry to stop at Beteille to breakfast; all these sluices have their names written over them, with their distance from Toulouse. We finished our voyage about four, and arrived at Carcassone.

Carcassone is a fine city on the Aube, near which the canal passes. It is almost surrounded with mountains; on one side the black mountains, and the other the Pyrenees; nearer, there are gentle hills, covered with vines, and a fine romantic country; these all contribute towards giving to this beautiful place the appearance of an enchanted spot.

The town is built at right-angles, and the streets terminate in a handsome public walk, surrounding the town. The great market-place, and marché au bled, are large edifices; one side of the former has colonnades, and the latter is a fine stone building. The Mairie has two large rooms, in one of which, under the statue of Louis XVIII., are the following lines:

Lilia plenis!
Bourbonidum soboli manibus date
Le Bonheur, la Vertu la paix tont avoit fui,
Un Bourbon reparoit, tout revient avec lui!

But the greatest curiosity in Carcassone is the old city; to which you pass over the river Aude, on a very old bridge, and ascend a sharp and rapid hill, which

conducts to it. Its situation is most commanding, being built on a rock, and the entrance to it is through an antique gateway. Round the town is a deep moat, and the remains of a strong fortification; there are towers in different parts, and in particular one of the fine old round ones.

This town and fortress must be very ancient, for the *New* Town was built in the thirteenth century. The old cathedral is a fine piece of antiquity, with a number of painted windows, it is dedicated to St. Nazare; the present cathedral is in the new town. The architecture of the former is mixed, but the high altar is of variegated marble.

From the towers of the fortress is a noble view of the Pyrenees, the new town, the environs, rivers, *&c.* In the old town are said to be two thousand inhabitants, and in the new one eight thousand; the streets are remarkably close and narrow.

The bridge over the Aude is very high, with the river rapidly running among rocks under it; on the sides of the river are curious machines on two wheels, used by the women for washing, which, as the water was low, they wheeled pretty far into the river; a little farther on is a fine artificial cascade, formed for the use of cotton-mills, as there is a great manufactory of cloth and cotton. On the whole, the river from the bridge was singularly picturesque.

The two churches most worthy seeing are the cathedral and St. Vincent; the latter is noble and lofty, and most curious.

About four miles off, on the canal, is what is called

le Pont Rouge; the canal here is carried over the river Aude in a curious manner. As the river was low, one of our party walked under the arch, and it was very curious to see the barges on the canal, and the carriages on the bridge above at a great height.

On the whole, Carcassone must be looked on as a lovely interesting place, (by those who regard not voracious gnats, which bit and pestered us as much as they did Horace in his journey to Brundusium*,) and well worth passing some days at; it is twenty-four leagues from Toulouse.

Carcassone, which had embraced the party of the Albigeois, surrendered to the Crusaders in 1209; awed by the fate of their neighbours at Beziers, they humbly sued for mercy, undressed to their shirts.

In latter times this city submitted to the authority of Henri IV., after having long resisted it, with Narbonne, *&c. &c.* †

Oct. 14.—Left Carcassone in a light coach with three horses, which went very pleasantly about five miles an hour; whereas the voituriers, in spite of all you say, cannot be persuaded to go any other pace than a walk, whether they have two or three horses: neither prayers nor threats avail any thing.

We breakfasted at Cruscade, ten leagues from Carcassone, a small town, with close narrow streets, and a neat public walk.

From Carcassone the scene was very different; we now quitted the populous country, villages, chateaux,

* Hor. Lib. 1, Sat. 5. † Mezerai.

&c., and entered on a new one, which, by many, would be called dreary.

The country however is hilly, wild, and romantic; the road broad and excellent, winding among the mountains; high rocks, pyramid upon pyramid rise rapidly on each other, and afford at once a wild and novel view; the mixture of young wheat, vineyards, *&c.*, shew, at the same time, the industry of the farmer, and afford variety to the traveller.

Olive* and almond trees now take the place of the walnut and chesnut; even the hedges were full of wild olives and almond, the former seldom grow to a very great height, from ten to fourteen feet only, resembling a willow in appearance.

About three leagues from Carcassone we passed by Capendan, on a rock, in a strong situation, where there are remains of a castle.

Near Cruscade we passed the pastoral river Aude, which had afforded us many charming views the whole way, on a long stone bridge, very strong, and elevated a great height above the river.

In this country they wash their wheat, which is dirty from the dust of the roads, and dry it on canvass. In all the towns and villages you see the peasants employed in this work: the white small wheat is much cultivated here.

As we approached the mountains we found it more

* The olive, in contradistinction to the vine, requires, we find, but little cultivation.

Contra, non ulla est oleis cultura.

Virg. 2d Georg. v. 420.

8438

and more difficult to understand the peasants; and on the whole, though we had not such a lively scene from villages, towns, *&c.*, yet the change was interesting, and we arrived at Narbonne in good time in the evening, forty-eight miles distant from Carcassone, much gratified with our wild day's journey, which was sixteen post leagues.

Narbonne is a fine old city, formerly in Languedoc, but now in the department of the Aude, containing about eighteen thousand inhabitants : it is in a plain almost surrounded with mountains, and has been strongly fortified; the walls and ramparts have a respectable appearance, the cathedral is very ancient, and its two noble towers had a majestic appearance by moon-light, as we took our evening walk.

This church is a rich piece of Gothic architecture, and full of fine painted windows. There is scarcely any nave, but the choir and aisles are grand and imposing.

The streets of Narbonne are chiefly narrow, but there is a good market-place, and the noble tower of the archiepiscopal palace is a great ornament to the town. There is also a fine canal, which passes through the city, which is about six or seven leagues from the shores of the Mediterranean.

The archbishopric of Narbonne has always been one of the greatest consequence in France, and we were glad to find, on inquiry, the archbishop was soon coming to live in a splendour becoming his situation in the *ancient archiepiscopal palace.*

A gentleman entering into conversation with one of

our party, was asked if there were any military in Narbonne? His answer was, No; nor have we in France an army of sixty thousand. This news was rather extraordinary, for within a very few days we had heard men of apparent respectability vaunt of their army, saying that the nation was prepared for war, and was anxious once more to try their strength with their neighbours; such are the contradictory accounts which travellers are obliged to hear.

We had now quitted the black mountains on our left, and none but the Pyrenees appeared, rising one above the other in majestic grandeur.

Narbonne was founded so early as the six hundred and thirty-fifth year of Rome: it was successively in the power of the Goths and Saracens, and there was a sanguinary battle near the city, in 532, in which Amaaric, King of the Visigoths, lost his life. It was ceded to Louis IX. by James, King of Arragon, in 1258; it was afterwards on the side of the League, till, with the other cities, it acknowledged and submitted to the authority of Henri IV.

CHAPTER XVII.

Departure from Narbonne*—Sigean—Produce of Rocks—Pass through a Rock—Instance of Female Industry—Entry into Roussillon—Inlet of the Sea—Perpignan—Road flat—Boulon—River Pet—Ascent of Pyrenees—Grand Scene—Mountains verdant—Fort Belgarde—Entrance into Spain—Figuierez.

Oct. 15.—Set off for Perpignan, distant fifteen leagues; Sigean, five leagues, a small village and port; four more, Fiton, a port on an inlet of the sea. The road was hard and good, though hilly; the country wild and barren. At a distance we sometimes caught a transient view of the Mediterranean.

The road was very dull, there being scarcely any houses or villages; but we observed several hedges of wild cedar and cypress; and many of the rocks, though without trees, were covered with wild rosemary and lavender, which perfumed the air.

Between the two posts, a pass is cut through the solid rock, fifteen or sixteen feet high.

The women plough *between the rocks* in this barren country for a *scanty* portion of wheat, with a very small light plough, holding the plough and driving at the same time; they have immense hats hanging down behind and before, and make a singular appearance. The few houses you see have, in general, a miserable look, having shutters instead of windows.

At Salzes, two posts from Perpignan, the Province

* Narbonne is celebrated by the poet for its martial spirit:

Nec tu martie Narbo silebere, nomine cujus
Fusa per immensum, quondam provincia regnum,
Obtinuit multos dominandi jure colonos.—Anson.

of Languedoc ends, and Roussillon begins; you enter the Department of Les Pyrennées Orientales, and a wild department it is.

The last two leagues are very flat and uninteresting; indeed, we had for some time left the mountains, and the road passes along an inlet of the sea, only deep enough for small vessels and fishing-boats.

Perpignan is the frontier town of France, on the river Tet, and remarkably strong; the citadel and walls are built of brick. Here is shewn a house, inhabited by James III., King of Arragon, who built the church called Reale; in this is a fine altar representing the Assumption, in which the three principal figures are Notre Dame, St. Julien, and St. Bazile. There is only a nave, as in the cathedral. The latter has a beautiful steeple of light iron, open work, which is very striking.

Perpignan, though large, and seemingly populous, contains but fifteen thousand inhabitants; the streets are in general narrow, but La Place Royale is large and handsome. There is, as in most of the towns in this part of France, a colonnade with shops, and excellent markets. Chesnuts are so cheap, that they bring them in sacks, and shoot them in the markets.

The water-spouts here, and in the neighbouring towns, are so thick on the houses, and project so far into the streets, as in wet weather to make it inconvenient to walk.

At Perpignan, which has a strongly fortified garrison, there is a good walk on the ramparts, and many beautiful ones round the town, which you enter on a

very long bridge over the river Tet, the country being very low here, and inundated in the winter.

Perpignan* was taken from the Spaniards in 1285, by James, King of Majorca; it was afterwards retaken by the King of Arragon; and in 1475 it nobly sustained a siege of a year and a half, when the besieged were reduced to such extremes as to eat leather before they surrendered to the French. It was afterwards retaken. It was besieged by Francis I., in 1542, but after six weeks he raised the siege; and it was finally annexed to the crown of France, under Louis XIII., in 1642, with the province of Roussillon.

Being here so near the Pyrenees, we availed ourselves of the opportunity offered, of two English gentlemen going into Spain, and prepared for a journey to Barcelona.

Oct. 17.—Dividing our party, we set off in a tartane into Spain, at six in the morning.

The road for a few miles is flat and uninteresting, and you are some time before you quit the fortifications of Perpignan, which are very extensive.

Five leagues from Perpignan is Boulou, a small town, and the last in France; soon after, you cross the river Tet, which was not deep at that time; but there are remains of a bridge formerly carried away by its rapidity; in some parts the river is deep, in others rough, rocky, and broad.

We now almost immediately began the ascent of those noble interesting mountains, which we had had

* Perpignan was taken from Arragon by Louis II. of France, in 1474, after an obstinate resistance. The seige lasted eight months, and the inhabitants ate dogs, cats, rats, and even human bodies. Dan. vol. iii. p. 146.

in sight many days, and panted to enjoy a nearer view of. The ascent is in general gradual; and the road, by the care of Buonaparte, has been made excellent.

No pen can do justice to the scenery, which is as beautiful as it is picturesque. Canigou, the highest of the Pyrenees, is on your right, towering magnificently up to the clouds. This lofty mountain is fourteen hundred and forty fathoms above the level of the sea*; and the whole extent of the noble chain of mountains is reckoned one hundred and eighty miles between the two seas. Indeed, nothing can be finer than they are; on one side are seen vineyards, shrubs, *&c.*, from the bottom to the top; and on the other, romantic and rugged rocks.

Cork and olive trees abound, affording a grand and pleasing variety; the cork especially, which, when barked, presents a red trunk, and delights the eye by the beautiful contrast it exibits.

These mountains, far different from the Alps, which are in general barren, gratify the spectator with the verdant scene which they present; they also frequently exhibit industry as well as fertility, and amidst the mountains are the most verdant pasture lands, manured with the greatest care; while flocks of goats, with the goatherds clambering among the rocks may be seen on one side, and on the other, sheep grazing, giving, as may be well imagined, not a little life and spirit to the scene.

* *Voyage de* ROBERT.

At Perthois, the last place in France, just by Fort Belgarde, on the top of the mountain, we shewed our passports, and were what they term *visited*, to see we had no contraband goods, &c., but we were not detained long. The officer lives literally in a hut, in a most solitary situation, and may meditate even to madness.

On a flat stone just by, are the arms of France on one side, and those of Spain on the other, placed here by Buonaparte.

Here we quitted France and *entered Spain*, descending the Pyrenees by a noble road, broad, handsome, and superior to many in England. The descent is gentle, and not long; you are, indeed, at the bottom much sooner than you would think possible. We were about five hours going up and down, and the distance is ten or twelve miles; but so good is the road that an English mail-coach would trot a considerable part of it. Along the road this day were large quantities of wild aloes on each side.

One league from the bottom of the mountain is Jonquierez, the *first village in Spain*, and here we had the first specimen of a Spanish inn; there are no rooms below, but a broad stair-case of stone, leading to the apartments, and large galleries and balconies.

At Jonquierez we had no good idea of Spanish accommodation, and were obliged to exercise our English patience. *No meat, no milk*, were to be had, nothing but eggs and bread. We had tea and sugar, but *no cups*, and had unfortunately left our tea-pot at Perpignan; we were therefore obliged to use tumblers for

cups, a kind of tureen for a tea-pot, and a large sauce-pan for a kettle, while an egg beat up was a substitute for milk. We laughed heartily at our tea equipage, and wished our friends in England could see, how like Robinson Crusoe, we endeavoured to remedy our bad accommodation by contrivances.

Six leagues farther was Figuierez, a distance of fifteen leagues from Perpignan.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Figuierez—Costume of Inhabitants—Description of Manners realized—Beds—Floors—Mules—Fortress—Church—Religious Conduct—Difference as to Provisions.

FIGUIEREZ, or Figuera, being the frontier town of Spain on this side, has a remarkably strong fortress to defend it. The town is not very large, containing about eight thousand people; some of the streets are broad and handsome, the market-place good, and there is a plentiful market. The church is beautiful, consisting of a nave; there is a fine dome, and the rest of the roof is painted in squares, like tiles. We were here when they were celebrating high mass, and the organ was playing; the sight was very interesting, the men and women were on their knees in rows *on the pavement,* as there were no chairs, devoutly praying: genteel women were dressed in black, with lace veils as hoods, *&c.*, the others in long white cloth hoods, looking like nuns, but all of them kneeling on the brick pavement, without mats.

The men had long red woollen night-caps, with tassels, hanging far down on one side of the head. We were pleased and edified with the sight of such religious attention.

We had here no bad specimen of a Spanish Posada, or inn; passing *through the coach-house and stables* up the stair-case, we found to our surprise excellent rooms, though with only white *bare walls*; there were two or three beds, sometimes four or five, in a room, inclosed in recesses, and an excellent kitchen, well furnished with refreshments for the hungry traveller.

Some of the men wear a *brown net cap*, with tassels hanging down, and night-caps in the morning, and the women caps of the same nature.

As we sat at one end of the room and the muleteers at the other, drinking their wine out of the bottles, with long spouts like tea-kettles, we were forcibly reminded of Le Sage's beautiful description of the manners of this people, as given in the inimitable Gil-Blas.

Many of the beds in this country are shut in comfortable alcoves, and stuffed with the husks of Indian corn, as in the southern parts of France. They use no feather-beds, mattrasses only, but these last are very soft thus stuffed; there are seldom any bolsters, but large pillows.

We found brick and tile floors likewise as in France. The tartan in which we made our Spanish excursion, is a light tilted cart, drawn by one mule, which always goes a *foot pace*, walking from three to four miles an hour; from this pace he never deviates, but does not

tire in the longest day's journey, and never stumbles. The mules are often fifteen hands high, and sometimes sixteen. The tartan has cushions, and a kind of stuffed back, and has a good canvass tilt, which is painted and fancifully ornamented on the outside with birds, beasts, flowers, *&c.* There are comfortable benches, but it is a very jolting uneasy conveyance, though well calculated for the bad roads of Spain.

Oct. 18.—We would not leave this town without seeing the celebrated fortress, for which we were politely provided with tickets by the commandant. It is one of the strongest fortresses in Spain; we had a fatiguing walk, as it was a mile off, and the day was very sultry. This fortress is strong, and in high order, to command the Pyrenean pass.

The walls are from twenty to thirty feet thick, and it is capable of mounting three hundred cannon, many of which are twenty-four pounders; but the greatest curiosity is the stables, which are thirty feet under ground in arches, capable of holding five hundred horses, with large recesses opposite for the grooms. The powder magazine, which is very large, has four iron chains, crossing each other from the top into the earth for conductors.

In the great square, which is the parade, a vast number of men may be exercised at one time.

From the walls of this fort, which we entered by three drawbridges, we had a noble view of the mountains, sea, *&c. &c.*

In the stables we were shewn a small recess, with an iron grate, in which the brave defender of Girona,

Don Mariana Alvaraz del Castro, was confined by Buonaparte, for his fidelity and bravery.

He, alas, not fortified with the tenets of christianity, yielded to the dictates of despair, and gave himself poison, in order to avoid a public death; there is an inscription to that effect in Spanish, ordered to be inserted by the Governor-General of Catalonia, in 1815. We were much gratified by seeing the fort; but the dungeon in which the gallant commander was first confined could not be shewn, as there were two soldiers then in it accused of murder, who had not had their trial.

We observed that the Spanish ladies wore black when they went abroad; they are small, but very pretty, with fine eyes.

We were now obliged to accustom ourselves to different diet; no butter was to be had, nor any milk but goat's; they use *oil in every thing*. The men wore no shoes, but sandali, and usually no stockings.

On coming into Spain, French almost wholly ceased, and we were troubled to find any one who spoke that language; we, however, made ourselves tolerably understood with Latin and Italian.

Our inn was La Posada di Deseqa, where we had a good supper and beds, paying four pecetas* each, excellent wine included, which is sold at a peceta, or ten-pence a bottle, and you have for *common wine*, what is little inferior to good port.

* A peceta is about a franc.

CHAPTER XIX.

Departure for Girona—Road rough and stony—Numerous Sheep—Olive Trees, &c.—Precautions against Robbers—Costume of Riding—Dress of Women—Numerous Insects—Manner of treating Mules—Observations on the Country and Peasants—Forests of various Trees—Variety of Country—Villages mean—Roads bad—Different Physiognomy of Sexes—Distant View of Monserrat.

Oct. 18.—Set off for Girona, seven leagues from Figuierez. The road is even at first, afterwards very rough and stony; at three leagues passed by the ruins of a village, beaten to pieces in the war; we had just before crossed a broad stream, full of large and rolling stones, over which is a ferry, with ropes to conduct the boat, but as it was then shallow, we went through the stream, and our mule carried us safely: the whole road here is a vast continued bed of rolling stones, succeeded by deep ruts. The fields are chiefly sheep-walks, and there are vast flocks of sheep; there are also large orchards of olive-trees, and much wild cedar and wild aloes.

The enormities were so great in the neighbourhood of Figuierez, that a serjeant and six or seven soldiers came every evening to the different inns to examine all the strangers. We met many horsemen; the men in this country have a very large wooden stirrup inclosed, in which they put the *whole* of their feet.

The priests, which abound in this country of bigotry, both regular and secular, wear a hat of great length turned up on both sides, and a black cloak. The common women wear jackets, and immense petticoats

Of course, in so hot a country, there must be various insects; of these the musquito is the most troublesome, and as the evenings were hot, we were much incommoded with them: we anointed our face, hands, *&c.*, with vinegar, and had a constant light, but these precautions did not succeed, and we were dreadfully bitten by them; near the coast, where they swarm, the inhabitants use the precaution of shutting the windows, or closing the shutters early in the evening, and are not molested.

They have a strange custom of shaving the backs and tails of their mules, in this country, quite close, and so tenacious are they of it, that our muleteer kept us some time at Figuierez, till his mule had undergone the operation; owing to this, the poor animals suffer much from the flies, which are very numerous. Not only are these animals thus shaven and shorn, but the heads of their children are not exempt from this operation, for reasons on which the traveller chooses to be silent.

We were now advancing into Spain, a fine country, highly favoured by Providence, and producing many of the most useful articles of life; a country formerly famous for the bravery of its inhabitants, and which, though conquered by the Romans, afterwards materially assisted them in their conquests, and had the honour of giving birth to many Roman Emperors*, and great men. Long since, under the reigns of Charles V. and Philip II. it bore a leading share in the history

* Among others, that excellent prince Trajan was born in Spain.

of Europe, giving laws to great part of it a long time, and keeping a powerful king* in chains.

But now how changed! a nation without energy, people without industry, and a government without firmness; robberies and enormities are numerous, and murders too frequent. We had an instance of the imbecility of the government, when, at the fort of Figuierez, the officer who politely shewed it to us mentioned the case of the two soldiers confined there for a murder committed eight days before†; on asking him what punishment they would suffer, he said, "probably some months' imprisonment."

We thanked God for being natives of a kingdom in which not only the laws are just, but the government vigorous, and not afraid to put them in execution.

It must, however, be owned, that the Spanish peasants, hard as they seem to live, appear happy, and are very civil to strangers, as, indeed, are all classes, particularly to the English.

The last six leagues from Figuierez to Girona were beautiful indeed; large forests of pines, box, *&c.*, succeeded by pyramidical mountains overtopping each other, made the road appear most picturesque; and in the bottom we crossed, on a bridge, a clear stream, which ran among the mountains, adding not a little to the diversity of the scene.

All around us was heard the tinkling of the bells on the cattle, which, added to the murmuring of the

* Francis I. † Vide p. 44.

stream, in a lovely October evening, in this fine climate, made our ride truly delightful.

In this country, they have bells on cows, sheep, mules, and almost all animals; the drivers take great delight in ornamenting the mules to their tartans with many, and they have even strings of buttons to their waistcoats like bells.

Much cannot be said for the appearance of the villages, the houses being mean, and having no glass in the windows, nor had we any thing but shutters even in our chambers at Figuierez.

Nothing could be well worse than the roads; in many parts indeed there were none but such as were made by the waggons, which are numerous, and in the best of them were large rolling stones, and rapid water-courses, sufficient to overturn a carriage, without great care. The roads were often carried quite through the forests, making it at times hazardous to move *.

We met frequent parties of the natives, and observed an obvious difference in the physiognomy of the sexes; the men, (perhaps, from our being prejudiced by the accounts we had heard,) looked ferocious, wild,

* We this day stopped at Reols, a solitary inn on a hill, to refresh the horses, where, as nothing was to be had, we were compelled to depend on ourselves for refreshment; the stable and remise here, as usual, join the kitchen; there was a large form, with men and women without stockings eating some haricots, liver, &c., dressed in oil, and drinking wine out of the long-necked bottles. One of our party endeavoured to eat some of the haricots, but soon desisted. There were neither chairs nor tables only the long form and bench. In these alehouses, they seem not to care whether you eat or not.

and like assassins; whilst, on the contrary, the appearance of the women was mild and prepossessing, and their countenances most engaging. The noble appearance of Monserrat at a distance produced a fine effect, and added much to the interest of this day's scene; but owing to setting out late in the morning, we were benighted some hours before we finished our journey; the hills were long and steep, and we walked up them to ease our poor mule; the evening was still and an awful silence prevailed all around. The road wound among thick forests, with which we were surrounded; not a house or hut was to be seen, nor a step heard but our own, and there was every opportunity, both from time and place, for a banditti to realize those scenes, which our anxious friends* had predicted, would take place; but not only were there no banditti to molest us, but not a *single person* appeared to detain us in our journey, and we got to our Couchée perfectly safe, though fatigued with our day's journey.

It was so late that we could not reach Girona before the gates were shut, and we were obliged to put up with the miserable accommodations afforded in a wretched alehouse, called Hostal del Solde†, the

* On taking our passport at Perpignan, the Commandant strongly advised us not to travel into Spain, as it was a dangerous country for travellers; but seeing us determined, he requested us politely not to be out late in the evening or early in the morning. From circumstances, however, (viz., the badness of the roads, shortness of the days, and slowness of the vehicle) we were obliged to act contrary to his advice, being always out *early* and *late*, but fortunately without accident.

† Hotel of the Sun.

most interesting object about which was its glaring sign. This alehouse, by courtesy called Posada, is in a wretched village not more than a mile and a half from Girona. Our supper fare, which was very indifferent, consisted of two or three half-starved pigeons, a few eggs, a salad, and bread and cheese, but the wine, of which they were liberal, was good. Our dormitory was a long chamber, in which were different arched recesses, without curtains, containing each a bed, for as many different persons as were so unfortunate as to take up their lodging here; the woman of the house brought in a three-cornered lamp, with a hook, for a *common light;* each took it by turns to assist him in undressing, hanging it to a ledge, key of a door, or whatever was nearest to *his den*; for it must be observed, there were no chairs in the room: the glimmering light of the lamp thus carried along a long room, afforded a curious specimen of *Spanish civilization* and served to furnish amusement to our party. Candles, indeed, are a great rarity here, *oil* is every thing, for *light*, for *sauce*, for *cooking*, &c.

We were charged for this want of accommodation, as much as we should have paid for the best in good inns; but the landlady, on our spirited remonstrance, took off nearly half. We were, however, in general, so fatigued, that we slept as sound as in the best beds and most comfortable apartments; but all were not equally fortunate, for we observed one individual of our party very early in the morning pacing the room, and saying with a pitiful countenance, he was

sorry to disturb us, but had had so *numerous, disagreeable, and heterogeneous a company*, that, tired as he was, he was glad to leave to them the quiet and undisturbed possession of his bed. Our journey this days was ten leagues.

CHAPTER XX.

Girona—Cathedral—Battered Houses—Diminished Population—Spanish Coffee-house—Improved Roads—Variety of Woods—Mountainous View—Scarceness of Houses and Carriages—Singular Amphora—Beauty of last part of Road—Calellac—Departure for Barcelona—Maritime View—Mediterranean—Mountainous Road—Precautions against Smuggling—Vineyards—Houses painted—Disposition of Houses—Mattaro—Beautiful Inn—Church at Mattaro—Instance of Liberty and Equality—Arrival at Barcelona.

Oct. 19.—Leaving our bad quarters, in about two miles we crossed the Tet on a long narrow old bridge to Girona. The river* here is broad and shallow, running over a vast bed of stones.

The city presents a noble appearance, with its majestic cathedral on a rock, and other churches scattered in different places; on one side is the river, and on the other a high rock hanging over the road, through which it is cut, at a great expense.

The houses and walls bear evident marks of the distinguished defence it made, the recollection of which renders it additionally interesting to the traveller; there are even marks on them of the balls and bullets, and the works are chiefly destroyed. You enter the

* This river rises in the Pyrenees and empties itself into the Mediterranean.

town now by a single slight gate. Before the siege it contained 30,000 of inhabitants; now, it has not half the number; it is, however, large and handsome, and the streets are good.

La Plaza del Ré, on which is the Maison de Ville, is very neat; there are here colonnades under old arches, in which are most of the shops.

We had here a curious specimen of the kitchen of a Spanish coffee-house; on one side was an *open* deep well, and opposite, a small stove for the coffee.

The country round Girona* is very pretty. The road this day was sandy, but better than before; very hilly, and through woods of evergreens, for although the noble oak, towering elm, and majestic beech were wanting, yet was their place amply supplied by the fir, ilex, juniper, cedar, and arbutus, which together afforded a pleasing variety; the latter is a beautiful evergreen, and was full of fruit as large as a small plum.

The firs not being suffered to be so thick as in England, have a very large girth, and would be much handsomer if the branches were not cut off from the bottom upwards.

We had a noble view of the chain of mountains in front, and Monserrat, towering above them in solemn grandeur, crowned the whole.

We regretted much that we were not able to get *all*

* This city was ceded to the King of Arragon by St. Louis in 1258. It was taken by the French under James, King of Majorca, in 1285; by Marshal Noailles in 1694, and surrendered by capitulation to the arms of King Philip, January, 1711. Its last noble defence, by Don Alvarez, in the late war, is fresh in the memory of every one.

the information we wanted, from ignorance of the language, for, as has been observed, we left the French language with the Pyrenees; in the inns Spanish only was spoken.

Houses and villages are scarce, and you hardly ever meet a carriage.

The amphora used in this country is curious; on one side is a small spout to receive water, and on the other a long neck to pour it out; this vessel cannot be kept very neat, being incapable of being washed clean from its make.

The last six leagues to Calellac* are beautiful beyond imagination; the road winds in the most lovely way round a range of hills; on each side are woods and shrubs, from the bottom to the top of the mountains, which rise above each other with their pyramidal tops. After some time, the evergreen shrubs and firs give place to forests of oaks and elms. The road now was excellent, and there were many people at work on it, with marks on their hats as in France.

Nothing, indeed, could be more beautiful than these verdant mountains; no barrenness, no dreariness appeared, but every thing was flourishing. We passed through two or three villages, one of which was Arenz del Mar. Turnips, canary-seeds, and maize in abundance, shewed that farming was not neglected in this

* We baited at La Granota, a solitary inn, where the smell of the oil was so strong that we were glad to eat our humble repast, consisting of provisions we had brought with us, and plums bought at the inn, in a large room made use of as a *kind of granary*.

beautiful country. We fared at Calellac better than the night before, and had tolerable beds. Our journey this day was fifteen leagues.

Oct. 20.—Left Calellac in the morning very early for Barcelona. The road at first is along the sea; afterwards you ascend through a winding road cut through the rock, with the Mediterranean under you, at least, 100 feet. In some places, but not generally, there was a low wall of about two feet to protect you. On the opposite side of the road are high rocks, which overhanging it, give the scene a grand and romantic appearance; besides this, the road winds so frequently, and in such a way as to form almost small circles. Amidst this variety of scenery, the sun rising on the Mediterranean in full splendour, with the brilliancy of his rays, adorned and completed the whole.

The villages and towns as we drew near to Barcelona were numerous, and every thing wore the aspect of comfort. Lemon and orange trees loaded with fruit were seen on all sides.

The number of lizards among the rocks is so great as to make the latter resemble, as it were, a living mass; their colour being exactly that of the rocks they inhabit; these reptiles are from three to four inches long.

Soldiers were regularly stationed all along the road to prevent smuggling, and protect the road from robbers; each of them had his little hut among the rocks, made of fir-trees and covered with mud, which in this mild climate is sufficient.

The weather was as warm as it is in England in July, the heat tempered by the sea breezes; vineyards were on the rocks, and sometimes close to the sea; pillars of stone and large cross poles were used, on which the vines were trained.

Many of the houses were painted fancifully on the outside, and on entering them, you come into a large hall with kitchen and offices below, and a very large staircase of wood leading into the bed-rooms, eating-rooms, *&c.*

At Mattaro, where we dined, L'Hotel de Monserrat, was a beautiful as well as excellent inn; on the *outside* towards the street it was painted in pleasing landscapes; and within, there were balconies, galleries, and even the walls painted likewise in the prettiest and most fanciful manner imaginable. There were also numerous recesses with beds, varied with the utmost taste; indeed the beds were not only numerous and handsome, but there were excellent curtains enclosing each recess, so that the whole had the appearance of comfort as well as beauty, and presented a very advantageous specimen of a Spanish inn. The town of Mattaro is bounded by the sea, and may be considered handsome. The great church, as most of the Spanish ones are, is beautiful; it has only a nave, but the high altar affords a rich display of sculpture, and all around are paintings in panels; the roof of the church is painted in squares. There is in this town a large manufactory of lace and cotton. In this country are whole hedges of aloes; many of them from

four to five feet high, were seen on all sides, and the Indian fig was likewise very common.

From Mattaro to Barcelona is five leagues, and no part interesting, except about 100 yards of the road, which is cut through the solid rocks, about twenty feet on each side; the rest was dull, heavy, and flat, and the road bad and sandy.

We did not get to Barcelona till nearly dark, having been four days performing a journey of about 150 English miles, usually setting off before it was light, and not getting to our Couchée till dark; the mule, as was observed before, going *en pas* the whole way, which is the usual pace in this country; for in our different days' journey, we often passed and repassed an ecclesiastic of distinction, in a coach drawn by three strong mules, going to Valentia, and they constantly *walked*. This priest was lame and infirm, and had two servants in the coach to assist him, who always took their meals with him *at the same table*.

In the 150 miles we saw no *coach but this, nor any chaise*, nor did we see a château or gentleman's seat the whole way. The entrance into Barcelona is through a strong gate, and has a fine appearance. We went to La Fontana de Oro, which is a large and singular inn. There are no rooms below, but you ascend a large staircase, and come into an *open square*, into which all the bed-rooms open. The bedsteads are what we call stump ones, with a high head-piece of wood, and a gilt ornament to it in the centre; no bolster nor feather bed, mattrasses and pillows only. Tired

with our journey, we retired to rest, to prepare for our next day's ramble into the city. This day's journey from Calellac was ten leagues.

CHAPTER XXI.

Barcelona—Harbour—Terrace Walks—Cathedral—St. James's—Squares—Douane—Bourse, L'Audienza, Public Hospital—Walk—Ramparts—Citadel—Singular Equipage—Nuns and Monks—Captain-General—Population—Spanish Ladies—Public Walk—Sea Wall—Convents—Baptismal Ceremony—Hospital—Spanish Play—Bust of distinguished Character—Barcelonettes—Blind Fiddlers—Mule Bells—Finishing Walk in Barcelona—Inquisition—Thunder-storm—Miscellaneous Observations—Historical Account of the City—Departure—Spanish Diligence.

BARCELONA, the capital of Catalonia, is a large handsome city on the Mediterranean, said to contain 100,000 persons. There is a very fine harbour, in front of which are two noble walks, an under and upper one, which have a communication by frequent flights of steps; they are above one-quarter of a mile in length; the upper walk, which is a fine terrace, is in many places eighty feet broad, and is composed alternately of granite and a pavement of broad stones. The harbour is capable of containing ships of 400 tons burden; at the end of it is a light-house, near which are planted several cannons.

The view of the city from the harbour, in the form of a crescent, with the mountains rising behind it, is extremely beautiful. There are several handsome churches, the principal of which are the cathedral, St. Jaques, (the patron of Spain), and S. Maria;

the former is a fine Gothic building, but very dark; it has a number of beautiful painted windows; the choir is large but the nave small, and there are two true narrow Gothic aisles. You ascend the church by a fine flight of steps, and the walls are high and painted; behind, are two very high round towers*.

On one side are cloisters, with a number of small chapels and altars, and in the centre is a garden full of orange and lemon trees loaded with fruit, and containing a fountain.

In the churches in this country, the organs are usually on the sides, and sometimes two large folding doors to enclose them.

There is a fine facade to St. James's, it has a painted colonnade hung with tapestry, and is almost enclosed, and has a fine appearance from the street. This church consists of a nave, and an altar richly decorated with sculpture.

There are no chairs in the churches, but sometimes long benches; and, as at Figuierez, rich and poor universally kneel on the ground.

There are several squares, but La Plaza de Palazio is the finest, in which is the palace of the Captain-General of Catalonia. Near this is the Douane or Custom-house, which is a noble building, and also the Bourse, or Exchange. The others are L'Audienza or Hall of Justice, in which all causes are tried; the Town-house, which

* Over the north door is a curious large head, with a long beard suspended, but of the origin of it we could get no account. It is like a Saracen-head, they say it is the head of St. Francois, but why it hung there they know not

is a fine building, &c. The Public Hospital also is well worth seeing.

The public walk is very handsome, as are the ramparts. The citadel, in which are the barracks, is large and very strong. The streets of Barcelona are in general well paved, but so narrow (many of them being not more than eight or nine feet broad,) that from one balcony to another, persons might shake hands: there are small balconies from the top to the bottom of the houses, which are five or six stories high. Yet although the chief part of the streets are narrow, there are several which are broad and contain many handsome modern houses: the city is full of good shops, lively, cheerful, and clean; there are no hackney-coaches, but many carriages are kept by the inhabitants.

We saw a curious specimen of a Barcelona equipage gaily trotting along the streets; it was a heavy coach and pair, driven by an old postilion on the horses, and having two servants behind. The postilion was dressed in a large cocked hat, which rendered his appearance truly grotesque.

Nuns and monks swarm here, as well they may, there being, it is said, above forty convents of men and women.

The captain-general of Catalonia resides here. The Catalans are a brave and robust people, and it is astonishing what fatigue they are capable of bearing. The muleteer who drove our tartane *walked* almost the whole of the journey, between thirty and forty miles a day, and in his light sandals over his

bare legs and feet skimmed along as lightly as possible, without any apparent fatigue, at the rate of nearly four miles an hour, through rocks, stones, and sand, and often through the dirtiest roads and stiffest clay.

The number of persons you meet in this populous city is astonishing, women as well as men; the former are very pretty; generally speaking, indeed, the Spanish ladies are interesting figures, though dark, they are well made and have fine eyes; and as they walk most gracefully, and are clad in elegant black dresses, veils put on as hoods, half way down the body, they seldom fail to attract attention; and on entering a church a stranger is immediately struck at seeing whole rows of them at their devotions on the stones, kneeling with humility and down-cast looks, far different from the flippant air of their neighbours; so that however mistaken they may be in their principles, the action must be admired. Tired with our ramble we retired to prepare for the next day's excursion.

Oct. 23.—Went to the public walk called Le Rambleur, which is a noble one, between two rows of trees, in one of the best streets in the town, nearly a mile in length, and lighted on each side with lamps as in London; this, indeed, is the way of lighting up most of the streets.

There is also a good promenade for foot-passengers as well as carriages, called La Muraille de la Mer, which is broad and handsome, forming one side of the harbour, bounded by the Bourse, Douane, *&c.*, on one

side, and on the other by the barracks, which are large and handsome, this walk is nearly half a mile in length, and is adorned by some of the best houses in Barcelona.

The church of the convent of Fathers of Mercy is very neat; above is a gallery with a gilt lattice before it, and behind are the cells of the monks, some of which we saw; they are small but convenient. This is the most useful order in Spain, it having been founded for the redemption of captives; their dress is white, and like other ecclesiastics, they wear an immensely large hat. Owing to the kindness of a Spanish gentleman, we had an opportunity of seeing in this church, the ceremony of a baptism.

This gentleman was conducting his wife and infant, the *fourteenth* child living of twenty-one, to the font; with great urbanity he desired us to follow him up a high flight of steps to the high altar, where the baptismal rite was performed, near a colossal statue of the Virgin. The ceremony in many respects resembles ours, especially in making the sign of the cross, and the benediction. The other parts were much disfigured by mummery.

There is a curious street in Barcelona, nearly half a mile in length, under old arches, which is full of inferior shops, and must have been long built; the arcades were probably intended to guard against the heat, which during the summer months must here be great.

The public hospital is a very noble one, spacious,

airy, and capable of containing three hundred persons. There is also an excellent manufactory of silk handkerchiefs in the town, the fame of which is well known in England and other countries.

Owing to the kindness of the vice-consul, a gentleman of great urbanity of manners, by whose attentions we were much obliged, we went under his auspices to the play, and sat in the consul's box: the house is large and handsome, and the actors seemed to possess considerable merit, but of this we were of course incompetent judges, from our very imperfect acquaintance with the language. There is a gallery under the boxes called the *amphitheatre*, and in the upper galleries it is the custom for the men to sit on one side and the women on the other: the pit is very large, *for men only*, as in France.

While we were at Barcelona materials were collecting for increasing the pier considerably, which when completed will be a very fine one.

The Barcelonette or houses *uniformly* built along the harbour for sailors, mercantile people, *&c.*, have a pretty appearance; they are said to have contained before the war 10,000 people, but this must be much exaggerated; many of these houses were demolished by the French in the late war, and have not been rebuilt.

But what will eternize the fame of this town is its being the birth-place of the celebrated Cervantes: his house is by the sea-wall and there is a head of him carved over the door, of which the Barcellonois are very fond.

At the Table d'Hôte at the Fontana de Oro *, five blind fiddlers came regularly and played on their instruments; nor was their music dissonant or unpleasant; far otherwise, the bells on the mules, which are never taken from their necks even at nights, and as the bedrooms are over the stables, you are dunned with their incessant noise.

We took our places in the Girona diligence, but as it did not set out till the afternoon, we had an opportunity of another ramble in Barcelona. There were some heavy showers, and we experienced the inconvenience of the water-spouts projecting from the tops of the houses in the narrow streets, by being completely wet through in a few minutes, although we were provided with umbrellas. Whilst we were at Barcelona, we had a specimen of a thunder-storm in this country: the thunder was very loud, and the lightning remarkably strong and vivid, while the rain descended in such torrents, and was formed of such large drops, that as it fell on the umbrellas it resembled the noise of thunder.

Superstition and bigotry are not banished from this city; there are not only monks and nuns, but also bons dieux in almost every corner of a street; nay, in almost all the shops you see a bon dieu in front.

* The Spanish money is a quadruple worth 40 francs of France. Double quadruple, gold.

Doublette 20 francs, ½ ditto, ¼ ditto, gold.
Peseta, franc of France, ½ ditto, &c. silver.
Quarto and ½ make 1 sou of France } copper.
34 quartos make 1 peseta, } copper.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 quarto piece } copper.
The ¼ of the doublette is called a d'ora gold.

Much did we regret not being able to reach the celebrated mountain which for several days had afforded us such charming views, a mountain so ably described by a late ingenious traveller *, but *materiem superabat opus;* although but ten leagues distant, we could not accomplish this object, having left those in France to whom we were attached by the nearest and dearest ties, and who would gladly have accompanied us had not feminine fears on account of bad roads and the want of accommodation in this country for an interesting infant † (which by his artless manners and winning endearments had afforded us pleasure many a weary mile) opposed an insurmountable barrier to the wished-for plan, and caused a temporary but unwilling division of a family. The writer of this sketch was also most anxious to see one not less connected with him by consanguinity than the ties of conjugal affection, who for a period of nearly thirty years had trodden the thorny path of life with him, partaking of its joys and soothing its sorrows, and now in the decline of life was easing its infirmities with the lenient hand of friendship. She had many years before yielded to his wishes, by quitting the comforts of her native soil on an excursion to a foreign land, and now once more with the same kindness, though timid to the greatest degree, had agreed to cross the Channel and encounter the inconvenience

* Mr. Thicknesse.

† The writer's grandson, a lovely boy, who began his travels at the early age of twelve months, and was unable to cope with the inconveniences and deprivations of a *Spanish posada*, though thoroughly accustomed to a *French auberge*.

of foreign accommodation, *haud ignara mali.* Curiosity, like every thing else in life, must have its bounds, and those prudence must prescribe, *sunt certi denique fines.* We therefore measured our steps once more (and not unwillingly, from the reasons just given,) over the province of Catalonia, highly varied with mountains, rocks, and forests.

Barcelona, like other large cities, has experienced great vicissitudes*. We quitted it, well satisfied with the place, but not so with the government. In the prison was a man who was said to have confessed eighteen murders, vaunting that he had never yet committed one to his satisfaction. The Inquisition is re-established, but no one chooses to ask even where it is; by chance, strolling down a street, we saw a large building with doors closed, and small grated windows; on inquiring if it was a convent, a slight indirect answer was returned, and we found afterwards that this was the Inquisition †. There is such insubordination at Barcelona, that strangers avoid as much as possible being in the streets in the evening; but it is said to be still worse in the north of Spain and in Lisbon. Many of these accounts may be, and doubtless are, erroneous, but there is certainly a shameful

* In 801 Lewis, son of Charlemagne took it from the Saracens; in 1258 it was ceded by St. Lewis to James King of Arragon, sirnamed *the Conqueror*, in consideration of the marriage of his son Philip with Isabella, eldest daughter of James. It was taken by the Spaniards again in 1652, and surrendered to the Duc de Vendome, August 15, 1697. It was taken by the Archduke Charles in the succession war 1705. In November 1714, after a brave resistance, it surrendered to King Philip V., and was finally annexed to the crown of Spain.—MEZERAI.

† Non tali auxilio, non defensoribus istis,
Tempus eget.—VIR.

insubordination in the Spanish and Portuguese* governments. We set off by the diligence to Girona at three o'clock in the afternoon, and arrived once more at Arenz del Mar before seven; the distance from Barcelona is seven leagues. Arenz is a pretty rural village bounded by the sea; we were at Fondo del Comerero, a good and reasonable inn.

We found the diligence a very comfortable conveyance on springs, holding eight persons; it was drawn by four strong mules and two horses, which trotted between five and six miles an hour, presenting a very respectable appearance with their bells, and making us some amends for the tedious conveyance of a tartane. The cabriolet carried three, and the driver sat in a seat *under* it, driving his six animals, which were changed every seven or eight miles. We had for passengers, Spaniards, French, and English, and a very agreeable journey with this medley; among them was a monk of the order of Mercy, and in every conveyance almost which we passed, we observed a friar. As we were to rise early, we retired in good time to our respective apartments, and had tolerable beds.

* A gentleman informed us that not long before, there was a public affiche at Lisbon, saying that if persons went abroad on an evening with *large gold coins* they would be conducted home safe; if with small gold, they *might* be safe; if with silver, they must have the *chance* of being stabbed; but if they had no money, they would *certainly* be murdered. The gentleman added, that no notice was taken of this affiche.

CHAPTER XXII.

Departure for Girona—Fort of Hostalrich—Passengers in a Spanish Diligence—River Bazare—Second View of Girona—Cathedral de Narcisse—Interesting Tomb and Inscription—Swollen Rivers—Departure for France—Unforeseen Impediment soon obviated—Boulon—Termination of Spanish Expedition.

Oct. 24.—SET off to Girona; about half way, on a mountain to our left, we saw the strong fort of Hostalrich, part of which was destroyed by the French in the last war. One of our fellow travellers was a young lady, the daughter of an officer who lost his life at the siege of Girona; she described in lively and affecting terms the miseries they had suffered during a seven months' siege, till at last they were obliged to eat horses, dogs, and cats; and the soldiers for a long time subsisted on wheat soaked in water, the corn-mills having been destroyed *.

Another of our company † was an officer employed to prevent smuggling, and protect the road; his men took the murderer confined at Barcelona, and he confirmed the account we had received at the Consul's, of

* At the siege of Girona there were strong instances of patriotism; the young women formed themselves into companies and made cartouches; they carried water, wood, &c., for the soldiers, working like slaves.

† The company in the diligence was very merry, singing national airs continually, and none more merry than the friar, who indeed was equally expert at singing as at his knife and fork. The moment one began an air, he was joined by the *whole*, men, women, and monk, a proof that they all were used to these national airs.

which we had had some doubts, with this difference, that instead of eighteen murders it was nineteen which he confessed. Our monk was the jolliest of the set.

We crossed the little river Onhar in the evening, as we proceeded to Girona*, of the other side of which is the Tet; both are very rapid in the winter, owing to the fall of snow from the mountains. We here quitted the diligence with regret, having had a very pleasant two days' journey in it, and agreeable fellow-travellers. Having been benighted before at Girona, we availed ourselves of the present opportunity of seeing the town and church, of which before we had had but a superficial view.

The chief churches are the Cathedral and St. Narcissus; the former is a fine ancient edifice, with many beautiful painted windows, the choir is only parted from the body by a low partition, as is usual in Spain.

There is here a recumbent monument of James II. king of Arragon, as we were informed by one of the canons; he told us the church was chiefly built in the thirteenth century, but that a portion of it was erected as early as the fourth, which however is not very probable. On entering the south door, there are statues of the twelve Apostles on the right and left.

The façade of the cathedral is good, and the tower high. The edifice itself, indeed, is in a very elevated situation, and the ascent to it steep; but independent

* At la Fontana d'Oro, a large and tolerable inn.

of the gratification we derived from inspecting it, our walk was repaid by the commanding view which it gave us of the town, mountains, rivers, *&c.*

St. Narcissus is a handsome church; on the north side, in one of the chapels, is a monument of that eminent chief and distinguished patriot Don Mariana Alvarez del Castro, the brave defender of Girona. There is a sarcophagus, which is very neat, and the following inscription:

Squalidus hic jacet Alvares nunc lumine privus *
Idem qui fortis, cum tulit arma, fuit
Hic vir, Hic est Heros, nullum meriturus in cevum
Cui scelerata fides, certa venena dedit
Œternum vivet nobis fastisque Gerandæ
Cum jussu regis tollitur ara pia:
Hoc nunqum poterit tempus reticere sepulcro
Fama memor sœclis non moritura canet.

Oct. 25.—Set off for Figuierez. Owing to the late heavy rains, the road was extremely rutty and bad, worse than most of our cross-roads in England; there were also very large stones in many parts of it, so that if our conductor had not been very careful, and

* Behold Alvarez in the silent grave,
Whom none from Death's relentless stroke could save;
How great in arms his brave companions know—.
But poison caused Death's sure, though fatal blow.
For valour famous, and in arms how great!
With pride his brave companions will relate;
His warlike deeds with triumph will be read,
Though sad Girona mourn her champion dead:
Tyrants may raze the monumental name,
Still shall the Hero live in endless fame.

our mules (for we had now two) very sure, the tartane must have been overturned.

We this day passed three rapid streams, rendered dangerous by the late heavy rains and falls from the mountains; two of these we passed in our tartane very safely, and one in a ferry-boat * with ropes † which we had passed a few days ago in the tartane, when the water was hardly up to the fetlock of the mules, the weather then having been long dry. We arrived at Figuierez once more about six in the evening, and resumed our old quarters for the night ‡.

Oct. 26.—Our conductor informing us we must rise early as the roads were bad, we set off exactly at three, on a beautiful moonlight morning, from Figuierez, taking our leave of Spain. We were three tartanes in company, and stopped some time at Jonquierez, to have our passports examined; from thence we journeyed on to the Pyrenees, where we were again visited and retained about half an hour; on the Spanish side, the mountain is very low, and throughout the whole of this pass is a most excellent road, made by Bonaparte, superior to the best roads in England; some of our party indeed never quitted the tartane either in the ascent or descent; and had it not been for the plea-

* This ferry-boat had obviously been constructed in haste, on account of the sudden change of weather, and resembled a raft more than a boat; on this stream were the remains of a bridge which had been demolished formerly by the floods.

† We were informed that this was the Tet, which goes to Girona.

‡ On our return, we stopped at the same houses, in the middle of the day, as when we went, experienced the same want of refreshment; and owing to our not understanding the language, we were much at the discretion of the driver.

sure of enjoying the view, we perhaps might have done the same; the rock which forms the stratum of the road is of a hard and durable nature: although the chief trees in the Pyrenees are the cork and olive, yet are there others interspersed, as the fir, oak, *&c.*; the cork is of a very hard nature; it is barked about once in eight years, and presents the singular appearance of a red trunk; the acorns which it bears are rather smaller than those of an oak, but very like them. There are also various rare plants in the Pyrenees, and a botanist would doubtless be highly gratified by a day's ramble among them.

We saw but few houses in this pass. There is, however, a very small village about the middle, in which they were drawing water, but on inspection, we observed that the well was by no means deep; we noticed several natural beautiful cascades, and the river Tet running rapidly between the mountains is a most beautiful object.

We finished the descent of the mountains, and arrived on the border of the river Tet about twelve, opposite Boulon, and here an unforeseen impediment presented itself. The river which we had passed with ease in our tartane eight or nine days before, so as hardly to perceive it, was now so much swollen with the late rains as to render a like attempt hazardous; it was now in fact, tremendously rapid. The people of Boulon, therefore, came across the river, and volunteered their services, offering to take us on their backs; this was the work of three men, one to carry each of us, and two others, one on each side to sup-

port him against the rapidity and violence of the stream. There was a large and high horse provided to take the women over, who did not approve of the other method. Thus by their different modes of conveyance and the care and skill of our guides, the danger was avoided, and all got safe to land.

We passed by the ruins of a bridge, which had been carried away four years ago; the water at that time having risen as high as sixteen or eighteen feet.

We dined at Boulon; the church of which place presents nothing remarkable except its handsome marble pillars at the entrance, marble steps, and the font, which is also of marble.

We arrived at Perpignan about five, and thus finished our ten day's interesting expedition into Spain, which, though fatiguing, amply gratified our curiosity.

We were usually up at four or five in the morning, and came in to our couchée about seven or eight in the evening; the price in these tartanes, which indeed are the only proper vehicles to combat the badness of the roads, is usually from Perpignan to Barcelona twenty pesetas each person, but they will ask a stranger double; though they are uneasy, yet are they very safe, but tedious conveyances, going about three miles and a half an hour; but we derived some advantage from this slowness, having abundant opportunity of viewing a lovely country and admiring its highly-varied beauties.

In this expedition we had an opportunity of mixing with some officers and respectable persons, who all

uniformly lamented the want of a good and firm government, boldly asserting that there must be a change soon, and that they were overrun with monks and beset with superstition and bigotry.

The country certainly is beautiful, and might be made highly productive; the lower order of people are very civil, and we experienced no rudeness whatsoever; indeed they seem partial to the English.

We saw great numbers of sheep and goats, (the former remarkably fine, with brown faces and feet,) though but few cows; they make use of goats' milk entirely.

Meat is rather dear, but poultry cheap *.

The writer of this was accompanied by his daughter and only child, who leaving her family in France kindly insisted on braving the hazards and encountering the inconveniences of a troublesome journey and road not much frequented, and whose playful manners, kind and filial attention and cheerful disposition, had the desired effect of easing the inconvenience of the journey, and alleviating its fatigues.

The meeting between the *Spanish travellers* and

* The price of dinners and beds much as in France, varying from three pesetas to three pesetas ten sous a head, and a peseta for a bed, the bread is good, but butter scarce and bad, coffee is to be procured, but chocolate most used; the wine in the commonest ale-house is good and strong, about half a peseta a bottle, it is reckoned into the price of the Table d'Hôte, and we never had a bottle of sour wine.

The Spanish kitchen is much like the French, except that every thing is drest in oil, every thing fried in oil, sauce of oils, &c. We paid three pesetas a head at La Fontana de Oro, and had tolerable dinners for the money; the dinner hour was two.

Kid is eaten much, though the mutton is sweet and good. Beef bad and not much used.

their relatives at Perpignan was very interesting, as owing to their protracted stay, and the exaggerated accounts of the danger of travelling from robbing, (as the Spanish robbers are reported at Perpignan to come in a banditti on the other side of the mountains,) they had been in constant fears for their safety, and not a little rejoiced to receive them in perfect health and spirits, and much pleased with their ultra-montane tour.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Perpignan—Situation—Nightly Music—Singular Mixture of Inhabitants and Manners—Churches—Citadel—Subterraneous Canal—Church of St. Matthew—Public Walks—Military Prison—Remarkable Inconsistency.

Oct. 28.—Not having had an opportunity of seeing much of Perpignan before our Spanish expedition, we now availed ourselves of the polite attention of Le Curé de la Reale, in shewing us many parts of the town; the situation of it is romantic, being surrounded on all sides by mountains and the sea, the latter at a small distance. A rapid stream descending from the Pyrenees, runs through many of the streets, cleaning them and purifying the air. There is a singular mixture of inhabitants, (French and Spaniards) and manners in this town; the customs of the latter prevail much, as within one hundred and fifty years the town belonged to them.

You hear songs in the night, of Patois, Spanish, *&c.*, often accompanied by the guitar, which last the greater part of the night, and are very pleasing to the ear.

In the streets you meet the peasants in their night-caps and tassels, and light sandals, and the women in the hoods and veils of the Spaniards.

Neither are the tartanes and mules with the sound of bells in every quarter, and the volante* of the Spaniards, named so perhaps a *non volando*, by any means wanting to complete the motley scene.

The language and manners in short, in every street must remind any one who has been in Spain of the striking resemblance.

The four churches are the Cathedral, St. Jaques, St. Matthew, and La Real; their altars are rich and full of sculpture. In the Cathedral is a figure of our Saviour in the tomb†, as large as life, wrapped in burial clothes, with four others in sculpture round the tomb. At the high altar is the figure of our Lord as the Lamb of God, and all round, from top to bottom, vast numbers of figures, in sculpture and *basso relievo*. There is also a handsome recumbent monument of Monsieur Montmor, Bishop of Perpignan, who died in 1688.

The churches of St. James and Reale are likewise well worth seeing; in the former is a remarkable separation of the nave from the altar by a colonnade.

* The Spanish volante is much like a heavy French cabriolet, and not much quicker in its motions than the tartane.

† These are in almost all the churches in Perpignan.

In these churches there is only a nave, and the organ is usually on the north or south side*. In all of them we observed a great deal more of marble and sculpture than paintings.

The Commandant was so obliging as to send us a soldier to shew us the citadel, church, *&c.*; the former is very strong, and the view of the mountains and surrounding country from the walls highly picturesque.

There are large magazines of powder, and the year before, an explosion of combustible matter took place, as is supposed, from the fierce rays of the sun darting upon it. By means of a subterraneous canal, water can be brought hither in case of a siege, from the Mediterranean, which is about three leagues distant. The barracks are large and convenient, but there were at this time only 200 soldiers in them.

Oct. 29.—Went into the Church of St. Matthew, which has not been built above 160 years; here is a fine colossal statue of St. Matthew, with the angel dictating to him with a pen in his hand, which is well worth seeing for its sculpture; it was placed here about fifteen years ago, and is the production of an artist of the place, to whom it certainly does great credit; the nails of the hands and feet are remarkably well executed. Here likewise is only a nave, and the organ is on the south side. The north transept is ornamented by a handsome dome and rich altar.

The public walks in this town are excellent; there are three broad ones, well shaded with trees, which are very beautiful, and at the same time a great pro-

* * In this, also, there is a strong resemblance to the Spanish churches.

tection from the heat. In the middle is a circular place with seats, surrounded with cypresses. You find, indeed, in nearly all the towns, walks, and bridges, abundance of stone seats to rest the weary traveller after having been exposed to the rays of a hot southern sun. Perpignan is in the department of Les Pyrennees Orientales. The military prison, on entering the town by Porte Notre Dame, appears to be a building of great antiquity.

Among the singular manners and inconsistencies of this town may be mentioned the following. Passing through a bye-street, we saw a large handsome house, sufficiently good for a gentleman of 1500*l.* or 2000*l.* a year in England; but on looking in front we observed fastened to the house a small wooden machine like a carpenter's box, having several partitions containing wheat, oats, barley, *&c.*; we were informed that the house belonged to a great negociant, and that there were several such with these articles for sale.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Departure from Perpignan—Scarcity of Houses, &c.—Weather favourable—Journey to Nismes—Nissan—Beziers—Cathedral—Royal Canal—Church of Carmes—Description of Country—Begude de Jordy—Pezenas—Departure from Pezenas—Country flat—Road on Arches—River Herault—View of Cette—Total Change of Scenery—Country beautiful and populous—Costume of Women—Steeples handsome—Houses and Chateaux frequent—Mulberry-trees abundant—Approach to Montpellier.

Oct. 31.—Left Perpignan, and arrived once more at Narbonne, treading over the same ground; we did not change our opinion as to the dulness of the road, or scarcity of houses, though we were equally pleased at times with the wildness of the scene: the weather was favourable, and we arrived at our old quarters about seven in the evening.

Nov. 1.—We left Narbonne for Nismes. Four leagues on the road is Nissan, a small village, where we went over a bridge built across a morass. Two leagues farther is Beziers; this is an old city, containing about 13,000 inhabitants; the streets are narrow, and the town dirty, but its situation is most lovely: it is built on the declivity of a steep and high hill, on the brow of which is the Cathedral, with its stately tower, proudly overlooking a sweet and highly-cultivated country, with a distant view of Narbonne and numerous villages and towns.

The Cathedral consists of a large nave, and the high altar is, as usual, very handsome; there are

pillars and statues by its side, in niches. The bishopric is valuable; like many others, the bishop is named, but not yet arrived. The palace, which is a large and noble building, commanding a fine view, is appropriated to public uses.

The Royal Canal ends here, but there is a communication by another with Cette on the Mediterranean.

The Church of the Carmes* has a remarkably fine and rich altar, and on each side are good sculptures, one, the raising of Lazarus, and the other, Mary washing our Lord's feet.

The first part of this day's journey was up and down chalky hills; the country then became truly beautiful; for not only were olive-trees, mulberry-trees, *&c.*, seen in abundance, but the landscape was so completely studded with towns and villages, that we were often in view of several towns at once.

Two leagues from Beziers† is Begude de Jordy, and Pezenas two and a quarter, where we passed the night. This is a small but very populous town, with a broad handsome public walk between rows of trees. It was Sunday evening, and we had a lively idea of the population of the place from the numbers of perons of both sexes on the walks. We found

* Here is one of the altars called *Privilegié*, common in this part of France, which was a sanctuary for criminals.

† Beziers, is famous for being the principal town of the Albigeois, those unfortunate sectaries against whom a regular crusade was formed in the thirteenth century. It was taken in 1209 and sacked, and more than 60,000 persons slain. This cruel expedition was undertaken by many persons of distinction, the principal of whom was Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester. It was united to the crown of France in 1258.—PERE ANIEL.

good accommodations, and reasonable charges at the inn Au tapis Verd.

Nov. 2.—Left Pezenas, and set off for Montpellier, distant twelve leagues. Two posts and a quarter Meze, a small town, Gigean one and a half, Fabrigues one, and Montpellier one and a half.

The first part of this journey was over a marshy, flat, disagreeable country; the road was carried a long way on arches at a great expense. We passed the Herault, on a bridge, which is a small river giving name to this department, as the Orbe did to that which we had quitted.

We now approached the shore of a bay of the Mediterranean, and had a charming view of Cette. Villages, towns, *&c.*, were frequent, and on the mountain opposite Meze is a beautiful village on the sea-shore. You now wind round hills, losing the sea and regaining it in the most interesting manner, through a beautiful and highly-cultivated country, with corn-fields and vineyards quite to the edge of the sea. The country is the most populous that can be imagined, and a face of industry and neatness generally prevails. The women are employed in the fields, neatly dressed in their large flapped hats to guard against the sun, and blue petticoats and blue stockings. We met almost at every step, horses and donkeys laden with wood, fruit, *&c.*, and every thing around wore the appearance of plenty. The steeples in this neighbourhood are fine objects; they are usually very elegant structures, with light open iron railing, as at Perpignan, and the bells in them give a clear and

loud sound, which, at a distance, is far from being disagreeable.

For some miles before you come to Montpellier, the number of country-houses, châteaux, and gardens, plantations, &c., is astonishing. Mulberry-trees are now in abundance, and every thing shews the approach to a large and populous city.

CHAPTER XXV.

Montpellier—Streets handsome—Population—Cathedral—Notre Dame—Peyron—Extensive View—Inscription—Aqueduct—Canourge—Place de Comedie—Ecole de Medicine—Jardin des Plantes—Musical turn of the Inhabitants—Bishopric.

MONTPELLIER, formerly in Languedoc, but now in the department of the Herault, is, as its name denotes, seated on a hill, (which is very gentle) and makes a very handsome appearance, for, although the old streets are narrow, the new ones are wide and of stone, and the houses well-built. There is a noble aqueduct, supported by a number of arches, erected some years ago for the convenience of the town, which as you enter, has a fine appearance.

The population of this city is estimated at 34,000. It is much resorted to by valetudinarians, owing to its being situated but a few miles from the sea, and in a remarkably plentiful and healthy country. But owing to this cause provisions are high, and the inns,

many of which are very good, are remarkably exorbitant*.

The Cathedral is a Gothic building, erected about the year 1300, consisting of a nave and very small choir; round the high altar are three fine paintings of the different actions of St. Peter, the patron of the church. The entrance into the cathedral is under Gothic arches, between two old towers. The bishop's income is 3,000 a-year, and he has a good house provided for him.

The church of Notre Dame is very elegant, especially one of the chapels and the high altar. There are but four parishes in this city. The old Hotel de Ville is demolished, but in the Marie is a very good library, and several rooms with good paintings.

There is an excellent market built of stone, and well supplied with meat†.

But the chief beauty of this town is the noble terrace and public walk called Peyron. Here are three tiers of promenades, one above the other, nearly half a mile round; the upper one commands an extensive and beautiful prospect of the Pyrenees on one side, and the Alps on the other, which is to be had in no other part of France. You also see in the immediate vicinity under you, a luxuriant prospect, consisting of villas, gardens, *&c.*

We entered this terrace under a fine gate, orna-

* They often ask five and six francs for a bed. We were at Le Cheval Blanc.

† Mutton and beef are eight sous a pound, veal rather dearer.

mented with much sculpture in *basso relievo* and having on it the following pompous adulatory inscription :—

" LUDOVICO MAGNO
77 ANNOS REGNANTE
DISSOLUTIS REPRESSIS, CONCILIATIS GENTIBUS QUATUOR
DECENNALI BELLO CONJUNCTIS
PAX TERRA MARIQUE PARTIS.
1715*".

There was formerly a beautiful statue of this monarch in the centre of this fine square.

On the opposite side are two basons with water from the reservoir, and a handsome building with pillars of the Corinthian order, built by Louis XV., and called Le Château d'Eau, and beyond it the noble aqueduct before mentioned, on a number of arches, two piers, one above another, nearly half a league in length. This was built at a great expense, for the city, conveying water into it from three miles distance. This noble work, which deserves great praise, costs nearly 300*l.* a-year.

On a very elevated spot in the middle of the town, is the small terrace called Canourge, commanding a fine view another way ; here is an inscription on a high cross, mentioning its being in the room of the ancient one taken away. In another part of the town is a fine esplanade leading to the citadel, in which the troops are quartered, and they are exercised on the esplanade.

* " To Lewis the Great, having reigned 77 years, and broken and humbled the Quadruple Alliance in the ten years' war, and obtained peace by sea and land."

Just by is La Place de Comedie, with a fountain and statues of the three Graces.

But the Ecole de Medicine, formerly the Bishop's Palace, reflects the greatest honour on this city. There is a rector who has a noble house in Le Jardin des Plantes adjoining, and a good salary; there are also twelve professors with a salary of 3000 francs each, and 800 students. In the lecture-room, which is under ground, and is spacious and well adapted for the purpose, is a curious stone chair, which was brought from Rome.

There is also a head of Hippocrates in bronze, brought from the Vatican, with this inscription :—

"OLIM COUS
NUNC MONSPELIEUNSI
HIPPOCRATES."

There is also here a fine and curious anatomical collection, which is very valuable and useful to the students.

Le Jardin de Plantes is also well worth seeing.

Montpellier* is a lively cheerful town, and every evening in the Grande Rue, which is the evening mall and crowded, there is a set of men who regularly sing national airs, *&c.*, *&c.* The inhabitants are at their windows enjoying the evening air in this fine climate, and joining in the merry song, as well as those who are walking in the streets.

* The singing at Montpellier and Nismes, *&c.*, seems the remains of the Troubadours and Improvvisatori, who flourished in the fifteenth century. We find from history that the inhabitants of Languedoc and Provence were always famous for dancing, singing, and *an inordinate love of pleasure.* This is mentioned so early as the beginning of the eleventh century.

Montpellier is famous for the treaty, October 20th, 1622, which secured the Huguenots from danger; the Edict of Nanci was confirmed, and the Protestants were permitted the free exercise of their religion, for which they had long contended so nobly agn st such unequal forces.

There are now many resident Protestants, who have a church appropriated to them.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Departure from Montpellier—Colombieres—Frequency of Travelling—Nehan—Nimes—Variety of Country—Mode of Agriculture—Aqueducts—Nismes—Mason Carrée—Amphitheatre—Wild Bulls—Temple of Diana—Reservoir—Great Tower—Mosaic Pavement—Porte de France—Esplanade—Palais de Justice—La Commune—Cathedral—Population—Protestants.

Nov. 4.—Left Montpellier for Nimes, distant thirteen leagues, one post and three quarters Colombieres, Lunel one and a half; this is a small market-town, with a creek, but a great trade in coals, which are brought from the coal-pit at Alege, three leagues distant, is carried on here. Travelling is so frequent in this country, that we counted nine travelling coaches at one time in the inn yard at Lunel. There is here, as usual, a public walk.

Nehan a small village, is one post and three quarters farther, and Nimes also one and three quarters.

In this country as you enter the different villages, you see the names of them written up.

Near Lunel, we crossed the little river Neuve, and entered the department of Gard, so called from that river. This day's journey was chiefly through a flat country and a road raised on each side at a great expense. There were numerous vineyards, a great deal of very fine wheat; the land is so light that they plough with one horse and man. We observed also vast forests of olive-trees which had a beautiful appearance at a distance, the olive being an evergreen; there is also a continuation of mulberry-trees, as vast quantities of silk-worms are kept in this country. Towns, villages, and châteaux abound, and we observed at a distance several aqueducts for the use of their inhabitants. Every thing, indeed, puts on a cheerful and plentiful appearance; but the comfort of travelling in this charming country was much impaired by the incivility and rudeness of the people; they are absolutely *farouches*, and hardly return a civil answer to any question which is put to them. On mentioning this circumstance afterwards to some gentlemen of respectability, they owned and lamented the fact, saying that the character of those people was universally known.

We arrived at Nimes in good time in the afternoon, after a pleasant day's journey.

Nimes is a fine city formerly in Languedoc, and now in the department of Gard, containing 45,000 persons, of whom the Protestants are reckoned nearly

a third, and they have churches appropriated to them.

In few towns are there so many remains of antiquity as in this, and we prepared to see them in due order.

The first thing which struck us, and was nearest to our inn, was La Maison Carrée; this is a beautiful building of the Corinthian order, with thirty pillars, taking in the façade, building, *&c.*, it is about one hundred and twenty feet long, and fifty broad. It is in the whole in high preservation, except a part of the roof which was at the time under repair.

The architecture, cornices, *&c.*, are highly beautiful, and there are several flights of steps by which you ascend to different landing-places. This was a temple dedicated to Caius and Lucius, adopted sons of Augustus Cæsar *.

The amphitheatre is a truly noble piece of antiquity, which the more it is seen, the more it will be admired. It was built by Antonius Pius; it is 196 fathoms in circumference, and the upper seats for the spectators are in high preservation, (the lower are chiefly gone.) The arches, galleries, *&c.*, present a spectacle highly interesting; they

* Caius and Lucius were adopted and admitted into the family of the Cæsars by Augustus on the death of Marcellus, they both soon died, not without suspicion of their death being occasioned by Livia to make way for Tiberius. Tac. Ann. Lib. 1.

L. came to Cæsar at Ariminum.

L. Cæsar adolescens venit, cujus pater Cæsaris erat Legatus. Cæs. Com. Bell. Civ. Lib. C. 8.

" L. Cæsar came to him there, a young man whose father was Cæsar's Lieutenant."

were repairing the stairs, &c., at the expense of the city, and are endeavouring to preserve this valuable building as much as possible in its original state. In the arena, there are regular bull-baitings as in Spain, during the whole summer season, when the seats are filled by the inhabitants of Nimes, who come in crowds to this exhibition*.

Wild bulls are brought from the island of Camargue, where are great numbers, and when the bull-baiting is over they are let loose, and take the regular road to their home, which is seven leagues from Nimes; during the summer there are many kept in the town, ready to be let loose in the arena almost every Sunday. In the island of Camargue are also several wild horses.

Under some of the arches † of this noble building, where the lordly Romans and their fellow-citizens of Nimes entered formerly with pride and pomp to see the sports, are shops of the meanest description; such are the changes which time occasions.

This noble and spacious building is capable of containing 17,000 spectators with ease, allowing twenty inches to each person. The height is sixty feet.

The temple of Diana, said to have been built as early as the reign of Augustus Cæsar, is a fine ruin, full of pillars, images, figures, &c., which were dug

* They have regular prizes, forty francs, twenty &c.; the men have spears with goads, and the bulls cockades tied to their horns, which are to be taken off by the combatants in order to obtain the prize.

† There are two rows of arches, under which are the stairs to ascend to the seats, galleries, &c.; from the top of the amphitheatre, which is several feet wide is a most noble prospect of Nimes and the country.

up, when they increased the depth of the fountain. This fountain, which supplies the city with water, existed at the time the Romans had possession of Nimes, though hardly any part of the Roman work remains. It is a long piece of water, terminating in a kind of reservoir, enclosed in low stone walls; on each side of the reservoir are statues representing the four seasons. From hence we ascended a very steep hill among sharp rocks and stones, to a very high tower, from the summit of which is a noble prospect of the city, amphitheatre, Maison, Carrée, distant mountains *&c.* This which is known at Nimes by the name of the Great Tower, was built in the time of the Romans; it is brick and is a noble ruin; it was once much higher but is still a fine object from the town. It is about 120 feet in circumference.

In the street called La Rue du Calendre Anglois is some very curious Mosaic pavement, as there is also in another part of the town. There is likewise a manufactory of shawls, the patterns of which imitate this pavement, but they are exorbitantly dear.

The gate called La Porte de France is a fine Roman gate, but the venerable large Roman stones, on the top are spoiled by *modern* inscriptions, such as "long live our king," "may peace flourish," *&c. &c.*, these, though very loyal, would have been better adapted to a modern building.

With regard to Nimes*, its various and numerous

* Nimes was taken from the Aquitanians by King Pepin in 767, and was latterly in the hands of the Huguenots, whose descendants are here in great numbers.—MEZERAI.

antiquities so occupy the attention of the curious, that the city is little thought of; it is old, and the streets chiefly narrow. The esplanade, however, in which the troops are exercised, called the Course, as is the case in all the towns in this neighbourhood, is very handsome, and the houses near it good.

Le Palais de Justice is a very handsome *modern* building, but unfortunately is situated close to that venerable one of antiquity, the ampitheatre. In front are two fine statues of Justice and Wisdom, and there are three courts of justice: *La Cour Royale, Du Premier Instance,* and *La Sale Criminelle.* This was built by Bonaparte; round the room are the heads of Romans, eminent particularly for their civil knowledge, and their eulogiums under them, as given by Cicero, Pliny, and other writers. The *Commune,* formerly *L'Hotel de Ville,* has some good rooms, one of which contains several stuffed alligators, and in another is a tolerable painting of Louis XVIII.

The cathedral is an old Gothic building, the choir is small but very neat, and quite enclosed towards the west; different in that respect from any we had seen. Round the high altar is a vast deal of beautiful variegated marble, and on each side is a splendid high arm-chair of marble. There are also several paintings.

In the body of the church is a handsome tomb and sarcophagus of Cardinal Bernis, buried here in 1799, above is suspended his cardinal's hat, *&c.*

That part of Nimes, called the Ramparts, is very handsome. The street broad and the houses good,

much like the Boulevards of Paris. Here stands the theatre.

The chief magistrate of Nimes was formerly called consul, as at Toulouse; but now this ancient Roman appellation is absorbed in the modern one of mayor.

We this day met with a very sensible French officer, who had been thirty years in the service, and seven in England; he lamented the plan of withdrawing the troops of occupation, and, speaking of France said, if it committed *encore une sottise, c'etoit fait d'elle,* Nimes must ever be interesting to the Protestants, from having been the habitation of such numbers of them; and by an edict in the reign of Henry III., the inhabitants were permitted the free exercise of their religion.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Curbussot—Tarascon—St. Remi—Road flat and uninteresting—Beaucaire—Venerable Castle—Roman Inscription—Rhone—Bridge of Boats—Variety of Produce—Female Industry—Change of Departments—Prison of Tarascon.

Nov. 7.—Set off from N mes* through Curbussot, Tarascon, *&c.*, to St. Remi, distant ten post leagues; Curbussot three, Tarascon four, and Remi three.

The road was flat, bad, and for the most part uninteresting, till we came to Beaucaire†, a fine large

* At L'Hotel du Gard.

† Beaucaire is famous for its gallant defence against Simon de Montfort, earl of Leicester, which proved his ruin, as he was shortly afterwards slain at Toulouse in a sortie.—Mezerai.

old town, with 10,000 inhabitants, in a most charming situation, almost surrounded by high and steep rocks; on one side of which, almost perpendicular, stands the venerable ruin of the castle, proudly overlooking the town; the Rhone, which, at some distance, is seen winding among the numerous islands, and a great extent of country.

We rambled among its broken walls and noble towers, looking through its antique arches, almost *perpendicularly on the country below*, which, although it was tremendous, afforded us a gratifying spectacle.

The number of windmills built on the very pinnacle of the rock, made the scene grand, picturesque, and interesting.

The church of Beaucaire is a handsome modern building. In one of the chapels is a fine picture of our Saviour and Mary Magdalene in the sepulchre; but the painter has taken the liberty, surely unwarrantable, of painting Christ *really* as a gardener with a *spade* *.

In the court of the Hotel de Ville are several Roman stones, with inscriptions, some of which are as follows:—

"OCTAVI
DIADU
MENI
VALERIA
CALLIOPOLIS
AMICO MIERENTISSIMO."

"ATTIO FESTO
JULIA
HONERATA VIRO."
(No date.)

There are also many other inscriptions.

* This is done in many parts of France and Italy; among others Santa Croce, at Florence, in one of the chapels.

At Beaucaire, leaving the department of Gard, we entered the extensive one of Bouches du Rhone. We crossed the Rhone on a bridge of boats, and went along a high stone parapet wall, built to resist the force of the river, there winding suddenly round, we came on another bridge of boats nearly as long as the former, which brought us to Tarascon. The river was very rough and the wind tremendously high, so that we could scarcely keep our feet steady; the bridge also was very narrow. We here paid a considerable toll. The Rhone is so rapid that they cannot have a fixed bridge, and its two branches are considerably wider than the Thames at London.

Tarascon is a good town, containing 6,000 inhabitants, separated by the Rhone from Beaucaire.

The church dedicated to St. Martha is neat, and in a vault is a recumbent monument of its patron Saint, with the following neat inscription:—

"SOLICITA NON TURBATUR*."

A little farther on is a very old monument of a warrior, who is represented in a recumbent posture, and who died in the fourteenth century. The inscription is long and in Latin verse, and we lamented much our want of time to copy it.

Tarascon† is situated in a plentiful country, literally abounding in corn, wine and oil, and well supplied with meat of the best quality. This day's journey

* "Careful, but not troubled."

† Tarascon is famous for having risen against the Duc D'Espernon, the upstart favourite of Henry III., who retained his power under three monarchs. He was in the coach with Henry IV. when he was assassinated.

was among fields of excellent wheat, forests of olive-trees, and numbers of mulberry-trees. Romantic rocks on one side, and distant mountains on the other, added not a little to the pleasure of the scene.

The women were busily employed in cleaning the vineyards, for which they have twenty sous a day; they dig round each plant, clearing it of its weeds, and cutting all the shoots away close to the main root; each hillock is then manured, filled up close, and earthed up high.

At Tarascon we saw a Spanish pilgrim travelling from Spain to Rome, to perform a vow ; his dress was curious ; he carried a pilgrim's staff, and *various shells were woven into his coat.*

The prison of Tarascon, overlooking the boisterous Rhone, has a most noble and castellated appearance, and was formerly, in all probability, the castle. We had now been some days in the midst of a country dear to every Englishman who has the interest of religion at heart. A country hallowed by the blood of his fellow-protestants,—a country distinguished by the talents and bravery of a Coligni, Sully, Lesdiguiers and Condé, men who fought under the banners of a brave and religious prince, not for conquest, but for the natural privilege of worshipping their Creator in peace; men rising greater even after a defeat, and prescribing terms to their enemies, though conquered, and making them tremble notwithstanding they possessed every advantage which numbers and money could give them, and were backed with all the resources of a rich and powerful kingdom. This handful of men,

(as they must be considered in the midst of a populous nation united against them,) not only made their own terms, but insisted on certain towns as a caution against the perfidy of their adversaries.

The fields of Jarnac and Montcontour*, of Rocroi and Ivri, bear ample testimony to the valour of these men, thus struggling against every disadvantage, supporting themselves against such superior numbers, and rising superior to the hosts arrayed against them. To what are we to ascribe the wonderful and unheard of efforts of these men that were ultimately crowned with success, but to that Being who assists with his mighty arm those who are engaged in his sacred cause, and who never deserts those who in defence of true religion take up the shield of faith, and wield the sword of truth, though an host should encamp against them, yet shall they not prevail, "for they are under his care who breaketh the bow and snappeth the spear asunder," *&c.*

These wars, undertaken for religion, and pursued with such valour and perseverance for nearly two centuries under such obvious disadvantages, were crowned with complete success, and had a happy termination by the issue of the Edict of Nantes by Henri IV.†, and although the narrow-minded po-

* In this battle admiral Coligni lost 20,000 out of 25,000, but soon collected a second army.

† We cannot help heaving a sigh at the infirmity of human nature, when reflecting that some of these great men, who made such sacrifices to their religion, should at length sacrifice religion to their interest; the great monarch at the head of this sacred cause was a melancholy instance of the truth of the assertion.

licy, bigotry, and superstition of his descendant Lewis XIV., were the means of revoking this patriotic edict, yet was this step most prejudicial to the interests of France, by depriving it of numbers of its most useful subjects, and transferring to another country manufactures which were the source of such riches and prosperity to its own; indeed the subsequent misfortunes of France may be traced to this fatal event; nay, even during the reign of this bigoted sovereign, the effects of his ill-judged policy brought France to the brink of ruin.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Departure from St. Remi—Orgon—Curious Canal—Pont-Royal—Useful Canals—Durance—Produce of Country—Lambese—Journey to Marseilles—St. Canat—Aix—Cathedral—Course—Road Rocky—Female Costume—Provençales Songs—Environs of Marseilles—Bastides—Marseilles.

Nov. 8.—We left St. Remi*, which is a small place with a very good inn†; four leagues from it is Orgon, a small village built among the rocks, where we joined the high Avignon road to Marseilles: at Orgon is a very curious and stupendous work; the solid rock being cut through for a small canal about four feet wide, in order to water the adjoining country. We

* We much lamented that the shortness of the days prevented our seeing the fine Roman gate about a mile from St. Remi.

† La Graille.

descended about thirty feet, and walked the whole length of it; it is supported by a number of arches, is about 430 yards long, and almost dark, except about the middle, where there is a large aperture for admitting the light. The expense of such an undertaking must have been very great.

Near the small town of Malmort we passed over Pont Royal four leagues from Orgon, where there is another canal to water the grounds, which are steril and rocky.

This day's journey was chiefly among rocks, the greater part of which were very high and barren; at first indeed we had a few corn-fields, vineyards, *&c.*, afterwards high rocks, one upon the other on each side of the road; and except wild rosemary, of which there was an abundance, they produced no vegetation.

At Orgon we came to the river Durance*, which runs wild into the Rhone: we afterwards saw this river winding on our left, between two ridges of high rocks, for many miles, and from the top of these rocks, which we ascended, it had a pretty appearance; there were also on the summit, many castles and forts, which had a very romantic appearance. In the flat

* This river is celebrated in history for the masterly camp formed on its banks by the famous De Montmorenci in the reign of Francis I. in 1536; the river covered the camp entirely, and protected it from the Imperialists.

The Durance rises in the mountains of Briancon, and is both impetuous and deep. In the spots where it is fordable by the enlargement of its bed, it has a number of loose stones which slipping under the feet of horses and men, make it very dangerous, as they are liable to fall down and be carried away by the violence of the current.

part of this rocky soil, lucerne and sainfoin are much cultivated, particularly the latter.

We came to Lambese in the evening, nine leagues from St. Remi. Here and at St. Remi we had sheep's milk, and obtained that with difficulty. Not a cow is to be seen in that rocky country; we should not have discovered this change of milk, but on growing impatient for it, a man told us "the sheep were not yet come up to be milked." The butter made from the milk of these animals is generally very bad. Lambese is a small neat town, but we deferred seeing it till our return.

Nov. 9.—Set of for Marseilles, distant thirty-six miles; in the whole, from Nimes to Marseilles, thirty-five leagues.

St. Canat, a small village and post, four leagues, Aix four, and Marseilles four.

The first part of this day's journey was wild, bold, and rocky, till we descended a long winding hill, (which was beautiful) to Aix: the view here was very striking.

Aix is situated in a deep valley, highly fertile, full of gardens, fruit, *&c.*, just far enough from the mountains to make the prospect complete.

We went into the city and cathedral whilst the horses were baiting, deferring a closer inspection till our return; the former is very handsome, especially the Course, which is a beautiful wide street, with noble houses, and two rows of fine trees.

The Cathedral is a fine Gothic building, the chief part erected about the thirteenth century, but there

are in it different styles of architecture; it has a fine high open round tower, with light open iron work on the top, a method of building which is prevalent in this country.

From Aix* to Marseilles the road is very rough and hilly, with high rocks on each side; the road, indeed, is so bad as to make this part of the journey uncomfortable. The costume of the female peasants is a jacket, with a different coloured petticoat, and a very broad-brimmed black hat with a remarkably narrow crown.

At Aix, and the different places, we had the pleasure of hearing the Provençal songs, sung by girls in the prettiest manner imaginable, many of whom were dressed as dancing girls.

The approach to Marseilles is exquisitely beautiful; there are hundreds of white houses called Bastides †, or country-houses, belonging to the wealthy inhabitants and merchants of Marseilles, dispersed in a beautiful valley full of vineyards, fruit-trees, and gardens; while you have a noble view of Marseilles, the sea, bay, and distant mountains: in fact, the scene altogether was enchanting.

We arrived in good time in the afternoon at Marseilles, and took up our quarters at *L' Hotel de Bourbon* on the Course.

* Pope Leo X. at *seven years old* received the tonsure, and was made archbishop of Aix by Louis XI. King of France. Pope Sixtus IV. made some difficulties of confirming the election of the *youthful* archbishop, on account of his very tender age, but it was all removed by an unexpected circumstance—*The former archbishop was not dead.*—ROSCOE.

† The bastides are by many reckoned at 5 or 6,000, but are certa ily greatly exaggerated.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Situation of Marseilles—Harbour—Forts—Course—Fruit Market—New Town—Population and Extent—Provisions dear—Marseillois—Hexagon Tiles—Obelisk—Place de la Paix—Rue de Rome—Fountain—St. Martin—Building for Flour—A Row into the Bay—Châteaux d' If—Rattaneau—Pommegues—Moonlight Scene—Old Cathedral of St. Lazare—Inscription—Various Chapels—Hotel de Ville—Allées de Meilhan—Obelisk, *&c.*—Place Royale—Statue in Place de la Paix.

MARSEILLES* is a large and beautiful city, formerly in Provence, now in the department of Les Bouches du Rhone, containing 100,000 persons. Its extent is about one mile and a half square, and there are few streets finer than le Cours and la Rue de Rome, bounded on one side by an aqueduct, and on the other by a fountain and high obelisk. In la Rue de Rome is a fountain with a pillar and head of Puget with the following neat inscription, which does great honour to the Marseillois.

A. P. Puget
Sculpteur, Peintre et Architecte,
Marseille sa Patrie
qu'il embellit et honora
a elevé ce Monument
112 Ans. aprés sa mort,
1807.

The Course is a wide and noble street, with houses

* Marseilles was besieged by the Imperialists, in 1524, commanded by the celebrated Constable de Bourbon, but he raised the siege on the approach of the French army commanded by the Marshal de Chabannes.—GARNIER'S *Histoire de France.*

on both sides, and a broad walk in the middle with two rows of trees; this is usually so crowded that you can hardly pass; in one part of it is a market for fruit, &c., and the women have a singular way of *sitting on high tables or forms* and selling their goods, which at first seems strange, and indeed ludicrous, to strangers.

The streets leading to the harbour are very good, especially that called Canabiere, which is elegant, well paved, and full of good shops, yielding to none even in London; this, indeed, may be called the Bond-street of Marseilles.

Marseilles is built at the bottom of a hill, and on a fine bay formed by high rocks on both sides, affording great security to ships. The harbour is remarkably good, nearly half a mile in length, and full of vessels of all sizes; it is capable of containing ships of 500 tons. They build here vessels of a considerable size, many of which we observed on the stocks nearly finished.

On each side of the harbour is a fine broad walk, full of life and bustle, where you meet people of all nations, whose variety of language recalls to the mind the confusion of tongues at the tower of Babel. On each side, at the entrance of the harbour, are the Forts of St. Nicholas and St. Jean, the former of which is remarkably strong; and on a very high rock, overlooking the sea, is another fort, called Notre Dame de Garde.

There is a fine and interesting walk to the rocks overhanging the bay, the view from which repays you

well for the trouble of the ascent. The new town is particularly handsome, most of the streets have a high trotoir, and many of these are handsomely paved with bricks. The concourse of strangers at Marseilles is very great, and though the markets are well supplied, provisions are by no means reasonable.

We met with a sensible man, who conversing on the savage conduct of the Marseillois at the beginning of the Revolution, said, that in every change of government they were violent; in the late change 300 persons fell victims to the Bourbon party. It will perhaps be remembered that the Marseillois enrolled themselves in a troop of several hundreds, and volunteered their services to come to Paris, where they conducted the king to the scaffold, and were the principal agents in some of the most sanguinary scenes; the famous air *Ca ira* took its rise from them; but they seem to wish, by their present loyalty and attachment to the reigning family, to have the past forgotten, and have erected a very beautiful and high obelisk in honour of Monsieur, who was here in 1816; there is a pompous and fulsome inscription on it in Latin and French. In la Place de la Paix is a statue of Peace.

In no town are there more idle, ill-looking fellows than in this, almost always lounging about, and having apparently nothing to do; every inn-door is crowded with them, so that it is disagreeable for a female to pass or repass. In any change or commotion it is very probable these persons would be too active.

At Marseilles, as at Aix, there are in the chambers

the beautiful hexagon tiles. The Church of St. Martin, now called the Cathedral, is an old Gothic building, said to have been erected above 700 years ago; it has beautiful tranverse arches, but is disfigured by modern shell-work.

Among other useful buildings in this city, there is one in which all the flour is carefully weighed before it is brought to market.

Fatigued with our walk, we retired to our hotel to prepare for the next day.

Nov. 11.—Tempted by the weather, which continued as fine and warm as with us in June, we took a pleasure-boat, accompanying a large Neapolitan steamboat in its *sortie* from the harbour, which made its first essay, and was crowded with people on board to the number, as was said, of 2000.

The day was perfectly serene and unclouded, and the Mediterranean calm as a pond; we only took one waterman, as our little vessel was light, with a neat covering to guard against the sun. The scene was so beautiful that we extended our aquatic excursion farther than we intended, rowing to the three islands of If, Rattoneau, and Pommezues, distant from the town about a league, and being fine objects when viewed from it.

Le Château d'If* is a strong and regular fortification, extending round the small island, with a tower, fine platform, barracks, *&c.* A commandant and seven soldiers were stationed there; we were received on

* Le Château d'If was taken by the Spaniards in 1597.—MEZERAI.

landing at the bottom of the rock by a soldier, and ascended several steep steps into the fortress, which, with the permission of the commandant, who was very polite, we inspected. The fort is situate on a steep rock, and might give an enemy some trouble to take; the commandant has a neat house, and the barracks are comfortable.

On our observing to this gentleman that he was solitary, he owned that it was true, but said, to make amends he had a fine climate, never having seen snow or frost in the several years that he had been there. From thence we rowed across a narrow channel, among rocks, to Rattoneau, rendered famous and particularly interesting to us, from having been taken by the English in the last war.

We here clambered up a remarkably sharp and high rock on our hands and knees, certainly with some degree of hazard, along a narrow path of rock and rolling stones made by our brave countrymen. When at last we came to the top, we found a solitary deserted fort*, but on the other side of the island, we were amply rewarded for our trouble. In a romantic small bay, made by the rocks, was a small squadron of about forty ships performing quarantine, and in a corner of the rock overlooking them, a neat picturesque house belonging to the commandant, but he and his nautical neighbours having no connexion, they are neighbours without society, and he lives isolated, as it were, though quite near to them. The

* This fort, or at least one in Rattoneau, was built by the Duc de Guise in 1597.

English took the island (after some resistance) in order to get possession of the ships.

We next rowed to Pommegues*, about half a mile distant, and again climbed up a very steep rock with a fortress on the top, descending to the other side where our boat was in waiting. In this island there is an inferior officer stationed, who is alone in the fort. In another part of the island is a small public-house, with two or three persons who supply him with necessaries. His goat supplies him with milk and butter, and an abundance of wild rabbits give him an opportunity of amusing himself with shooting.

The two last islands are about two miles round, and are nearly a ridge of barren rocks intersected with creeks, producing nothing scarcely but a kind of wild holly; the scene is consequently wild and terrific.

We now prepared to take our departure, but were some time before we could discover our boat, and while standing on the top of the rock to look after it, we began to feel a little apprehension that we must pass the night in this island something after the manner of that far-famed personage, Robinson Crusoe. In the midst of these reflections, however, we fortunately discovered our boat and man safely moored in a small creek, and expecting us; we then speedily descended, without any accident, and embarked; but we had been detained so long by our curiosity that it was quite late before we arrived at Marseilles, and

* There was also a fort built in Pommegues, by Jean de Medicis, in 1597.

some of our party which we had left there began to be uneasy at our absence.

We had the pleasure of seeing the sun *set* in the Mediterranean, as we had seen it *rise* in going to Barcelona. It was indeed a most beautiful sight; and, on going back, we received light from a clear moon reflecting its lucid image on the water. The evening was lovely, and the sea, which continued perfectly calm, was agitated only by the gentle and regular motion of the oars; it was likewise full of vessels, and we only wanted our waterman to sing the Evening Hymn to the Virgin, in order to imagine ourselves in the Bay of Naples, from what we had heard and read of it. But alas, our waterman was neither musical nor brilliant, he was excessively stupid, and could only tell the name of each rock and its concomitant danger.

The Bay of Marseilles can yield to few in beauty; the view of the city, the numerous white bastides, mountains on each side, rocks of Meirat, Black Rocks, Pharo, light-house, *&c.*, afford an infinite and delightful variety of scenery. We were not sorry to have some repose after our nautical tour.

Nov. 12.—We went to the old Cathedral of St. Lazare, now called *Mariæ*; on the outside is this inscription:—

Ecclesiæ St. Mariæ
Hæc Inscrip. An. D. C. C. C.
Sedis Antiquæ
Restituta an. 1818.

This is a fine old church, though built at different

times; they tell you it was founded 1800 years ago, and shew you the tomb of St. Lazarus, the first bishop, " Fabula narratur, risum teneatis?" In one of the chapels is a representation of our Lord in the tomb, the Marys, *&c.*, standing by, all of marble. In another chapel is the ancient family of Beaufet interred, and there are monuments of many of them; among others, one of Bartholomew Beaufet, Bishop of Marseilles, and Almoner to Catharine of Medicis; he died in 1631, after having been *fifty-one* years Bishop of Marseilles.

On the whole, this church will repay a stranger for a long walk, the more especially as he will have the benefit of a fine sea-breeze.

The Hotel de Ville is a large building, comprehending various offices, and the Exchange for the merchants. In one of the rooms are two large pictures representing the devastations of the plague 100 years ago, when in the space of thirteen months 50,000 fell victims to that dreadful malady. Here also are portraits of the royal family, and of the late venerable Archbishop of Paris, who was nearly 100 years old, and whose picture we saw in the Cathedral of Paris.

Les Allées de Meilhan is a beautiful wide street, with excellent houses on each side, and trees, and a walk in the centre. Here the different consuls, merchants, and bankers chiefly reside. In this street is a fountain and obelisk with the following inscription:—

" Peuple par tes travaux que le besoin active
Change ton sol ingrat en fertiles Guerrets

Le Nectar de Bacchus, les epis de Ceres,
Que la sage Minerve au sein de tes Ramparts
Anime l'industrie, eclaire tous les arts,
Que sur son frèle esquif le prudhomme intrepide
Aille ravir sa proie aux Gouffres de tes murs,
Que tes nombreux vaisseaux dans leur course rapide,
Portent à cent peuples divers.
Les productions de ton sol et de ton industrie,
Par l'abondants retours enrichissent ta patrie
Qu'un gouvernement protecteur,
Au dedans des partis enchainent la furie,
Maintenant au dehors, la paix et l'harmonie
Assure aux Marseillois vingt siècles de bonheur!

We observed the streets of Marseilles* full of goats early in the morning brought up to be milked.

Our intention was to have gone on to Toulon, but the season was so far advanced and the days so short, that prudence advised us to restrain our wanderings; we listened to her admonitions, and prepared to bend our steps northward to the commercial and flourishing city of Lyons.

* Marseilles is said to have been built as early as A. M. 3405 by a colony of Phocians from Ionia. It is said to have been taken by Cæsar A. M. 3955, and of Rome, 704. After a severe siege in 1257, it submitted to Charles Comte de Provence. Latterly, like the neighbouring towns it was alternately in the power of the league and the opposite party, till it returned to its allegiance under Henry the Fourth. Charles Quint besieged Marseilles, in 1536, but was soon obliged to raise the siege in disgrace.

CHAPTER XXX.

Journey to Aix—Aix, why so called—Visit to Cathedral—Great Doors—Chapel of St. John—Baptistry—Legendary—Account of the Antiquity of the Cathedral—St. Mitra—King René—Memorials of English families—Hotel de Ville—Old Tower and Clock—Obelisk and Inscriptions—Consul—Place des Precheurs—Column and Inscription—Church of Dominicans—Baths—Population—Decadence—Situation—Ventriloquist.

Nov. 13.—Set off on our return to Aix, and arrived there in good time in the afternoon.

Aix, so called from Aquæ, the *aquæ sextiæ* of the Romans, still retains its baths and chalybeate springs, which have so long been famous. Our second visit to the cathedral was highly gratifying; the first curious thing shewn us, was the great entrance doors, which are carefully cased up.

Here are many figures curiously carved in wood *with a knife*, by a Roman; on one side our conductor said were the civic officers of the city, and on the other the sibyls; this was done in the sixteenth century.

The cathedral is a noble building, some of the chapels are very old, especially that of St. John, in which is a fine dome.

The baptistry also is very curious, the top of which is octagonal, and there are some fine Egyptian pillars of marble and granite. Our guide told us that part of this cathedral was built in the fifth century. Among other ornaments, is a Magdalen in bas relief by Puget; the twelve apostles carved in stone;

Mitra the patron of the church, who was beheaded in the fifth century, *holding his head in his hand*; a curious painting in boards, by King René*, of himself, and Jane, his queen; the virgin and infant Jesus, and angels keeping a flock of sheep. We also observed inscriptions to the memory of many of our countrymen buried here, among whom were Sir John Webb, three sons of Sir John Dolben, and Lady Dolben. There is an inscription also to the memory of the late Archbishop, whose remains were lately removed from a church-yard to this cathedral. Bonaparte would not suffer him to be buried here, and the body was kept above ground some weeks, till his determination was known. On the whole the cathedral is well worth seeing.

The Hotel de Ville is a good building; on the stairs is a statue of Hector duc de Villars, late governor of Aix, which was presented to the city by his son. The following line is under the inscription:—

"Hic novus Hector adest, quem contra nullus Achilles."

Near this is an old tower with a noble clock, and a whimsically constructed figure, made to change his dress according to the seasons.

In La Place de l'Hotel de Ville is a fountain with an obelisk, on which are four inscriptions containing particulars relative to the mode of supplying the city with water, from aqueducts cleansing the pipes; the names

* Sirnamed the good, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Sicily, he was father of Margaret of Anjou, married to Henry VI., King of England. René died July 10, 1480.

of the different municipal officers, kings, governor of the province, *&c.*

The title of the first civic officer was here formerly consul.

In la Place de Precheurs, formerly Dominicans, is also a fountain, having a column, on the top of which is a Roman eagle with expanded wings; the following inscriptions are on the four sides:—

Cn. Domitiò Ahenobarbo.
C. Faunio Strabone
Coss."

" Sextius Calvinus
Procon.
Devictis Liguribus
Vocontris Salluviisque
Urbem ad aquas
Auspicato condidit*."

" Carolus Andegavenensis
Reddita ex Testamento
Francorum Regibus
Provinciâ
Populorum felicitatem adservit
Anno D. 1481."

" Nobilissimus Puer
Ludovici Delphini F.
Ludovici Regis
Provinciæ Comes Datus
Anno 1755."

" Ludovico 15th
Regi dilectissimo
Patri Patriæ
Provinciam in antiquum decus restituenti
Civitas Aquencis
Pia, fidelis, absequens
D. D.
Anno D. 1766."

* Sextius Calvinus having conquered the Ligurians, *&c.*, built the city of Aix.

In the church of the Dominicans which is very beautiful, there is a handsome pulpit of marble, a canopy to the high altar and six figures, three on each side. This church consists of a nave and two aisles, and there is a fine portico on entering.

The church of the Carmelites on La Course has four fine domes, and is well worth seeing.

The baths are still used at Aix, and the waters drank. The price for bathing is a franc, the baths are fourteen in number, and are in a large handsome house; the expense is supported by government.

Aix* was formerly a parliament-town, and more flourishing and populous than at present; it now only contains 21,000 persons, and may be said to be in its decline. But it has the advantage of a good situation, and many of the streets are handsome.

A gentleman† conversing with us at the Table d'Hôte, lamented the change. He said from being a parliament town and of great consequence, it was now little better than a village. Aix, he said, had been always loyal, but reaped no advantage from its

* Le Baron D'Oppede, first president of the parliament of Aix, is recorded for his peculiar barbarity and cruelty to the Protestants, in the reign of Francis I., who, in spite of all that his panegyrists have said of him, was a cruel and bigoted prince, assisting in person at the burning of the heretics. Under the auspices of this baron, twenty-two small towns and villages were burnt, and their inhabitants destroyed by an *arret* of the parliament of Aix, procured at his instigation.—*Histoire of France.*

† This gentlemen, who was an officer, lamented the ingratitude, as he said, of the present family, remarking that he was utterly neglected by them, after having zealously served and been much attached to them; whether the fact was true or not, it shews at least the perfect liberty of speech which prevails now in France.

loyalty, whilst all the advantages and privileges were transferred to Marseilles, which had not deserved them, and was rapidly rising to an eminent degree of splendour and prosperity.

At Aix, besides the provençal song, there came regularly to our hotel, a boy, who excelled in the ventriloquist's art, exercised it daily, and attracted much attention *.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Journey to Avignon—Lambesc—Orgon—Inns excellent—Singular Entrance—Situation of Inns—*Moderation* of an Innkeeper—Change of Country—Antiquity of Avignon—Papal Palace—Cathedral—Interesting View—Remains of Tombs—Melancholy Fragments—Fallen Greatness—Curious Inscription—Saturn Temple—Tower of Palace—Black Penitents—Fine Ivory Figure—Change in Avignon—Maison de Santé—Drive to, and Description of, Vaucluse—Villages and surrounding Country.

Nov. 14.—Left Aix †, stopped the second time at Lambesc, where we had now the opportunity of seeing the church, which we missed before. It was rebuilt about a hundred years ago, and is a very elegant cruciform building, with a beautiful dome, a nave and two aisles, (the latter very elegant) with

* This was at L'Hotel du Cours, an excellent and splendid inn.

† In 1536, the Emperor, Charles Quint, made two triumphal entries into Aix, one as King of Arles, the other as Comte de Provence.—*Histoire de France.*

many paintings, sculpture, &c. It has also a tower with a good clock and figures, to strike the quarters as in St. Dunstan's in Fleet-street. The town is small and dirty, presenting to the traveller nothing remarkable.

We arrived at Orgon† in the evening, where we staid all night. This is a small village with two or three inns, just by the junction of the Nimes and Avignon roads to Marseilles.

In all these villages and posts, there are excellent inns, but very dear. The Voiturins always drive into a large *remise* so large, indeed, as often to have one or two turnings in it. There is an enormous lamp suspended from the centre, and a large pair of folding doors *each way* always open in the day. The Voiturin, without any notice, leads his horses into the middle of the *remise*, takes them out of the coach, leaving his passengers to find their way up stairs as they can, the house being usually over the *remise* and stables, though sometimes adjoining them.

At Orgon we had a strong instance of the *moderation and self-applauding conscience* of the innkeeper. On desiring him to be moderate in his demands, *for conscience sake*, he shewed us his grey hairs, and said, "at my time of life, (and he had a most venerable appearance) I should scorn to be otherwise." After this he asked ten francs for three small bed-rooms, not larger than closets, taking however six. We were now rapidly approaching a more civilized country, or

† At L'Hotel de Londres.

properly speaking, a more fertile one, after having many days bent our steps among high mountains and barren rocks, seldom trodden by the foot of man, and varied only by the cultivated country about Montpellier Nice, and the vale of Aix.

For many dreary miles not a human step was seen, not even a miserable cottage, nay, not even a cow. Now and then, indeed, a mountain goat was seen skipping from rock to rock, or the shepherd at a distance appeared with his immense flapped hat, conducting his little flock to the *least barren spot* for subsistence.

Nature here reigned uncontrolled, awful in all its uncultivated state and terrific grandeur.

To those who have gone through Roussillon, and parts of Languedoc and Provence, these scenes will not seem exaggerated, or the picture drawn with too high a colour.

Nov. 15.—Set off from Orgon to Avignon, distant eight leagues, St. Andiol one and a quarter, Bonpas and Avignon one and a half.

We now came into a flat country, leaving the mountains for a time, and having on our left the road of Nimes.

At Bonpas we passed the Durance on a wooden-bridge 676 yards in length, made in a singular manner of strong piles placed cross ways. Owing to the long continuance of dry weather, there was but little water in the river, but it was rapid; there were large beds of stones and gravel, which when the

river is high, are, of course, entirely covered. We now entered the department of Vaucluse.

From hence to Avignon we went through a fertile track of corn and grass fields, which to us, who had long been used to nothing but rocks, was quite a treat. We had also the pleasure of seeing a number of fine cows, a sight we had long been unaccustomed to, and anticipated the comfort of good wholesome milk, which, indeed, was realized at Avignon.

We went round the fortifications of Avignon*, which bear the mark of great antiquity, for about a mile and a half to the bridge, near which was the hotel in which we took up our quarters for the night†.

Nov. 16.—We took a survey of the city, which is large, bearing strong evidence of its Roman origin. The streets in general are very narrow, the fortifications though not strong, remarkably regular. Avignon has been famous in history for the long existing wars between the Guelphs and Gibelins, from pretended religious motives. It is situated in a beautiful valley, overlooked by a noble rock, on which the ancient palace of the Popes is built, proudly looking down on the town; at the bottom are the two branches of the Rhone, with a fine fertile island formed by them.

This Papal palace is, indeed, well worthy the atten-

* Avignon is in the department of Vaucluse.

† This day's journey was chiefly through a flat cultivated country, varied, however, with some districts of rocks, in which we found much wild lavender and some curious holly, producing acorns like the oak.

tion of a stranger. From it is a noble view of the city, the surrounding country and winding of the Rhone on one side, and on the other Durance, which empties itself into the Rhone.

The old cathedral, which joins the palace, presents a melancholy view of fallen greatness; you have, indeed, the great door opened to you with solemn pomp, but opened to *a mass of ruins*. The *shell* of the tomb of Laura and her arms are shewn you, and the *remains* of the tombs of popes and cardinals, which seem to say, *fuimus*.

We saw a head in one place, an arm in another, and a leg in a third; and on asking the reason, the woman who was our conductress, told us the *marshal* had ordered them to be thus mutilated. But it is surely impossible to believe, that any one in so elevated a situation could thus war against the arts, at the same time disturbing the ashes of the dead.

The elegant dome of this skeleton of a church, with its fine painting, and the various pieces of marble which are scattered here and there, are sufficient evidences of its former splendour.

In one of the chapels is an inscription in Latin, signifying that Jesus Christ himself consecrated it, as it appears from the record of Popes John XXII. and Sixtus IV.

Clement II., Clement V., and John XXII., kept their court and died here, and it was the seat of Papal grandeur, splendour, and sometimes of *tyranny* nearly 100 years.

This church is said to have been a temple, dedi-

cated to Saturn; and in it there is a chapel called the Temple of Constantine. John XXII. built the palace, the tower* of which is very high, and in a most commanding situation, and the prospect is most extensive. You descend into the city by a vast number of steps.

We next went to the Black Penitents, where there is a brilliant assemblage of fine paintings, such as the complete history of John the Baptist, *&c.;* but superior in execution to the rest, is a very fine figure in ivory of our Saviour, done in 1659, by J. Guillermin. The subject is most distressing to a Christian, and must harrow up his feelings, for the most minute parts of the passion of his Redeemer are descried, and his wounds, *&c.*, are most accurately sculptured.

Avignon is about a league and a half round, has four parishes, and about 22,000 persons; but how changed now is Avignon. Where under the Papal sway, superstition reigned uncontrolled, and churches, convents, *&c.*, were seen in almost every corner, hardly a church is to be discovered, and the distant tinkling of the convent bell is no more heard.

La Maison de Santé for mad persons, idiots, *&c.*, is conducted liberally on an extensive plan; and what is very singular, all the officers of the house are *deranged* or convalescents, cooks, scullions, *&c.* On my inquiring of the cook into this, he answered me, "Yes, Sir, it is very true, we are all here fools or mad."

* The woman who was our guide, said that a French Marshal had ordered 300 of the opposite party to be thrown from this tower,

At Avignon, at the Table d'Hôte, we had musical glasses brought in, which being well performed on, had a most pleasing effect. We retired early to prepare for our journey to Vaucluse in the morning.

Nov. 17.—Having previously engaged a cabriolet and two horses*, we set off for Vaucluse. Our postilion rode one of the horses *à l'Angloise*, and was dressed like a jockey; and he set off at a brisk rate. Vaucluse is twenty miles from Avignon. This celebrated resort of travellers, to say the truth, has been much exaggerated, and does not pay for the trouble of going so far to see it. The village is in a most romantic situation, with the stream running through it, which, by means of the stones and rocks forming natural cascades, is clear and pastoral.

Vaucluse is surrounded with high rocks; on the top of one are the ruins of an old castle, *said* to have been the habitation of Petrarch. It was with some difficulty that we clambered up to the top of this rock, the situation of which is bold and romantic to the greatest degree.

Nearly a mile farther, in the hollow of a rock, with another very high one hanging over it, is the *fountain*† or rather basin, and near it a high column, which we were eager to examine, in the hope of deriving some valuable information; when, behold, on arriving at it,

* For this we gave twenty francs, and the horses and chaise were good.

† Here it should be observed, once for all, that the French like the Romans, use the word fountain in a very copious way, such as a well, pump, conduit, *&c.*, and the writer of this has followed their method only, whereas the English only use it in an artificial sense, for a *Jet D'Eau, &c.*

our expectations were blasted in a moment, for we found —— a blank. The rocks bear nothing but wild thyme, lavender, &c. The source of the spring is soon increased by others rippling out of the rocks, in the prettiest manner imaginable, till it becomes a tolerably wide stream.

The situation of the village under the rock is very romantic, but there is no memorial whatsoever of Petrarch or Laura. The former followed the fortune of the Pope into Italy, where he died and was buried*; the latter was buried at Avignon.

The little village of L'Isle, one league off, is pretty and flourishing, and there are several good inns; but at Vaucluse only a miserable imposing cabaret, where scarcely any thing was to be had. The days were so short, and the journey so long, we could not avail ourselves of the refreshment to be had at the former, but came back half-famished to Avignon. The first three or four miles, the road was good, but afterwards none could be worse, being stony, rough, and rutty to the greatest degree; the country, however, is pretty, and in general well cultivated, but there are not many villages. After taking some refreshment, we retired early to prepare for our journey next day.

* Petrarch died at Argua, near Padua, and was buried there; the following verses were on his tomb; the rhyme is their only merit, as the author of the Life of Petrarch observes:—

Frigida Francisci tegit hic lapis ossa Petrarcæ
Suscipe, virgo parens, animam; sate virgine parce;
Fessaque jam terris cœl requiescat in arce.

DOBSON'S *Life of Petrarch.*

CHAPTER XXXII.

Leave Avignon—Cross the Rhone—Neuve Ville—La Croisade—Pont de Gard—Valiguieres—Departure from Valiguieres—Pierlatte—Connaux—Bagnols—St. Esprit—Palno—Pierlatte—Patois—Donzeres—Montelimart—Derbieres—Loriol—Industry of Peasants—Evening Agriculture—Fine View of the Rhone—Description of Boats—Bad Roads—La Paillasse—Valence—No amendment in Roads—Much Traffic—Silkworms numerous—Many of the Poor employed.

Nov. 18.—SET off from Avignon*, passing over the Rhone on a wooden-bridge to the little populous town of Neuve Ville, in which is a fine old castle on the hill; this may be considered as a Fauxbourg to Avignon, though we now, having crossed the river, had quitted the department of Vaucluse for Gard. The Rhone here forms itself into two large branches, having a considerable island in the centre, and both branches are here remarkably rapid.

Five leagues farther is La Croisade, where we took a *patache* or light covered cart, and drove to the Pont de Gard, two miles distant.

* Avignon had the papal seat transferred to it in 1305. It was purchased of Jane of Sicily and Countess of Provence in 1367, by Pope Benedict XII.; the Emperor Charles IV. confirmed the bargain, freeing the county of Avignon from any subjection to the empire. After this it was seized and occupied by the French Kings, but restored to Pope Alexander VIII. by Louis XIV. The popes who resided at Avignon during the famous schism of forty years are usually called anti-popes, but this is an error, for several of the popes, *so acknowledged*, resided there. The famous faction of the Guelphs and Gibelins, the former on the side of the pope, and the latter of the emperor, began in 1243, and long disturbed Europe, plunging it in continual wars, and causing a schism in the church by making popes and anti-popes.—MEZERAI.

This noble and stupendous work of ancient grandeur and utility has not received unmerited praise. It consists of three tiers of arches; the first, which supports the aqueduct, has thirty-five arches, the next eleven, and the third six. On the side is a modern bridge over the Gard, which is a romantic river but not wide.

We walked over the aqueduct from one end to the other, and found it in excellent preservation, three parts of it are covered over with stone about five feet seven inches high, the rest of the top or covering has been broken down or decayed by time.

The length of the aqueduct is 331 yards*, the great arches vary from twenty-eight to eighteen yards.

This beautiful work may be said to be almost in a perfect state of preservation, and is worthy the attention of the curious. Its original use was to convey water to Nismes, which was a Roman town, distant four leagues. Came to Valiguieres† in the evening.

This day's journey was through corn-fields, interspersed with olive-trees, and rocks frequently appearing on each side of the road.

Nov. 19. — Left Valiguieres, which is a small insignificant village; Connaux, a small village one post and three-quarters, Bagnols, one and a half. The latter is a pretty little town on the river Ceze,

* This is its *supposed* admeasurement, being only taken by the steps of the party, a method we adopted in measuring many of the public

† lais, a vile and dear inn.

which empties itself into the Rhone. Pont St. Esprit one post and three-quarters, La Palud one, and Pierlat one. St. Esprit, or Pont St. Esprit, as it is usually called, is a neat, old, and tolerably populous town on the Rhone, over which is a remarkably long and narrow stone bridge of thirty-six arches, considerably more than half a mile in length, and which gives name to the town. There is a strong citadel, and the population of the town is 8000, but no place has experienced more of the revolutionary fury than this; a priest lamented to us that it had formerly fifty clergy, but that now it contained only one solitary ecclesiastic. An island is here also formed by the river, which is rapid and divides itself into two branches.

The first part of our journey this day was very romantic, the road winding among the rocks; afterwards we passed through a flat rich country, abounding with grain of various kinds. From a hill about two miles distant, the view of St. Esprit and its bridge, with the winding Rhone, is highly beautiful. A *patois* much resembling Italian began now to be generally spoken. From Valiguieres to Pierlatte* is ten leagues.

Nov. 20.—Left Pierlatte and slept at Loriol, distant eleven leagues; Donzeres, a small village two posts, Montelimart two, Derbieres one and a half, Loriol one and a half.

Montelimart is a good sized town, situate in a fer-

* At Le Chariot d'Or.

tile district, and has several good inns. This day's journey was chiefly through a cultivated country, consisting of corn, grass, potatoes, *&c.* Men, women, and children were busily employed in digging them up, and the men were ploughing in the evening with an Essex plough; houses and villages now began to thicken, and had it not been for the high mountains at some distance, on each side of the road, the scene might have reminded us of the flourishing part of our own country. For many miles the Rhone was near us on our left, and numerous boats were descending the stream, having a long oar at the head, and another at the stern which served for a rudder; so rapid is the river, that they go six or seven miles an hour. This added much to the animation of our journey, but we could not help regretting that the roads were in general bad, and much neglected.

Lorion is a small but flourishing town, containing about 2800 persons.

Nov. 21.—Left Lorion and came to Valence, distant seven leagues; La Paillasse, a small mean village, three and a half, Valence three and a half.

This country was very similar to that which we passed through the day before, rich, well cultivated and dirty, with very bad roads, notwithstanding there are excellent materials on the spot for making them better.

They breed great numbers of silk-worms in this district, which they feed with the leaves of mulberry-trees, the fruit of which is generally left to perish. This employment is a great source of comfort to the

poor; there are often eighty men, women, and children employed in stripping one tree: the mulberry-tree produces leaves thrice a year.

We arrived at Valence early in the afternoon, after a rough day's journey through bad roads, as usual.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Valence—Population—Cathedral—Streets—St. Jean—Great Thoroughfare—Citadel, &c.—Ruff—Missionaries—Observations—Singular Military Metaphors—Warmth of Weather—Hotel de Ville—Tain—Hermitage Wine—Cross L'Isere—Ferry—Old Bridge—Description of Country—Road still bad—Country flourishing—Population—Departure for St. Vallier—Nobleman's Château and Pleasure-grounds—Church of St. Vallier—Departure from St. Vallier—St. Rambert—Péage de Roussillon—Country fast improving—Leave Péage—Auberive—Barren Heaths—Vienne—Cathedral of Vienne—Pontius Pilate's House.

VALENCE is a fine but not very large city, beautifully situated in a fertile country, on the Rhone, with romantic rocks on the opposite side of the river.

It is in the department of the Drome, and contains no more than 10,000 people, a small number for its size, but it was formerly more populous. The cathedral is a venerable building; the choir, which is small and mean, is behind the high altar, which is a superb structure of variegated marble.

In this church is a handsome monument, to the memory of Pius VI., who, it will be remembered, was kept prisoner at Valence, for his spirited resist-

ance in opposing the tyranny of Bonaparte*. He died at Valence, August 29, 1799.

The following inscription is on his monument:—

"Sancta Pii Sexti rèdeunt præcordia Gallis
Roma tenet corpus, Numen ubique sonat†."

His arms, Papal crown, *&c.*, are on the side.

The streets of Valence are narrow, and in general dirty, but the principal square, which is used as a market, is handsome; and at the end of many of the streets is a small terrace overlooking the Rhone and a fine country. There are also two handsome public walks.

The old church of St. Jean is very curious for having a singular roof, painted in squares like bricks.

Valence is a great thoroughfare to Italy and Paris, both roads passing through it; this makes it a dear town to reside in. It has been strongly fortified, and there is still a citadel. There is also a prefecture, *&c.*

The ancient Abbey of St. Ruffe, is now used as a church for the Protestants, of whom there are many in this town and surrounding country.

Being at Valence some days, we had an opportunity of informing ourselves of the missionaries, who

* Pius VI. is not the only pope who died in captivity. Boniface VIII. died miserably, a prisoner to his enemies or false friends in 1303, and two years after, the pontifical residence was transferred to Avignon, by Clement V.—DENINA.

† Gaul the good Pontiff's heart with joy receives,
Rome has his corse, his fame for ever lives.—ED.

had lately arrived there, and were making a great noise in the town. They were nine in number, and came from Grenoble to Valence. The government paid them a certain sum, and they were otherwise assisted by voluntary contributions; they had also the benefit of some legacies from the Brisac family, and others for this purpose.

That it is highly right and praiseworthy to awaken the slumbering to a sense of religion, must be confessed by all; but whether this purpose can best be effected by the thundering powers of declamation, preaching to the passions, and rhapsody without argument; or by the solid way of convincing the judgment, by the calm and unsophisticated reasoning of sound sense, taking the scriptures for a guide, and proving from them *that these things are so*, must be left to the unprejudiced to determine.

It appears that the oratorical powers of these men are directed in the first instance against the Protestants; and secondly, against the humble unassuming priests of their own church. Whatever may be their talents or powers of persuasion, the priests are decidedly mild in their manners, religious in their deportment, and assiduous in the exercise of their pastoral duties, to which they give up the whole of their time, living most frugally and temperately. On the whole, it may fairly be inferred,

"Non tali auxilio tempus eget."*

The missionaries, we were informed, began their thundering discourses as early as four in the morning,

* VIRGIL.

continuing them with little intermission till eight in the evening, three or four times in the week; so that they are not slothful at least, or slack in their endeavours. At Valence* a singular instance occurred of the caprice of fortune, and the instability of human affairs. One of our society was shaved and had his hair regularly dressed by a half-pay lieutenant, who had served ten years in the army of Italy with great credit, when Bonaparte was only a general. He was at the battle of Lodi, *&c.*, and had a pension of 600 francs: he retired to Valence† his native town, in which he exercised the business of hair-dresser, *&c.*, with great success. He was a sensible well-bred man.

The present Hotel de Ville has nothing remarkable; it was formerly a female convent of the order of St. Marie, and at the revolution appropriated to this use. There are belonging to it, old cloisters crammed with long scriptural quotations, inscriptions, *&c.* A new Hotel de Ville is building.

Nov. 28.—Left Valence for Tain, distant five leagues. Three leagues crossed the Isere in a strong ferry-boat, and entered the department of Isere; the river is not here very rapid. The ferry-boats pass by means of ropes and pulley, the ropes are fastened on each side of the water to three high triangular poles or rather poles in a triangular form.

Francis I. was at Valence, making head against Charles V., when he had the melancholy news of the death of his son the Dauphin.—GARNIER'S *Histoire de France.*

† There was a famous council holden here in order to restore the discipline of the church so early as 374.—MEZERAI.

The bridge was burnt by the French some years ago to prevent the Austrians passing the river.

We had this day on our right, vineyards, corn-fields, and several woods of oak, and underwood oak, with a distant view of the high mountains about Grenoble. On our left was the Rhone immediately under rocks stopped with mountains; the road was, as usual, as bad as possible.

Le Tain is a neat little town in a beautiful situation; on one side is the Rhone, separating it from Tournon*, a flourishing little town, in which is a fine college for the education of youth.

On one side of Tain are rocks and mountains, overlooking the river, and on the other an amphitheatre of hills and rocks, covered with vineyards, houses, chateaux, *&c.*, which makes the town both interesting and beautiful.

Here is made the celebrated wine known by the name of Hermitage, and sold on the spot for three francs a bottle. There is no bridge over the Rhone, but a number of ferry-boats, in constant employ, are a proof of the population of this fine and flourishing country.

The high-street is broad and handsome, and there are several good houses; but the church is mean, and has nothing remarkable except a very large shell brought from Marseilles, and used for holy water. Just by the church is a high cross, with all the melancholy instruments of the passion of our Lord; *viz.*, the hammer, nails, *&c.*

* At Tournon, the Dauphin, son of Francis I., breathed his last in 1536.—Mezerai.

The peasants of both sexes dress very neatly, and their whole appearance and manner indicate comfort.

The number of waggons from Marseilles, loaded with cotton, wine, *&c.*, continually passing, is astonishing, and are, indeed, one great cause of the badness of the road.

A gentleman observed, that his countrymen were very anxious to erect public buildings and columns on the spot which Monsieur, the Duchess of Angoulême, *&c.*, passed on such a day; but were flagrantly neglectful in attending to works of necessity, among which public roads must ever be looked on as the chief*.

Nov. 29.—We left Tain† much gratified with the town and country; for although candour must own that part of the rocks is barren, it is only sufficiently so to afford a variety in the view, and set off the more cultivated parts.

We went along a beautiful road on a terrace, under which the Rhone was rapidly running and forming islands, while many boats passing and repassing enlivened the scene; above were rocks, mountains, *&c.*, covered with vineyards to the very top. On our right likewise were rocks, partly covered with sloping vineyards, trained with care along poles, stakes, *&c.*

St. Vallier is a small neat town, with two thousand inhabitants. The church is neat, consisting of a nave only; over the high altar is a painting of the pre-

* This is very true, for even *round the pompous column* at the upper end of La Rue de Rome at Marseilles the road is very bad.

† At L'Assurance, an excellent inn.

sentation of our Saviour in the temple. In front of the church is the following inscription:

"Detruite par L'Heresie en 1583,
Retabli en 1786*."

The château of Le Comte de St. Vallier Seigneur de la Ville, is built in the castellated form, and handsome; the grounds are beautiful; there is a fine commanding terrace walk, with arches to support it, and all round a most lovely romantic country, which this terrace commands; vineyards rising above each other like a ladder, country-houses interspersed with summer-houses, and the Rhone rapidly running under the rocks, make this scene truly enchanting.

The count is very liberal in permitting strangers to see his grounds; he is of the old French noblesse, and fortunately for the inhabitants, passes as much of his time as can be spared from the court in this charming retreat, which is quite *rus in urbe*: you enter it immediately from the town, as Lord Egremont's from Petworth, or the noble seat of the Marquis of Salisbury from Hatfield.

There is a good silk manufactory at St. Vallier.

Nov. 30th.—Left St. Vallier for Péage, distant six leagues only. This day's journey resembled the former in rocks, vineyards, population, &c.

Three leagues, St. Rambert, a small place, and three leagues farther Péage de Roussillon, a small

* We could get no correct information who these heretics were, but suspected that the Huguenots in the reign of Henri III., were meant. It does, however, no credit to the liberality of the nation, to suffer so inflammatory an inscription to remain.

ugly narrow town, containing about one thousand persons, with one parish church only; the country round, however, is very pretty, and in a very progressive state of improvement, and many new houses are every where erecting; they were likewise improving and embellishing the old. The road we came was a new one, and though not good at present, was the cause of these improvements.

Dec. 1st.—Left Péage for Vienne, six leagues distant; three, Auberive, a village and post, and three more Vienne.

The first part of this day's journey was (after ascending a long hill from Péage,) over heaths flat and uninteresting; after some miles, we descended a long and winding hill, when the country and views are lovely, of the river, rocks, vineyards, corn-fields, *&c.*, among other artificial grass, there is much clover cultivated here, and apparently of a good quality.

The approach to Vienne is very fine, having the river on the left; you pass by a Roman pyramid supposed to have been built as a mausoleum for a Roman of distinction.

Vienne is a fine old city, the capital of Lower Dauphiné, and in the department of Isere. It was a Roman station, and has many antiquities, among which is a temple dedicated to Augustus, with Corinthian pillars, like the maison Carrée at Nimes. There is also a curious old gate leading to the theatre, *&c.* The streets in general are narrow, but along the Rhone it is very pleasant; on the opposite side is the town of St. Colombe, where are the

remains of a bridge destroyed by the rising of the waters.

The square, on which is the Hotel de Ville, is neat and has piazzas; but the chief ornament of this city is its cathedral, which is indeed a beautiful and venerable piece of Gothic architecture: you ascend to the western door * by a very high flight of steps, which gives it a magnificent appearance; there are two noble towers, and the whole exterior is equally prepossessing.

When you enter you are as much pleased with the interior as the exterior; it consists of a nave, two regular aisles and choir, in the whole about three hundred feet in length. The choir is small; there are figures of the four evangelists, two on each side, and above are five figures on each side, painted in glass; our guide told us there were formerly two more, making in the whole the twelve apostles.

In the choir is a beautiful marble monument of Armand de Montmorin, Archbishop of Vienne, (who died about an hundred years ago,) and Cardinal de Crillon. We heard with pleasure that a venerable prelate was soon expected to reside here.

They shew you the house in which Pontius Pilate lived, when banished here by Tiberius Cæsar; it is now a manufactory of china.

Vienne † contains fifteen thousand inhabitants.

* The churches in France are not all built east and west, especially in Lyons, where that kind of uniformity is in many instances not attended to.

† Vienne is famous for a siege of more than a year, sustained as early

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Departure for Lyons—St. Saphoren D'Ozon—St. Fons—Approach to Lyons—Châteaux—Guillotiere—Bridge over the Rhone—Various Observations on the Country and Manners—Evils suffered at Lyons—Belle Cour much changed—Horrors of a Civil War—Latter Improvements—Luxury and Dearness—Population—Cathedral of St. John—Counts of Lyons—Protestant Church—Fine Statue of Astronomy—Junction of the Rivers—New Bridge.

Dec. 2nd.—SET off on our journey to Lyons, distant seven leagues, St. Saphorin d'Ozon, three, St. Fons, two, and Lyons, two. St. Saphorin is a tolerably sized town, consisting of one long street; the other is only a small place and post. We ascended a long hill from Vienne, and afterwards went through a well-cultivated corn country, where an abundance of hands were employed in agriculture. We observed as we passed along, that they used cows for their carts and ploughs.

In this day's journey there were several beautiful winding hills, especially the descent to and ascent from St. Saphorin.

The vicinity of Lyons bespeaks the approach to a rich and populous city. We passed by numerous country-houses, and through the large suburb of Guillotiere, containing about ten thousand people: it

as 881, against Charles Le Gros, afterwards Emperor and King of Germany; it was taken in 882. In latter times, it long refused acknowledging Henri IV., but at length submitted to his authority.—MEZERAI.

There was formerly a palace of the ancient kings of Burgundy, four leagues from Vienne.

consists of a street above a mile long, separated from Lyons by the Rhone, and in a different department, but still it is considered as the most populous suburb of that noble city. We crossed the Rhone on a fine stone bridge* very long, and supported by a number of arches. It was evening, and the view of the numerous lights on the different stories† of old Lyons, lighted up from the bottom to the top of the rock on which it is built, with the reflection of the Saone underneath, was particularly interesting, appearing like an enchanted place, or so many blazing stars: we drove along the quay of the Rhone to our former hotel, Le Parc, Place des Terreaux.

We thus once more safely performed our journey to this populous city, through a highly varied and beautiful country, adorned with rich and lovely scenery, above 1,700 miles, which was the distance we had come, in our circuitous road from Paris to Lyons; for nearly 800 miles we had never been out of sight of mountains and rocks, which, though certainly barren at times, at others being covered with trees and shrubs, afford a rich and constant variety of scene.

* There is a cross in the middle of the bridge which divides Dauphiné from the Lyonnois—the department of the Isere, from the Rhone. On account of the expense and hazard there is only one mean bridge over the Rhone (of wood,) built many years ago at the expense of Monsieur Morand: this is a toll bridge and begins now to pay the proprietors; it is called Pont de Morand, and leads to the public walk called Bretteau over the river.

† In the great towns in France each story is inhabited by separate families, and sometimes many families in one, and there is a common stone stair-case, which, as may be imagined, is dirty and filthy to the greatest degree.

Having travelled through such a tract of country, occasionally associating with persons of various classes, we, of course, must have made some observations on the state of society; but how altered are the eople since the revolution! The polished and polite manners of the French are changed into roughness *always*, *sometimes* incivility, and even rudeness.

The Frenchman who formerly gave the wall to a lady, or if he touched her in passing made a low bow, with an apology, now takes the wall with unblushing effrontery, with his arms a-kimbo, strutting to shew his consequence; while another, with his little hat cocked on one side of his head, if he meets a female on the stairs, would knock her down sooner than give way.

Formerly, on coming to a table d'hôte, every attention was paid to strangers, particularly ladies; to whom, taking off their hats, they would offer their places, and help them to the choicest viands. Now, a lady goes into the Sale a'Manger, takes a place where she can find it, and provides for herself as she can; the Frenchmen, with the *bit of red ribbon in their button-hole*, and their small hats on, keeping the best seats, with the most determined rudeness, at the top of the table. No attention, in short, is shewn to her; the French take especial care of themselves, and if there happen to be a particularly nice dish, they partake too much of the *gourmand* to part with an atom of it.

Equally uncivil are they in their conversation; never entering into any as formerly, with strangers, but

frequently bursting out into a horse-laugh, and uttering what they think witticisms, sometimes at the expense of the English.

Such is the present wretched state of manners in France, which it is to be hoped will be amended by time; but, perhaps, these things are not much to be wondered at, when it is considered what changes have taken place since the revolution. The ancient noble and well-bred men of polished manners, deprived of their estates, are now often obliged to live in an humble lodging, without the means of travelling or appearing in society, whilst the Roturier or Man of Néant, who, by the chance of the revolution, is come into possession of the fortune of the former, takes their place in society, without taste to enjoy it, or education and manners to adorn it*.

We found Lyons fast emerging from evils it had suffered at the revolution. There were cannon planted in different parts at that time round the city, and a civil war was carried on for some time with all its horrors. We saw a gentleman, who was a lieutenant of the patriots, and was taken prisoner at the time, who assured us, that for several days 1,200 persons were victims to this sanguinary and unnatural contest. No city, indeed, in France suffered more than this†.

* This lamentable change the respectable French themselves own with grief.

† The arsenal was so injured as to be left a mere shell. The siege continued sixty days, and the inhabitants were forced to eat oats, &c. During its continuance the shops were shut up, trade suspended, and many hid themselves in cellars, caves, &c. When the city surrendered the guillotine

La Place de Terreaux* and the noble Hotel de Ville, shew no signs of it, but Place de Belle Cour is much changed; the fine statue of Louis XIV. was entirely demolished; the Jets d'Eau and many of the good houses destroyed, and the fine turf and many of the trees taken away; so that this, which was one of the most beautiful squares in France, is so altered for the worse, as scarcely to be recognised.

The Lyonnois have, however, lately exerted themselves, and within a few years several handsome new bridges have been built over the Saone, so that there are now seven, four of which are toll-bridges. Trade is likewise reviving, and the spirit of building and improvement very great. Luxury, however, the consequence of increasing commerce, is making rapid strides in this city, and provisions have advanced much in price. Poultry, and game, which were formerly looked on as articles of common food, are now become a luxury, only to be purchased by the rich†.

was fixed in Terreaux, and numbers were every day sarificed to party and revolutionary fury. This was the account given by an eye-witness.

* This is one of the finest Hotels de Ville in France. The two beautiful emblematic figures in bronze of the Rhone and Saone, which were formerly on each side of the statue of Louis XIV. in Belle Cour, ever since the revolution, have been placed one on each side of this beautiful building on entering it; but the elegant descriptive verses on the different qualities of the two rivers have been effaced.

† It is common to give four francs for two chickens not much larger than partridges, for a hare five or six francs, and the same for a brace of partridges; three francs for a woodcock. Rents are so high, that the Parc lets at 24,000 francs a year; and a wooden shed in the street, in which they sell chestnuts, lets at 10*l.* for five months.

From the best accounts the population of Lyons is about 130,000.

The cathedral of St. Jean* situated in old Lyons, is a fine piece of Gothic architecture, built in the ninth century, in the reign of Charlemagne. It is rich in painted glass, and the painted rosette at the west end of the church is a great ornament to it. The clock is a curious piece of mechanism, representing the signs of the Zodiac, *&c.*, but is now suffered to go to decay. On each side of the choir there is a statue of St. John and St. Stephen. This cathedral has four towers, two of which overlook the Saone, and have elevated crosses on the top. There is a small square before the great doors, but a noble flight of steps, like that at the entrance of the cathedral at Vienne, is much wanted here.

The revenues of the Canons or Counts, as they are called, are considerably diminished, since the revolution, and are now about 1500 francs a-year. There are twelve of them, but only two of the *Counts* are now living; they were formerly obliged to prove their noblesse up to the fourteenth century, on the paternal and maternal sides, but that is now dispensed with: an archbishop has been appointed, but Cardinal Fesch, Bonaparte's uncle, will not give in his resignation.

We were happy to find that the old Exchange is

* In 1245, the Council of Lyons was transferred from Abbey St. Just to the cathedral of St. John. The archbishop is always Primate of Gaul. —MEZERAI.

converted into a regular place of worship for the Protestants; indeed we every where found the spirit of intolerance and bigotry, which have so long been a disgrace to France, dying away; and liberality and toleration, which are the supports of a nation, visibly gaining ground. The clergy instruct and catechise the children in the churches three times a week about an hour or two at a time, when they leave their respective works, and return to them again; so that they are instructed, without neglecting the means of gaining their future livelihood. In La Place des Cordeliers is a handsome column of the Corinthian order, much admired, with a statue of ASTRONOMY on the top, holding a meridian in her hand.

Dec. 20th.—The weather being fine for a walk, we went to St. Fort, a village two miles from Lyons, at the junction of the two rivers*: they seem here to have changed their qualities, for the Saone at its embouchure is very rapid, and the Rhone very calm; but the different colours of the waters is curious; the Saone rushes into the Rhone with its yellow muddy water; and after the junction, there are two distinct colours for a long time, the Rhone retaining its bright blue and the Saone its yellow tint, though they are become one river.

Within some years a handsome wooden bridge of eleven arches, with beautiful iron railings, as are most of the bridges at Lyons, has been built on the spot

* The different qualities of these rivers are thus accurately described by the poet,

Lentus Ara, Rhodanusque *ferox*.—CLAUD.

where was the former ferry: on one side you see this improvement and several new houses, and on the other the ravages of the siege of Lyons, by the shells of houses which were destroyed at that period, and are suffered to remain in that state.

This spot is much frequented by the inhabitants of Lyons, and there are carrioles continually going and coming; it is indeed a beautiful spot, being enlivened by the rich scenery of the Saone, mountains covered with houses, *&c.*

CHAPTER XXXV.

Ascent of the Mountain—St. Just—St. Irenée—Roman Aqueduct—Catholic Observation of Christmas—Roman Reservoir—Amphitheatre—L'Hopital de Charité—Church d'Ainay—Mosaic Pavement—Observations on the Police—Port Veze—Two New Bridges—Barracks—Pierre Cize—Cordeliers d'Observance—Interesting View—Fourviere—Houses well built—Miscellaneous Observations.

Dec. 24th.—We ascended the mountain by a new and noble road, (winding in order to avoid the steepness) to St. Just and St. Irenée.

The former is a handsome modern church with a nave, two aisles, and a fine marble pulpit: there are fine statues of our Saviour and St. Thomas, lately brought from Italy; under the former are the following words, pointing to his side:—

"Infer Digitum tuum, hunc
Et vide manus meus."
"Et affer manum tuam
Et mitte in Latus meum
Et noli esse incredulus sed fidelis."

Under the latter

"Dominus meus et Deus meus."

The look of shame and humility in the latter is very striking, as likewise that of mildness mixed with dignity in our Lord.

St. Irenée is one of the oldest churches in Lyons, as the old city was built upon the hill; you enter by a portico with paintings on the wall, representing the death of the martyrs, and the following verses:—

"Ingrediens cæca tam sacra, jam rea pectora tunde
Posce gemens veniam, lacrymas hic cum prece funde
Præsulis hic Irencei turma jacet sociorum
Quos per martyrium perduxit ad alta dolorum
Istorum numerum si (nosce) cupis, tibi pando
Millia Dena novemque fuerunt sub duce tanto
Hinc mulieres et pueri simul excipiuntur
Quos tulit utra manus, nunc christi luce fruuntur."

In the church is a painting representing the martyrdom of Lyons, to which this saint fell a sacrifice.

This martyrdom, in which one thousand nine hundred persons besides women and children perished, happened June 22, A. D. 202, under the Emperor Severus; their bones are deposited in a recess going down to the subterraneous chapel, which was built by St. Pothin, first Bishop and predecesesor of St. Irenceus, who was also martyred; it is very ancient, but was then repairing.

Adjoining the church is a square piece of enclosed ground called Calvaire, containing twelve stations*

* These stations we found very common as we proceeded on our journey.

(as they are named) in niches with pillars, containing the different parts of our Lord's passion; in each is the respective part represented in *basso relievo*, with a short history of it.

On a terrace beyond, on an elevation, is the crucifixion with figures nearly as large as life.

The last station is a vault with a sepulchre containing the recumbent statue of our Lord. In front is written "Les Lyonnaises en Actions de Grace," and figures by it. This Calvaire is of modern date, on the restoration of Pope Pius VII. and Louis XVIII. as appears by an inscription.

We finished this interesting walk by seeing the ruins of the Roman aqueduct without the gate of St. Just; only one arch of which is perfect; but it is a fine piece of antiquity, and the walls are in a good state of preservation.

Dec. 25th.—Went to the cathedral, which was splendidly lighted up for the festival; we observed the shops partially open as on Sunday, and only closed an hour or two for the tradesmen to take their recreations.

Dec. 26.—Went to see the Roman reservoir near St. Just, which is a fine piece of antiquity, forty-eight feet square.

The water was conveyed from Tarare, seven leagues from Lyons, by aqueducts into this reservoir; old Lyons, as before mentioned, being built on the hill; there were holes remaining to carry it down into the Saone when necessary.

From thence we went to the ruins of the amphithea-

tre in the Minimes, which the proprietor, a lady of fortune, in whose garden it is situated, liberally permits to be seen by the public. It is literally a ruin, and scarcely deserving notice after the amphitheatre at Nimes; merely a wall remains, the form is gone.

Jan. 6th.—We went to L'Hopital de Charité, which is a most noble foundation, for old persons of both sexes, foundlings, and independent people, who purchase a comfortable asylum for their old age, giving a sum in proportion to their age, as at Paris.

There were of the former eight hundred, and the foundlings at nurse and in the house were fourteen thousand. They take in each year on an average one thousand six hundred. The dormitory is very large, two hundred and forty feet by sixty-six, and there are two hundred and fifty beds in the largest.

The refectories also are large, and the provisions ample and good: this is a most noble and liberal foundation, carried on at the expense of government, and by voluntary contribution on a very large scale; there are twenty *sœurs de la charité*, (who like the good Samaritan, always lend their assistance on charitable occasions,) three chaplains, *&c.*, who have a comfortable refectory to themselves.

Good nourishment is not neglected here; there is a noble kitchen, *&c.*, and it was full of excellent provisions, amongst which we counted nineteen fine turkeys in a row ready to be dressed.

We concluded this day by returning by the church of Ainay, which is reckoned the oldest in Lyons, and was great part of it a temple dedicated to Augustus Cæsar, at the embouchure of the two rivers, which they say was formerly on that spot or near it.

There was, a few years ago, a curious passage from this place *under the bed of the Saone,* up the hill as far as St. Just.

In the church are four fine pillars of granite, said to have been brought from Egypt by the Romans.

The Chapel of the Conception is very old, built in the reign of Charlemagne*, and by the altar is some curious Mosaic pavement; on the other side is the oldest of the chapels, with a dungeon under it, in which the Christians were shut in the time of the persecutions.

St. Pothin, the first bishop, was martyred, *as they say,* near this church, and buried in it.

Not far from this church is a most beautiful piece of Mosaic, with the figures of Meleager and Atalanta on it; it is in the Rue St. Etienne, and well worth seeing.

We had some conversation with a gentleman on the police of Lyons; we observed, that there was the utmost tranquillity at nights, no riots, no brawls, no noises, which are such a disgrace to many cities. In reply, he said no city was better regulated, as to its police; the Bourgeois form the national guard, each takes his turn once a month, from noon till noon next

* This prince, in the midst of his conquests, did not neglect paying attention to places of worship; more churches were built in his reign in different parts of Europe than in that of any other prince.

day; and thus they and the military, to the number of 500, parade the city all night, having different stations answering to our watches, by which means perfect tranquillity is kept; the hour is not cried.

On our asking this gentleman, who was very intelligent, the law about debts, he said, *except in commerce*, the person of the debtor could not be seized; he was maintained at the expense of the creditor, at about thirty sols a day; a debtor cannot be kept in prison more than five years. We returned much pleased with our day's excursion.

Jan. 7.—Went along the Quay de Saone to Porte Veze, half a league from Lyons; there are two new bridges, and opposite the last, the barracks, which are large and spacious; this part and the Fauxbourgs Veze are particularly populous and flourishing.

The famous old fort, Pierre Cize, cut out of the rock, is demolished; as also the fine church of the Cordeliers d'Observance, the shell of which only remains*.

This part of Lyons is beautiful, with the high rocks on each side of the river, and houses built up to the very top; on one side is seen the beautiful dome of the Chartreux, and on the other, the Church of Fourviere.

Ascending the hill, which is very high and steep, we returned by Fourviere.

The numerous pictures hung up and framed, offered

* Here, as in other towns we had seen, the convents and chapel, are turned into remises, barracks, &c. The noble and spacious one of the Augustins is now a barrack.

up by the persons cured by the effectual intercession of *Our Lady*, resemble a print-shop more than a church. The *tabella votiva** is not wanting here; there are also legs, arms, crutches, *&c.*, in abundance (in wax), and a large fine picture, done at the expense of the clergy of the diocese.

In this church is only a nave and aisle; the altar is very rich. Among other curious things is a picture representing a prison, and a man confined in it; under which are the following lines:—

Impie sta miles, teneasque ex ore sodalis
Quam errantes miseros sancta Maria juvet
Namque gemens in carcere ab octoginta diebus
Libertate fruer virginis auxilio.
1816.

Upon this elegant composition it is not necessary to make any comments. The Convent of Fourviere† no longer exists; but the noble view from the terrace,

* ——Quam votiva, testantur fana tabella
Plurima, pictores quis nescit ab Iside pasci?
JUVENAL, as quoted by KENNET, p. 238.

Such as in Isis some may be survey'd
On votive tablets to the life pourtray'd,
Where painters are employ'd, and earn their bread.

† Fourviere, *Forum vetus;* the old town of Lyons began on this spot, in the time of Mark Anthony. A temple was afterwards erected to Augustus Cæsar at Lyons, and a magnificent altar consecrated to him, (with the usual servility of the age) which was embellished with sixty pillars elevated at the expense of as many conquered nations, whose names were engraved, and the victories of Augustus consecrated, thus perpetuating the defeat of these nations and their subsequent slavery: the *worship* of this prince, which *began* here, became afterwards general. Sixty aruspices and 300 augurs were charged with the functions of the worship of the Goddess of Rome and the *God Augustus.*—MALLET, vol. i. p. 50, *Histoire des Suisses.*

of the city and river under you, the Alps, and Mont Blanc, (a view almost unequalled,) the Revolutionists could not take away.

Large as Lyons seems, there are only twelve parishes in the city; but the houses are very high, varying from five to eight stories the usual height is six. Each family possesses a story, which it inhabits or lets out. A fire is rarely known, which is astonishing, considering the number of families; but was this to happen, much harm could not accrue, as the stone stair-cases and brick floors are a great safe-guard.

Though the houses are so high, yet are they so well-built that they scarcely ever want repair, and you seldom hear of their falling down*; nor do you in this or the other towns of France meet with any impediment in the street, from scaffolding, *&c.*, in the repair of houses; at the same time it must be admitted that the comfort of a *trottoir* is much wanted, but which cannot be had, from the narrowness of the streets.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

St. Nizier — Musée — Theatres—St. Louis—Chartreux — Antiquailles—Anniversary of the Death of Louis Seize—Different remarks—Erroneous opinion.

Jan. 9.—WENT to St. Nizier; the outside of the grand door is very handsome, the upper part in the form of a shell. The interior is a beautiful Gothic

* This did, however, happen once whilst the party was at Lyons, but no lives were lost.

building; in the choir are several good pictures, and on each side a statue of Notre Dame and Our Saviour, and St. Pothin; but there is a very bad picture of Our Saviour with a crown of thorns, lately removed from the high altar to one of the chapels.

The north and south transepts, and upper part of this church, appear very old.

Jan. 12.—Went to the Musée on Place Terreaux; below, are piazzas quite round a large court, formerly a convent; here the merchants meet daily, using it as an exchange; all round are Roman monuments, with inscriptions.

Ascending a very fine staircase, we came into a noble room full of fine paintings, some by Reubens, Caracci, *&c.* By the latter, is a fine picture of the wise men and our Saviour; there are also in this room, which is 270 feet long, various other curiosities, such as antique vases, *&c.* Among other things is a curious small barrel, containing 1000 pieces. This museum is thrown open to the public three times in the week.

Amusements are not wanting in this city; there are every night three theatres open, two good ones, at Place Terreaux and Celestins, and a minor one at the former; they begin before six, and end about nine, and the prices are very reasonable; the two principal theatres are handsome and well lighted.

Jan. 12.— At St. Louis and the Chartreux; the former is a neat modern church, in which we were much pleased to see the Curé instructing and catechising the children. Near this church are the extensive cloisters of the former Augustin convent.

The eastern part of St. Louis is carved in the form of a scollop shell.

The church of the Chartreux will well pay the stranger for toiling up a steep hill; it is indeed a beautiful building. Over the high altar is a rich canopy, under a fine dome, in the centre of the church.

On each side of the choir is a statue of St. John and St. Bruno, patron of this church, and in a chapel to the north is a remarkably fine statue of the latter, in his monk's dress, which is beautifully done.

There is also another dome beyond the altar. At the entrance of the church are the verses from the psalms, *Domini dilexi decorem*, &c.

A part only of the cloisters of this once celebrated convent now remains; but there are two convents for females established on its ruins, one for the education of young girls. We returned much gratified, though rather fatigued with our mountain excursion.

Jan. 14.—We ascended the mountain once more to see the Antiquailles, which is an hospital on a very extensive plan for mad persons of both sexes, and for loose women.

There are here 130 men and 70 women out of their senses, supported by government, and also many whose families defray the expense incurred. The building and establishment are large and well conducted, with extensive areas, a terrace, *&c.*, overlooking the town and river.

In the Antiquailles is a curious cave, about 100 feet long and arched, supposed to have been a Roman prison; and there is an aperture by which it is

thought provisions were introduced. This cavern formerly went under the high roads. There is also a cavern or dungeon, in which St. Pothin and several of his companions were confined and martyred. *They say* St. Pothin was buried here. Three churches claim this *empty* honour*, St. Irenée, D'Ainai, and Les Antiquailles; but it is generally considered that he was really interred here, and there is an inscription to that purpose.

Jan. 21.—Being the twenty-sixth anniversary of the death of Louis XVI. †, the day was observed in a very solemn manner. The evening before, and in the morning of that day, all the bells tolled a solemn dirge.

Mass and a solemn service were celebrated in all the churches, which were hung with black, occasionally having on it sculls, scythes, *&c.*

In each church was a high pedestal, with appropriate inscriptions on the sides; that in St. Pierre was by far the best. On the pedestal was a female figure, representing France weeping over a crown and sarcophagus, covered with black crape; there was also a large crown suspended almost as high as the ceiling, and four large pieces of crape suspended from each corner of the pedestal.

* Septem urbes certant de stirpe insignis Homeri, *&c.*

† A Frenchman observed to us nothing was so fickle as his nation; they were never content: they had murdered their king, put to death the heads of the Republic, and banished their Emperor—and now began to wish for a change again. "Femina mutabile semper," may be applied to France.

The following were the four inscriptions in St. Pierre :—

" Fils de St. Louis
Montez au Ciel."

" Parce Domine
Parce populo tuo
Ne in æternum Irascaris."

" O vos omnes qui transitis per viam,
Attendite et videte
Si est dolor sicut dolor meus."

" Noluit consolari
Quia non sunt."

The climate of Lyons *, in winter, is far from agreeable. When there is no frost, there are continual fogs, very thick, owing as is supposed, to the mountains and rivers. On speaking to an eminent voiturier about his taxes for carriages, he said, he now paid 3,000 francs for his, when he formerly paid only 300, and for every *fiacre* 180 francs a-year. These additional duties have been put on within two or three years.

The tide of the Rhone is so strong, that they are often obliged to have eighteen horses to draw a loaded boat up the river.

We went this day into the church of St. Polycarp,

* Lyons is very ancient and famous for the number of councils holden there. It is also famous for Bertrand Got, archbishop of Bordeaux and a subject of the English, being crowned Pope there, November 14, 1305. This pope transferred the Papal seat from Rome to Avignon, which then belonged to Charles, King of Sicily and Duke of Anjou, his vassal. Henry III., that contemptible Prince, resided some time in this city in 1586, among his favourites and monkeys, parrots and lap-dogs, expecting the event of the conference of his mother Catharine of Medicis with the King of Navarre, from which he hoped to avert the evils of the civil war then ready to break out. Louis XIII. made a magnificent entry into this city from Grenoble in 1622, and resided here some time.—Mezerai.

which is a good modern building, with a very handsome façade. The church consists of a nave, with a choir, and several chapels on each side; the altar-piece at the end of the choir is very handsome, on one side is a painting of Joseph, and on the other the Virgin Mary.

We finished our excursion with going to Jardin des Plantes, where is a beautiful winding walk up the hill, woods, *&c.*, and a fine view of the town beneath you.

They appear to have formed a very erroneous opinion of the English nation. A gentleman told us, that he found we could hardly travel a day in England without being robbed, and no wonder, the *miseries* of the people are so great, they cannot live without pillage.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Library—Hospital—Unexpected Medley—Badly assorted Masqued-Ball—School—Manner of observing Purification—Miscellaneous Observations—Conclusory Remarks on Lyons.

Jan. 31.—We at length put our long-concerted plan in execution of going to the public library, which is a most noble room, 170 feet in length, paved with marble, and situated on the Quay du Rhone.

This library was formerly part of the Jesuits' College; it contains 100,000 volumes, a portion of which was a present from the munificent family of Villeroy to the city of Lyons. It is conducted in the most liberal manner, and open to the public four days

in the week, (Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday) from ten to two. Strangers may see it any day. There are large tables, and the library-keeper brings you any books you want, from which you may make extracts at your leisure. There are, of course, among the number many valuable books.

It also contains three large globes, on one of which you see part of a bomb-shell, which pierced it at the siege of Lyons.

From hence we went to the hospital, which is one of the noblest foundations in Europe, and conducted on the most liberal and extensive plan. The building is very handsome* with four domes; the largest of which is lofty and truly beautiful, with a gallery on the top round the cupola, from whence there must be a most extensive prospect. Here is suspended a crocodile, which, as our conductor told us, infested the Rhone many years ago, near Lyons, killing numbers and overturning boats. A criminal under sentence of death had the offer of his life, if he killed this monster, and he succeeded. This is the account given, which probably contains much fiction mixed with a little truth.

This hospital is for sick and wounded persons and lying-in women. The dormitories are very extensive, 240 yards long and 220 broad. When we visited it there were 1,500 patients among the sick, and many lying-in women. Among them are many who defray

† There are cloisters round it, and across the middle is a walk between two rows of cypresses. In the centre is buried one of the sœurs, Sœur Clare, by her own desire. There is a handsome monument, with a high cross on it, erected at the expense of the benefactors of the hospital.

their own expenses, at the moderate sum of forty sous a day.

To this excellent establishment are attached twelve medical men, 300 brothers and sisters*, several chaplains, *&c.*, and we observed a fine altar in each of the dormitories, in which mass is said daily.

The expense of this noble institution is supported by government and voluntary contributions. They have convenient kitchens, refectories *&c.*, kill their own oxen, sheep, *&c.*, and bake all the bread in the house.

Going this day to look at some masquerade dresses and masks, in one of the floors where we had some time lodged, to our surprise we trod on nothing but flat burial stones, on which were inscriptions; on inquiry we found, that all these apartments had formed a part of the splendid convent of St. Pierre and its chapel. If we looked *downward*, there was "Here lies Sister Therese," or "Marie Eleonore," who died on such a day, "*requiescat in pace*;" but casting our eyes *round the room*, we saw it hung with every kind of dress, dominos, masks, *&c.*, and when we were immersed in the serious thoughts naturally suggested by this sight, we were accosted with, "Which of these dresses would you wish to have?—which mask will suit you?" In short, it was a complete mixture of solemnity and frivolity.

This noble convent reached from Place Terreaux

† They are of two sorts; after a certain number of years, the sisters wear a cross as a reward of their services, and the brothers have a badge; the others are called *pretendants*, and succeed to the former on vacancies.

to Rue St. Pierre, and there was an archway thrown across a hollow way, by which the nuns used to go to the chapel, now the church of St. Pierre.

In the evening we went to the masqued ball, which began about eleven, at which about 500 or 600 were assembled, masqued and unmasqued, but by far the greater part was unmasqued. The characters as usual were badly supported, or hardly supported at all. There were Spaniards who not only *could not speak Spanish, but never saw the country;* monks who knew nothing of a convent but the *name;* farmers *totally ignorant of agriculture, &c.* In general, complete silence prevailed among the characters. Some of the dresses were very rich, but there was such a crowd that there was but little dancing. The price was three francs each, and it was at the *grand theatre.* Refreshments of all sorts were provided, and were very reasonable. On the whole, the evening passed off as well as we could have expected, and we retired at three, leaving the greatest part there. The play was acted before the masked ball began.

Feb. 1.—Went to the school called L'Ecole D'Enseignement Mutuel, which answers to our national school. There are now in it 400 boys and one director, assisted by a monitor to every class; the expense is 6000 francs a-year, and it is supported by voluntary contribution. The school-room is very large, and was formerly the church of the Lazaristes.

They admit them from the age of six, and the progress they make is very rapid.

The plan seems to be that excellent one introduced

into our country by Dr. B., but they will not own that it was brought from England, saying, on the contrary, that the English are obliged to the French for it, as it has been in France many years. Something must be allowed to national vanity. The fact is, whatever way this mode was introduced, they are profiting rapidly by its introduction, and promise soon to be as well educated a country as they have been the contrary. They intend soon to have eight schools on this plan in Lyons. They begin with prayers, and are attentive to their religious duties,

The chief difference we observed, was as to the discipline of the school. On entering, you see before you "Silence and Respect" in great letters, but *neither* seemed attended to as they ought, for nothing could exceed the noise. They were also very tardy in proceeding to operations, and much time seemed to us to be lost. They have no corporal punishments, but are shut up in dark rooms, or otherwise disgraced, on ill behaviour; and being eight times absent, subjects them to expulsion from the school. They have rewards proportioned to their advancement.

There is a school of the same kind for Protestants, by whom it is supported.

Feb. 2.—This being the Purification of the Virgin, the day was observed as a great festival: there was high mass in all the churches, and it was very interesting to see most of the women with a long lighted taper in their hands, devoutly at their prayers; indeed, the sight was beautiful.

The rivers were remarkably low this year, especially

the Rhone *, where there was a bed of stones uncovered of above 100 yards. In this river is abundance of fine carp and tench, remarkably large pike, trout, &c., but neither in the Rhone nor the Saone are there any salmon.

In spite of the complaints, the commerce of Lyons is great, and the activity of the inhabitants in proportion. You can scarcely pass in the streets, and along the quays from the vast number of loaded carts, continually passing, bringing cheeses, &c., from Switzerland into the south of France, and from Marseilles cotton, and fruit of all kinds. This is the cause of the streets being intolerably dirty, although every attention is paid to cleanliness, scavengers regularly with carts and donkies taking up the mud thrice a day.

The peasants in the neighbourhood are neat, industrious, and flourishing, bringing milk, butter, and the produce of their gardens every morning very early to the city, chiefly on donkies, with very large panniers, of which there are such numbers, that you can scarcely pass in the narrow streets.

The women dress remarkably neat; the lower order of them in Lyons, as well as the other parts of France, are universally without bonnets; the higher order wear them as in Paris.

Having some business with Le Curé de la Paroisse de St. Pierre, we waited on him and obtained some

* On the Rhone are numbers of mills built on two barges, and moored to the shore with remarkably strong thick chains, on account of the rapidity and strength of the river.

valuable information. He was a well-bred man, had seen much of the world, had resided ten years in various parts of Italy, and had that liberality of sentiment, which travelling generally brings. He said that most of the property of the clergy being seized by the revolutionists, the curés in the *large towns*, were allowed by government 1,500 francs a year, and apartments; and the casualties, (the fees,) produced something considerable. A part of the latter, and the hire of chairs which brought in 1,500 francs a-year in large parishes, was appropriated to the salary of the vicars or curates, of whom, in the parish of St. Peter, there were five. The Protestant ministers are allowed 1,000 francs a-year, and the Catholics and Protestants live in harmony and friendship. He said that the accounts of the violence exercised by the former against the latter, as stated in the public papers, some years ago at Nimes and the neighbourhood, was much exaggerated; owning at the same time, that the people in the south of France are of a violent and *ungovernable* nature.

The municipality still keep their usurped rights in ecclesiastical affairs, and are particularly jealous of any interference of the clergy, paying *with reluctance* what the laws order to be paid. The indecent haste with which the dead are interred is not altered; this, probably, took its rise in hot countries. The usual time of interment is twenty-four hours after dissolution, when proceeding from exhausted nature, or a long-protracted illness; but in cases of apoplexy or any sudden death, forty-eight hours are allowed.

There is but one church-yard, or rather burying-ground *, for this immense city, and the ground for interment is paid for by all, and even *exacted of the poor*, with the utmost rigour by the municipality. The charitable societies in Lyons are numerous. In all the parishes there are some of the most distinguished females, with a president, *&c.*, as in England, called *charitable sisters* †, who examine into the wants of the poor, visiting their habitations, and making their report to the minister of the parish. The keys of the different boxes in the churches, for offerings, called Troncs des Pauvres, are lodged likewise with the curés, who distribute the contents at their discretion.

The beggars, which are a disgrace to the police, are driven out of the city two or three times a year by the magistrates, but soon return to their old avocations, shewing the inefficacy of laws without a vigorous and prompt execution of them.

The benefices ‡ are at the disposal of the bishop of the diocese, and the curés are usually taken from the vicaires, or curates. We would not quit this city without paying a visit to the burial-ground, which is about a mile and a half from the city, on the hill, above Fourvier. It is thirty-eight acres in extent,

* This burying-ground is appropriated to *all sects and religions*, Papists, Protestants, Jews, &c.; and each has a distinct part allotted for them; and each religion has its own minister to perform the service.

† Sœurs de la Charité.

‡ The king makes the archbishops, deans, &c: The clergy take deacons' orders at twenty-one, and priest's at twenty-five. A curé can only hold one living; but when there is a *want of clergy*, they take the duty of another church in the country.

but we found very few inscriptions interesting; on entering, the Protestants' burying-ground is on the right, in which are interred many of our countrymen. The chief part of the graves have a cross, edged with black and white, which has a pretty effect at a distance. If we met with no interesting inscriptions, neither were we disgusted with the open trenches as at Paris. Each corpse has a separate grave, decently covered in; thirty-five francs is paid to the city for each, and nineteen more for the cross.

There are several handsome monuments on the right, though few that are curious; on one is, *Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit, nulli flebilior quam mihi:* on another was an inscription to a young man of the name of Ray, who is styled thus, *Infortuné Ray, tu fus la victime de la Révolution;* he perished in 1793, *à la fatale journée du* 29 *Mai.*

We were sorry to find, as at Paris, "Aux *manes* les plus chers." You enter the church-yard by large iron gates, on the top of which are these words:

* Memento, Homo,
Quia Pulveris es,
et in pulverem reverteris.

No hearses come here; the corpses are all brought up the mountain on men's shoulders, which in summer must be a dreadful task.

There is in Guillotiere a burying-ground for the poor, in which they are interred without expense.

* Remember, man,
That thou art dust,
And into dust shalt thou return.

The situation of the burying-ground commands a fine view of a beautiful country studded with white houses.

Thus finished our stay at Lyons of nearly three months, in which if there are not so many interesting things to attract the stranger as might be expected, or polished society to amuse his leisure hours, there are at least great conveniences, and some amusements; in the former may be reckoned Hackney-coaches, and in the latter regular theatres. On the whole, indeed, one may pass a few weeks very agreeably.

CHPATER XXXVIII.

Departure from Lyons—Cultivation of the Country—Verpilliere—Burgoin—Its Romantic Situation—Montagne de Nivola—Amphitheatre of Mountains—River—Country populous—Costume of the Peasants—Roads excellent—Vineyards numerous—Voreppe—Entrance into Grenoble—Situation—Cathedral—St. Louis—St. André—Chevalier Bayard—Connetable Lesdiguieres—Museum—Castle of Rabot—Female Barbers—Bastile—Isere—Interesting Situation of the City.

SUNDAY, *Feb.* 14.—Leaving Lyons, we once more crossed the Rhone on the long stone bridge before mentioned, and again entered the department of Isere, formerly the province of Dauphiné; we first came into the populous suburb of Guillotiere, and for a little while continued the Avignon road, but soon leaving it on the right, took the high road to Grenoble, going through another street of Guillotiere.

The first part of the road was level, with very long

views; afterwards there were gentle winding hills, and the country was pretty, with live fences, fruit-trees, *&c.* The fields are well cultivated, and there was much wheat and clover: in this part of Dauphiné there are not many vines, but abundance of grain of all kinds, and it is reckoned one of the finest corn-countries in France: the country also seemed populous, and the inhabitants had a neat and comfortable appearance.

One post and a quarter Bron, and St. Laurent des Mures one, two small villages; Verpilliere one post and a half, a large and dirty village with an old parish church; on the right are the remains of a venerable castle, on a romantic hill.

At Verpilliere, where we dined, one of the ancient noblesse, he himself an *ancient* of eighty-one years, with 3000*l.* a year, exercised the office of mayor of that and two other parishes, giving the profits to his secretary and the poor. The curé, also, was eighty-one, and in perfect health, performing the duties of his function, a pretty fair inference of the healthfulness of the place; this benefice is very good, with casuals (fees, presents, *&c.*) producing 2000 francs a year.

From Verpilliere to Burgoin is three leagues; at this last place we took up our lodging for the night.

The last part of this day's journey was varied with winding roads, hanging woods, and houses scattered among them, making it very interesting.

Burgoin is a small town, with 5000 inhabitants, situated in a most romantic and beautiful valley, with high

and steep hills overlooking it and hanging over the town, planted from the bottom to the top with fine chestnut-trees; from one of those hills which we ascended is a fine view of the town under you, and the whole extent of the valley and adjacent country, with a distant one of the mountains of Grenoble covered with snow.

The hanging hills, thickly covered with trees, without underwood, reminded us of the beautiful beech-woods of Bucks, which they much resemble.

Next day we set off from Burgoin early in the morning, to Eclosse, one post and a half, La Frette, two. The country continued beautiful, and the road winding round steep hills; in some places the hill hung over the road on one side, and on the other was a deep dell, with a stream at the bottom, and in one place there were three tiers of streams, one running above the other, which had a curious appearance.

The country here is very populous; Eclosse and La Frette are both small places: before we came to the former we ascended a long and beautiful hill, called la Montagne de Nivola, about half a league in height, with a fine prospect of the distant mountains. From La Frette to Rives, one post and a half: we were now in a complete amphitheatre, surrounded with mountains, of which those in front, and on the right and left, were the highest; the intermediate space was well cultivated with vineyards in very wide rows, and corn between them; the former are here so strong that they are trained to young pollards, with double rows of strong poles length-ways.

The situation of Rives is very beautiful, overlooking a deep lovely dell, with a clear and rapid stream, forming many cascades, and supplying several mills with water.

One league from Rives is Moirans, where we passed the night, at the Angel, which did not by any means answer to its appellation. Nothing could be more lovely than this day's journey, in which we had mountains, beautiful hanging woods, forests of walnut-trees, and chestnut, abundance of houses interspersed, and every thing which could render the road interesting to a traveller.

We met many peasant-women and gardes du forêt: the dress of the former was a small bonnet like the cottage one, and the hair turned up close behind and braided, like the Strasburg women: the gardes de chasse wear couteaux de chasse, to protect the forests and take care of the game, of which there is abundance.

We now found the peasants and inhabitants very civil and obliging, very different from those of the south of France. The roads are excellent, and the men who were repairing them had brass circular plates on their foreheads, with their names and department. Our journey this day was eleven post leagues, about twenty-eight English miles, and the day before twenty-six.

Feb. 16.—Left Moirans for Grenoble, distant five leagues; the same beautiful road continued through a very populous country, between two chains of mountains, partly barren rocks, and partly covered with

trees and shrubs: we remarked that the hollow part of the rocks was full of cypresses: the various shapes of the mountains were likewise curious, some having rugged tops, some being pyramidical, *&c.* The vines which are here abundant, are trained different ways; some round cherry-trees, others with three large poles, in a triangular form, from five to six feet high; they all grow remarkably strong, and make, as we were told and found by experience, excellent wine.

One league from Moirans, Voreppe, a flourishing village and port, full of good inns, and two more Grenoble.

About two miles from Grenoble, the road is a fine terrace, with the river Isere under it winding in a beautiful manner, and the road winding with it; on the left were mountains with vineyards almost to the summits, and houses built close to the rock on the declivities and continued to the bottom, so as to form almost a part of the rock; on the right were meadows, beyond were mountains covered with snow, and in front a beautiful view of Grenoble.

We entered Grenoble through a strong gate and redoubt and soon crossed the Isere, which is here pretty broad, on an old stone bridge; there is also an old wooden bridge, for *foot-passengers only;* the river is here very rapid, running among rocks, and navigable only for boats. We were set down at L'Hôtel de Provence, which we found a very good inn.

Grenoble, formerly the capital of Dauphiné, now of

the department of the Isere, is a fine city, situated on the Isere, which divides the town into two unequal parts; this river, which rises in the Alps about fourteen leagues off, is here not very broad. The old town of Grenoble is very ancient, consisting chiefly of one long narrow street with old houses built along the river, and the mountains hanging over them.

This city contains twenty-five thousand souls; the streets are in general wide and handsome, and there are several good squares, of which La Place de Grenoble is the best.

The situation of this city is very singular; it is the area of an amphitheatre of mountains, with which it is nearly surrounded, and their snowy tops hang over it: there are only four parishes in Grenoble; the principal churches, are the cathedral, St. Louis, and St. André; the church of the Dominicans, in which was the fine tomb of the last Prince of Dauphiné, we were sorry to hear, was converted into the halle au bled, soon after the Revolution.

The cathedral is a fine old building, consisting of a nave and choir; on the left of the former is a double row of arcades which form one aisle, and on the right a single one, which makes the other aisle, and these have a remarkable appearance.

In the choir on the right is a beautiful piece of fretwork, formerly the tomb of some distinguished person.

In the gallery of the cathedral is a new chapel with the following inscription:—

"Cette Chapelle est l'accomplissement d'un vœu de vrais adorateurs du cœur de Jésus en mémoire de la delivrance de Grenoble menacée, d'être prise d'assaut et miraculeusement sauvée par la Capitulation de Juillet, 1815."

There is also a chapel dedicated to St. Louis by the bishop, with a long inscription, celebrating the happy return of Louis XVIII. to his dominions.

St. Louis is a neat church consisting of a nave and small choir, round which are several fine paintings, of our Saviour and the woman taken in adultery, the woman of Canaan, *&c.*

The steeple of St. Andrew is much admired, but the most interesting thing in the church is the monument of the brave and good chevalier Bayard, so well known in history as the chevalier "Sans peur et sans reproche," who lost his life in Italy, bravely fighting for his king and country.

On the top of the monument is the bust of the chevalier, with very long hair and a very pensive countenance, and the neck decorated with a chain and medallion of the order of St. Michael: it has the following inscription.

"Lapis hic superbit Tumulo non Titulo,
Ubi sepultus heros, maximus, suo
Est ipsemet sepulcro monimentum."

A long inscription follows, commemorating the actions of the chevalier, his being selected by Francis I., to confer the honour of knighthood on him *, *&c.*; the whole in Latin, at the end, his age (48,) and date of his death 1524.

Morituram monimentum non morituris Cineribus
N. Scipio Polloud D. St. Agnin
Suis sumptibus accuravit.

The name of this distinguished officer and excellent

* After the ceremony he replaced his sword into the scabbard, and swore never to make use of it again, but against the Turks, Saracens, or Moors. Champier, Vie de Bayard, as quoted by Roscoe.

man was Pierre du Terrail, he was born in the valley of Graisvaudan six leagues from Grenoble: brought up to the profession of arms, as most men of family were in the days of chivalry, he soon distinguished himself no less by his courage than by his piety and humanity; he conferred knighthood, as his epitaph shews, on Francis I., by that king's express desire, who with difficulty overcame his modest refusal: he was made knight of the order of St. Michael by Francis I. This valuable man was slain by a stone from an arquebuse in the passage of the river Sesia* between Romagnans and Guttinara: finding that he was mortally wounded, he ordered himself to be placed at the foot of a tree with his face to the enemy, kissed the cross of his sword, and having no confessor confessed himself to his esquire. The constable of Bourbon† passed by, and was much affected at this scene, bewailing his fate: the chevalier said "It is not me you must bewail, but yourself, who are in arms against your king and country; I die faithful to both;" and immediately he breathed his last‡.

Dauphiné was a province famous for old heroes: in this city the gallant constable Lesdiguieres, the support of the Protestants, and friend and companion in

* Mallet Hist. des Suisses, vol. 3, p. 72.

† The Constable of Bourbon was killed at the sacking of Rome, and had presence of mind enough on finding that he was mortally wounded, to desire his friends to cover his body with his cloak, that his death might be concealed, which was done.—MEZERAI.

When we read the history, and the end of this gallant and misguided general, we cannot help exclaiming with the poet:—

"———— terque quarterque beati
Queis ante ora patrum," &c.

VIRG. *Æneid.* I. v. 98

‡ MEZERAI. *Biographie Universelle.*

arms of Henry the Great, lived long in regal splendour as governor of the province. Louis XIII. came to pay him a visit, and was regaled by him several days in the most sumptuous manner: his house is now the prefecture, and the public gardens and terrace planted with chestnuts near the river, by him, were formerly the gardens of the constable, but there is no monument of this distinguished man; there was one of his wife and daughter, which was destroyed by the merciless hands of the revolutionists. Such are the changes which a few years only produce.

In the public library, however, is a fine picture, on entering it, of the constable Lesdiguieres, and a page holding his horse.

"This celebrated general was born at Bonnet in Champ Saur, April 1st, 1543: after a series of gallant actions, he was made a marshal of France by Henry IV.," (not less a judge than rewarder of merit,) "and was at length prevailed upon to accept the office of constable of France by Louis XIII., having previously abjured the Protestant religion," (which is the greatest stigma upon *his* character, as it was on that of *his master*). "He made his public abjuration in the church of St. Andrew, July 24, 1622."

He went to Valence to finish the reduction of that city, and died there of a fever, caused by the unhealthiness of the place from stagnated waters, September 28, 1625, 84 years old.

His intestines were buried in the cathedral at Valence, his heart in the church of Notre Dame at Grenoble, and his body at Lesdiguieres; on opening the

body his heart was remarkably small, but the noble parts were so sound, as to have promised an extraordinary long life, but for the disorder which proved fatal*. There is said to be a fine monument of the constable in the cathedral of Gap: he left a wife and daughter.

The museum of Grenoble is a noble one, consisting of a fine library in the form of a T, a collection of natural history, and an exhibition of paintings, among which are several by Rubens and the best masters; there are also several fine statues. The whole fills three large rooms, does great honour to the city, and is well worth being seen by strangers: it was collected at the expense of the inhabitants, and is supported by them; it is shewn to strangers in the most liberal manner, who have whatever books they wish to consult brought to them, pens and ink, a good fire, and comfortable room; so that with these accommodations, a traveller may pass several days very agreeably in this city.

The library contains 45,000 volumes, and has many valuable works and curious manuscripts, under the care of a most liberal and respectable librarian.

In an anti-room, on entering the library, are the heads of the nine Dauphins, in coarse marble; beginning with Guigues and Margaret of Bretagne his wife, and ending with Humbert II., the last Prince of Dauphiné, who left the province to France, on condition of the eldest son of the king bearing the title of

* Vie du Connetable de Lesdiguieres par Videl son secrétaire.

Dauphin: the original will is still preserved, which they shew to strangers.

Among many curious animals in the museum is a very large and long snake, which tradition says was killed in the neighbourhood of Grenoble; it seems twenty feet in length and of a wonderful thickness.

Grenoble, (Gratiani Polis*) is very ancient, and was built by the Romans; it was formerly very strong, but is now far from being so.

On entering the town you see on the right an old castle on the mountain called Rabot, supposed to have been built by the Romans, which is a fine object.

Feb. 18*th.*—Proving a fine day, we with great difficulty ascended this mountain: there was much snow on the ground, and theas cent was so steep, that in many parts we were obliged to climb on our hands and knees, and found great difficulty in advancing: at length we reached the fort called the Bastile, built by the constable Lesdiguieres and commanding the city; the vineyards, which are very strong, are planted from the bottom to the top of the mountain, trained to strong poles and stakes; on coming to the summit, we found a small fort and sentry-box, but no sentry.

The view of the city under us, and the Isere wandering among the meadows till it was lost in its

* Gratianopolis was founded by the Emperor Gratian, A. C. 379. Grenoble is a corruption from it. In 1622, Louis XIII. made a public entry into it, and was present at the grand entertainment given him by the Constable.—MEZERAI.

meandering course, with houses and villages thickly spread on all sides, was very interesting; near us was mountain upon mountain, and we sat some time on a bench to contemplate the awful scene: the day was fine, and the sun shone bright upon the snowy tops, but we did not find one solitary being to explain the different names of the places in this noble landscape.

We at length descended by a much better path to the Castle of Rabot, supposed to have been built by the Romans, which is indeed a noble piece of antiquity; there is a very old wall from this castle to the very top of the mountain, reaching to the Bastille.

We descended by the female convent of St. Mary, and were much gratified by our mountainous though fatiguing excursion.

The bishop's palace is remarkably handsome, but his income, as we were told, is curtailed to a thousand pounds a year.

At Grenoble a curious custom prevails of female barbers and hair-dressers, and the writer of this sketch was shaved and had his hair dressed by one who performed both these branches of business well and dexterously.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Departure from Grenoble—Montboneau—Lizards—Touvet—Great Variety of Country—Patience exercised in a Country Cabaret—Leave Dauphiné—Enter Savoy—Savoy Douane—Beautiful Hill—Barreaux—Chambery.

Feb. 19.—We left Grenoble* at twelve o'clock, after having passed four days there very agreeably; the inhabitants are very civil to strangers, and as it has been observed, its library is a very great accommodation: it is open every day except Friday, from ten to three.

On leaving Grenoble, as the sun was very powerful in the middle of the day, we saw lizards in abundance, playing on the stone walls by the road; they were of the yellow sort, and some of them pretty large.

Two leagues from Grenoble, Montboneau, a small village; two more, Lumbin, a village and post; and one more, Touvet, a village also, where we passed the night. Here is a very handsome château belonging to the Seigneur du Village, who was an officer of distinguished rank, (as we learnt from our landlord,) in the reign of Louis Seize.

This day's journey was extremely beautiful; the road was good and level, between two rows of mountains; those on the left were chiefly barren rocks, but in a variety of forms, so as often to resemble houses

* In one of the streets of Grenoble is a long line of Roman antiquities against a wall, consisting of monumental stones, vessels, &c., all of them with inscriptions.

and other buildings; on the right, the mountains were in a high state of cultivation, having pines, firs, *&c.*, and much verdure on the surface, but the tops were uniformly covered with snow: from the rocks on the left descended frequent mountain torrents, so as to form cascades in their descent, crossing the road in many places. There were vineyards, as usual, in a variety of ways and forms, some trained to strong trees, others planted to the very top of the rocks, and fastened to stakes.

On each side of the road were villages and houses, very thick at the foot of the mountain, and frequently as high up as the middle of it. We arrived at the village of Touvet, our sleeping-place, about five, distant from Grenoble only seven post leagues. We had here occasion to exercise a traveller's patience: the people were civil, but the accommodation wretched; a large saucepan was given us to boil water for the tea, with an immense dirty wooden ladle to take it out, and three or four pewter and wooden tea-spoons, not yielding in dirt to the ladle. But what was wanting in accommodations* was supplied by the size of the rooms, which were immensely large, with tables likewise large in proportion, like farm-house ones: a blazing wood fire, however, soon made its appearance, and dissipated a great part of our chagrin. Although there are many fine coal-mines in this neighbourhood,

* As an instance of the *moderation* of our landlady in her charges for this accommodation, we asked her what would satisfy her, and she said she should be *content* with thirty francs; she took six. The men do not appear in the inns, but leave all to their wives.

and all over the province, yet the inhabitants chiefly burn wood, reserving the coals for the Pôeles.

We were now quitting the department of Isere, the ci-devant province of Dauphiné, through the whole of which, almost, we had travelled at different times, having crossed it in all directions. It is a fertile and very healthy province, famous for the longevity of its inhabitants*, and distinguished for heroes.

Feb. 20.—Left Touvet at six in the morning. At Chapareillan, four leagues off, we quitted France, and entered Savoy †: there is a stone to mark the limits of the two countries. One mile farther, Aux Marches, a small village, where is the Savoy Douane; here we were detained more than an hour while all our trunks, boxes, *&c.*, were taken and examined: the officers, however, were very civil, and it is worth sacrificing two or three francs to have your clothes as little deranged as possible, which with this douceur will generally be the case.

Two leagues farther, Chambery; in the whole, we came this day seven leagues: the road was pretty, winding between mountains, with villages and houses, as on the preceding day, thickly strewed at the bottom. About two miles from Chapareillan is a very steep though not a long hill, winding in the form of a Z: on one side was a fine view of the Isere, now becoming very narrow; on the other, steep rocks, frequent mountains, and rapid torrents running down the sides. Near this hill, on the right, on a fine

* Vide Life of the Constable Lesdiguires.

† Savoy was in the department of Mont Blanc in the time of Bonaparte.

eminence commanding the road, is Barreaux, a fort belonging to the French, in which is a very strong garrison. The churches in this country have almost all conical steeples, and are usually on an eminence forming a pretty object.

Chambery is a handsome though not a large city, containing 12,000 inhabitants; it is the see of an archbishop, and the cathedral called St. Leger is a very fine church, with a handsome choir and a beautiful canopy over the high altar; the roofs and sides are curiously painted, the nave also, and the chapels right and left are very beautiful; in one of the chapels on the right are great numbers of the Saints, they are painted so as to resemble statues, and are extremely well done.

The cathedral is in a small square, the grand entrance of which is a fine piece of antiquity.

The castle stands on a rise, and the chapel makes a noble appearance from the street, but within is nothing remarkable, except a very fine painted window.

The dukes of Savoy used formerly to reside in the château, but the Governor now lives there.

In the Hôtel de Ville is the library, open three times a week to the public; the collection is not large, but there is a beautiful painted breviary 400 years old, which is very curious: the utmost attention is shewn to strangers.

Chambery is in a plain, with mountains almost surrounding it; the streets are remarkably broad and handsome, and the town very lively: the street called la Rue Couverte is under an arcade, or rather a *broad*

pent-house; it is covered with wood, and full of shops. This is a fine walk for the inhabitants in bad weather, as it is very long.

French is universally spoken at Chambery; the cruel unfeeling hand of Revolution has been severely felt here: many inscriptions have been erased, and the noble Jacobin Convent has been destroyed, with the exception of the cloisters.

The articles of life are in this country remarkably cheap, the best meat being only six sous a pound, and bread and other things in proportion; and we now had the comfort of having boards once more in our chambers, instead of bricks and tiles.

CHAPTER XL.

Departure from Chambery—Poplar-trees give place to live hedges—Fruit-trees general—Picturesque appearance of Buildings—Montmelian—Cabaret—Bough-house—Change in Houses—Costume of Peasants—Aigue-Belle—Erpieres—St. Jean de Maurienne.

Feb. 21.—We left Chambery at seven o'clock in the morning, the weather being raw and cold, and indicating a fall of snow; however, we comforted ourselves with the hopes of soon being in a warmer country.

The face of the country continued much the same, and mountains were on each side of the road; but it was straight and wide for some time, with very long views between two rows of poplars; it afterwards in-

sensibly became narrower, till at last it resembled an English lane, with live hedges of quick, hazel, &c.; the road, in spite of continual heavy rains, being hard and good. There were fruit-trees of various kinds interspersed between the road and mountains, and even on the declivity of them. The mountains, in fact, were in a state of cultivation in general, having trees of various kinds up to the very top.

In other places, were thick forests of oak, lofty but small in girth. There were also occasionally pines, cypresses and firs; the hedges were full of wild variegated box, and sometimes entirely formed of it.

On the tops of the rocks and mountains were many old towers, ruins of fortresses, and remains of baronial castles, proudly looking down on the adjacent valleys; also many villages and houses, and the country appeared very populous. On most of the houses were small apertures covered with tin, in order to form a communication with the roof, and on the tops of the buildings little columns with balls, covered with tin, from six or eight inches long to two or three feet, which, glittering in the sun, had a novel and pleasing appearance. Three leagues from Chambery we passed by Montmelian, an old town in a most romantic situation: its citadel, on a sharp rock, is a fine object, in a most commanding situation, and formerly was reckoned one of the *keys* of Savoy, but in the modern warfare, *keys* are found of little consequence. Here we crossed the Isere on a long stone bridge, which had been broken away in two places by the French in the last war, to prevent the Austrians

crossing The fractures have been supplied with wood.

Two leagues farther on is Coises, a small village, where we ate the provisions we had brought with us in our coach, in a bough-house, as there was no other sign to distinguish this cabaret. As we advanced into Savoy, we found many of these bough-houses, and if we had not had the precaution of supplying ourselves at the different towns which we passed, we should have fared but badly, as they seldom had any thing but eggs, coarse bread, and sour wine. We, however, always got clean linen, though generally coarse, and still had boarded floors.

The rooms were much neater than in France, the beds larger, and more resembling English ones than French; the cottages resemble those in Switzerland, stable and offices below, and lodging-rooms above, to which you ascend by an open staircase.

The inns are good, with a corridor conducting to the apartments, as in Switzerland. The costume of the female peasants is a large cap; but when it rains, an immense beaver hat, with small crown and large brim; the men chiefly wear white jackets and large cocked hats on Sundays and holidays.

Five leagues farther, we came to Aigue-Belle, a small town, but very neat, with broad streets and good houses, and a conduit in the centre of the street, as is the case in most of the towns in Savoy and Switzerland. The population of this town is 4,000.

The peasants were here, in spite of a very heavy rain, walking about the town in masks and fancy

dresses, as they had done for some time, it being the carnival.

We went along the banks of the Argues before we came to Aigue-Belle; this is a pretty mountain-stream, which runs into the Isere, the latter rising in the neighbouring mountains. On the borders of the Argues were several moveable machines used for grinding wheat. Every thing in this country appeared very flourishing, the people were neatly dressed, and most of the villages had a butcher and baker. There was abundance of wood, and in every spot between the mountains, which admitted of cultivation, was seen wheat, clover, &c. Among the fruits, walnuts are so plentiful, that there are vast quantities of them shelled in heaps, in all the chambers, out of which they extract oil.

Our journey this day was ten post leagues or twenty-five English miles.

Feb. 22.—We left Aigue-Belle at six in the morning; it blew hard, and snowed very fast, unpropitious weather for a mountainous excursion. Three leagues from Aigue-Belle, Erpieres, a small village, in which many of the frames of the windows, corners of the houses, &c., were painted in a very fanciful manner, giving us an idea of what we were to expect on the other side of the Alps. They were painted to imitate variegated marble, and had a pleasing effect. Two leagues farther, Chambre, and two farther St. Jean de Maurienne, where we took up our quarters for the night, the continuation of the snow taking from us

all inclination to proceed on our journey. We came this day also twenty-five English miles.

The country through which we passed was wild and romantic. The rocks and mountains, which were our constant companions, increased in height and ruggedness: the former put on a variety of appearances as well as the latter; sometimes from top to bottom was seen a stratum of small stones like regular pavement, at others were vast pieces of rocks, which resembled houses and villages detached from each other.

The mountains were full of trees of all kinds, pines, firs, cypresses, juniper, &c.; and the snow lodging on them, formed a beautiful winter scene, which received no small addition from the rapid mountain torrents increased by the snow.

The beautiful river Arche accompanied us almost the whole way; on our right, the road, which was excellent, was protected merely by a low wall, occasionally broken down, and was, in fact, a high causeway, made by Bonaparte. At times, there was not only the river on one side, but a stream on the other, violently rushing over the rocks in a most tremendous manner.

About a mile from St. Jean, we crossed the Arche on a stone bridge, which had been broken down by the French, as at Montmelian, and replaced with wood. This was the third bridge which we saw in this mutilated state.

St. Jean is an old town, the capital of the Maurienne, containing about 3,000 inhabitants. This place, which was formerly honoured with the residence

of its Princes, the Dukes of Savoy, is now completely fallen from its ancient grandeur, and scarcely a wreck remains. The palace, which only gives the idea of a handsome house, is now inhabited by the Intendant.

The great church, formerly the cathedral, has a nave, choir, and two aisles. In the choir is a fine Gothic piece of pyramidical fret-work, which was formerly a tomb, but is now a beautiful tabernacle, containing the sacred elements; on each side are two statues of the Evangelists carved in stone.

On the sides of the choir are figures carved in wood, and there are fine old stalls, which were used by the canons.

We looked in vain for the venerable monuments of the Dukes of Savoy, which was the chief object of our visit to this church in a snowy tempestuous day. They were all, alas! destroyed, as we were told, by the French revolutionists.

We observed six women dressed in white, and wearing white hoods and veils, praying at the altar; they are called penitents. We were told that there were twelve of them, who, by turns, are at their prayers the chief part of the day and night nearly in the same posture, from Quinquagesima Sunday till Ash-Wednesday. It had a most interesting appearance.

The town is not very large; the streets in general narrow, many houses with paper-windows, and the water-spouts are so projecting as almost to drench the passenger.

We observed many idiots, and many with the goitre in this town. It seems the Austrians and French had

three sharp actions, one near St. Jean, and two others in different parts of the province.

The entrance to the town is by a very handsome lofty gate, like a triumphal arch, on which were painted the arms of the King of Sardinia, and an inscription in Latin, mentioning that it was built five years ago, in honour of their sovereign, by the citizens of St. Jean.

We were at the post, without the gates, and had the *honour* of sleeping in the bed used by the King of Sardinia in his journey to Chambery, and by the Grand Duke Michael of Russia the week before. It must be owned this honour did not add to our night's leep, though it adds a little to this journal.

CHAPTER XLI.

Departure from St. Jean—Petit St. Julien—St. Michel—St. André—Road excellent—Variety of Views—Description of Natives—Animals of the Country—Modana—Fort of Bramat—Tremendous Precipice—Savoy Cottage—Arrival at, and Description of Lansberg.

Feb. 23.—The weather cleared up, and the sun shone bright, cheering us with his exhilarating rays, and giving every appearance of a frost; we set out in great spirits, and *optimis auspiciis*, at ten in the morning, from St. Jean de Maurienne*: one league distant from it is

* The Maurienne is so called from the blackness of the ground, resembling the complexion of the Moors; it very much resembles the surface of coal mines, the snow and water rushing from the rocks bring much of this earth into the roads.

an excellent inn called Petit St. Julien, which does honour to this wild country.

We soon crossed the Arche on a bridge of one arch, and came afterwards to a part of the road, beautiful, and at the same time tremendous, called *Le Point St. Michel.* On one side the river runs along the road, making a frightful noise among large craggy rocks, about twelve or fourteen feet beneath; on the other side are rocky mountains covered with firs, *&c.*, to a great height; on the left, is a barren rock, about one hundred feet high, hanging frightfully over the road, many pieces of which some men were then employed in throwing out of it, and which probably came into that situation from the falling of an avalanche, or some other local cause; no very pleasant prospect for the timid traveller. In front we seemed completely shut in by a high snowy mountain; and on the whole, it must be allowed that this part of the road was most tremendous. We all of us alighted, and in silence contemplated the awful scene around us, but fortunately got safe from this pass to St. Michel.

St. Michel is a large populous village, partly in the high road, and partly on the declivity of a mountain, where is the romantic little village church. It contains two thousand persons, and has several good inns and houses: it is very flourishing, owing to the great concourse of travellers going to and from Italy.

The roofs of the houses here, and the other mountain towns have a pent-house projection two or three feet from them, to carry the water into the streets; of

which there is an immense quantity, owing to the snow and rain, and the fall from the mountains.

About three miles from hence, we passed the river on a bridge, partly stone and partly wood, which probably had been broken down also by the French.

Just before St. Michel is a very handsome wooden cross, about forty feet high, with a cock upon the top; beneath, was a head of our Saviour, and all round, the instruments of his passion.

About three miles farther, Franco, a small village; we had crossed the river just before, the third time, on a bridge of the same kind as previously described. Three miles farther, St. André, a small village, and three more, Modana, a small neat town, which was our couchée. This day's journey was very interesting, in spite of the heavy fall of snow the preceding day: the road was excellent; it was made by Bonaparte, and is twenty-five feet in breadth, of the materials of the country, and so well made as hardly to have a rut. It was protected from the river by a wall, varying from five to six feet in height, but in some parts it was eighteen or twenty; and on the other side, it was equally protected from the overhanging rocks by a strong wall. There were also frequent upright stones at equal distances about three or four feet high, and, where necessary on account of the precipices, strong posts and rails.

The face of the country, though still mountainous, was in some parts highly varied; on one side of the road, there were small enclosures in stone walls, in

tiers one above the other to the top of the mountain, and houses suspended as it were by geometry; on the other side were high barren rocks in a variety of forms, the river rushing among them, and exhibiting a number of cascades to our admiring sight. Above, the snow hanging in the firs and pines and freezing, formed icicles in many grotesque forms, grottoes, gates, arches, *&c. &c.* And the whole appearance of the evergreens, thus enveloped in snow, was beautiful in the highest degree.

On the edge of the road, a great part of the way, was an excellent path of broad stones, so that in the worst weather, you may be dry under foot: the materials of the rocks produce slates for roofs, stones for buildings, *&c.*

The natives of this mountainous country are remarkably strong, short, thick, and clumsy, particularly females, who are in general plain and badly made.

The road appears to have been frequently cut through the solid rock, at great trouble and expense; and on one part of this day's journey, we observed with surprise *three tiers of roads*, all good and in excellent repair.

The animals here are bears, wolves, foxes, wild boars, hares, marmottes* and the beautiful chamois. The birds are eagles, hawks, rooks, and partridges, but, to our surprise, no pheasants.

* The marmotte is a dark animal with a rough coat, about the size of a small dog, and is of the rat genus; it is so common in this country, that at Turin we saw boys in the streets with numbers of them, teaching them to perform all manner of tricks, at the word of command. In the corner of one street we counted no fewer than five, to the great annoyance of our party and other passengers.

The inns were excellent, though dear. We were told to take care and lay in store of provisions, as in the Maurienne we should find none, and hardly beds to sleep on; but on the contrary, there was great variety of the former, and a sufficient quantity of the latter, for our party, which being large required several; they were also clean and good; in fact, we usually found, to our great surprise, the comfortable accommodations of an English tea-table, not of course so complete as in England, but we were glad to have them with trifling deficiencies. The villages are numerous, and there is scarcely one without a comfortable inn, a proof how much this road is frequented; indeed we frequently saw two or three carriages together, and always made great efforts to get to our couchée early in the evening to choose our beds, as there were many candidates, and the good old English way "first come, first served," is strictly adhered to.

The Arche accompanied us the whole of the way, sometimes in one stream and at others in two branches; there were frequent narrow wooden bridges over it, lightly and hazardously made of two or three small fir-trees, *tied together* with their small boughs; these bridges shake and totter as you go over, appearing not to be able to sustain much weight. Our journey this day was, as usual, about twenty-five English miles, and we took up our abode for the night at L'Hôtel des Voyageurs, a good and reasonable house.

Feb. 24.—Left Modana at nine in the morning for Lansberg.

About two miles off is the little village of Ergat, under the high road, and two miles farther, on the summit of a rock, to the left, the fort of Bramat, then building by the order of the King of Sardinia; this, when finished, will be very strong, and completely command the road. Just by was a sawing mill, in which they were busily employed in preparing materials for the building.

Not far from this, is a beautiful, though, at the same time, an awful and tremendous precipice, with a light hanging wooden bridge over a stream in the bottom. and winding paths up the mountain; the whole forming a highly-picturesque scene: a little further on is the village of Bramat. The villages in this day's route were very thick, and there were several good houses, apparently belonging to men of a superior station, most of which were half way up the mountain. At the village of Termignan, we once more crossed the river Arche on a bridge, and one more league brought us to the much wished-for Lansberg.

This day's journey was bolder as to scenery than any we had had. During the first part of it the country was more open; but afterwards we passed along the river, and the road was enclosed by high mountains; the old road, which was near us, passed over a very high one. Bonaparte had lately made the lower new one, which indeed was excellent. It is surprising that the roads were not more attended to formerly in this country, as every step of it supplies materials of a firm and solid nature; and nothing is

required but digging, or rather mattocking, them out of the rocks. Of this, however, the government now appear sensible, as many of the peasantry were thus occupied.

The precipices we this day saw were in some parts very deep and tremendous, and many bridges were thrown over streams and dells, while the peasants passing on them over the awful chasm, made the scene interesting and beautiful.

The exterior of the cottages being novel and interesting, we determined to try the interior; and, in our way, entered a Savoy cottage, which exhibited a complete scene of *poverty*, and apparently, *misery*. There were two small rooms, or rather *holes*, below, and one above, probably much resembling Greenland huts; in two of these were small beds of straw, with a narrow board round each to confine it; no chimney, the smoke making its sortie through a small aperture in the side, as it could find its way, and no light whatsoever in the chamber, the height of which was about four feet. The whole furniture was one or two rough stools, and the table apparatus; and two or three forks and spoons hung along the wall on a string. The sides of the cottage were thin boards, loosely put together; and its entire elevation was about twelve feet; but the man and his wife, and one child, seemed happy and perfectly contented with their habitation. *Est ulubris** was here realized, and they were thankful for a few sous.

* Hor.

Lansberg, exactly at the foot of the celebrated Mount Cenis, to which it owes its flourishing state, is a neat little town, consisting of two streets; it has three inns, two of which are remarkably good, the Post and English Hotel. It is surrounded almost with the lofty snow-topped Alps; and on the right is a beautiful mountain, enriched with firs, pines, and various evergreens. The church, which we, as usual, sauntered out to see, contains nothing remarkable; it has a nave, a small choir, and two aisles, and benches instead of chairs. In the town are the ruins of several houses which were burnt by the carelessness of the Austrians, who, on quitting, left lighted straw in them.

Our road this day was along the course of the river, but ascending gradually. The rocks and mountains resembled those we had lately passed, but some of the villages were much more beautiful; one, in particular, was very striking, as we looked back on it, the river winding round it in the form of a crescent. Notwithstanding the snow and severity of the weather, many chaises and waggons were passing, so that the road was well tracked. Sledges drawn by mules are much used here for carrying goods and merchandise.

In one of the villages were small wooden bridges over little dells, to almost all the houses, which had a very pleasing effect. The worst precipice which we passed this day, was on Pont de Boccarre, which is built over it; it was a great and awful depth, but there is great care taken to have posts and rails, and

large stones, where necessary, so that the utmost precaution is used to ensure the safety of the traveller. We this day travelled about eighteen miles.

We now were come from Lyons about 220 miles, winding almost constantly among mountains, the greatest part of the way close to them, though we had never ascended one, and only two long hills, the whole distance: but the rest of the way was so good, that any one might have trotted the greatest part of it; but a foreign voiturier, whose obstinacy in general is only equalled by his insolence, and whose greatest delight is to see his horses go *en grand pas*, to the great annoyance of the English traveller, will rarely hasten their speed.

Several of our party had long entertained a dreadful idea of Lansberg, and its accommodations; but we were most agreeably surprised on arriving there, to find a noble inn, with a spacious gallery, and numerous apartments, and all the comforts peculiar to our nation. The tea-table was set out with cups, saucers, knives, &c., according to the English fashion; and as the windows were closed, and we had not the view of the mountains, we fancied ourselves, for the time, in our own beloved country, and regaled on tea and toast, by a blazing wood fire, forgetting that we were to rise before day-break the next morning, to begin the ascent of the much-dreaded mountain. This inn is kept by one of our country-women, a most obliging woman, who is married to a Savoyard; it is very reasonable, and she merits the patronage of her countrymen.

The inn was built by Bonaparte, as a barrack for his officers; it now belongs to the King of Sardinia. The present occupier has taken it for seven years, on speculation, and pays 1000 francs a year rent.

The churches in Savoy are numerous, and have handsome steeples, chiefly with a tower and spire.

We were now leaving the Maurienne, which, from having been in many days, and travelling slowly, we had every opportunity of being thoroughly acquainted with; and it is but justice to say, that we shall long remember this interesting country with gratitude, from the mildness of its inhabitants, reasonableness and goodness of its inns, and above all, for the beauty of the country, and grandeur of the scenery! these circumstances, added to the goodness of the roads, caused us to leave it with regret *.

CHAPTER XLII.

Departure from Lansberg—Mode of Ascent—Description of Mont Cenis—Depth of Snow—Lanceri Laut—Frequent Crosses—Cantonniers—Mont Cenis in all its horrors—Spirit of Travellers—Beautiful effect of Snow and Ice upon the Mountain Scenery—Entrance into Italy—Diminution of Miseries—Arrival at Susa.

Feb. 25.—Our cavalcade set off from Lansberg exactly ten minutes after six, in a fine frosty morning,

* Meat at Lansberg is only four sous a pound, 13 ounces to the pound, and bread in proportion.

there being every appearance of favourable weather for the ascent.

We began to ascend Mont Cenis *, immediately at the foot of which Lansberg is situated; our coach had four mules in *length*, and a mule and horse in the shafts; there was a large body of snow on the ground; in the middle of the road it was about two feet deep, the rest of it was filled up, as were the sides, precipices, and valleys. The ascent is very gradual, and the road winds so as to make it *perfectly easy*.

This celebrated mountain has been so often described, that but little remains to be said on it; but contrary to our expectation, the beauty of the scenery continued, and was as fine as on many preceding days, while on *both* sides of the road, firs rose upon firs, like the steps of a ladder; the barren rocks were behind us. The winding of the road was so frequent and beautiful, as to exhibit, to our astonishment, *five or six tiers of it*, one above the other, with carriages, horses, *&c.*, passing *at the same time* on

* Whoever has seen the Alps must laugh at the fabulous report of Hannibal softening them by vinegar, (*a*) but it shows what a formidable idea the ancients had of this barrier: all these difficulties yield to modern improvement, and the roads are now so good over them, that in travelling, except in snow, they are not considered as an impediment.

(*a*) The poet gives us a very different account of this, and we find by him, that the hardy chief made use of fire instead of liquid:

"Jamque ubi nudarunt silvâ densissima montis,
Aggessere trabes; rapidisque accensus in orbem
Excoquitur flammis scopulus, mox proruta ferro
Dat gemitum putris resoluto pondere moles,
Atque aperit fessis antiqui regna Latini.

Sil. Italicus, Lib. 3, v. 640, *et seq.*

almost all; so as to put on the appearance of so many different roads; this rendered the scene truly interesting*.

There was one good effect derived from the snow it was so deep as to take off the terrific appearance of the precipices. The firs also looked beautiful in their green and white clothing, but we were prevented, by this unexpected circumstance, from examining into the variety of plants and shrubs peculiar to this mountain.

The view of Lansberg and its church was very pleasing, and continued to be seen throughout the various windings of the road to the top of the mountain; some years before, a man whom we saw had descended on a sledge from the summit to Lansberg in exactly ten minutes †. We left the old road on our right, which was shorter than the new one by a league, but the descent was much more rapid. The new road was made by Bonaparte for his troops, as our guides informed us, and was twenty-five feet wide. The beautiful spire of Lanceri Laut, in the same valley as Lansberg, was a fine object from the road.

On our right were frequent high crosses, painted red, to prevent the traveller from mistaking his road, and many stones, at least four feet wide and six feet

* If such was the effect from viewing carriages, horses, and mules, what must it have been from seeing an army pass, uniformly accoutred, and their arms glittering in the sun? A sight which must have been by no means rare, during the late awful conflict carried on in this part of the world.

† We afterwards had a confirmation of this fact from a man at Florence, who told us that he had descended likewise in ten minutes.

high, with heavy wooden rails to protect him from the precipices.

We passed by the cottages of the cantonniers, or men paid by government to take care of the road, assist travellers, clear away the snow, *&c.*; they have their number marked on their sleeves, and there are twenty-six cottages and fifty-two cantonniers, who have their clothes, fur-caps, cottages, and forty-six francs and a half a month. We were much obliged to the exertions of this most useful body of men, as will soon be seen.

We arrived at the Barrière or top of the mountain exactly in three hours and a quarter. Some of our party walked the whole way, and found that toiling through the snow was a very fatiguing exercise.

We stopped at Tavernette* to refresh ourselves. On setting off again, the weather was much changed; instead of a frost and calm, the wind blew hard, and it snowed tremendously, so that in some places on the plain, which we were now going over, the track was quite gone, and the carriage must have been inevitably overturned, had not some of the cantonniers, who accompanied us, held it up. The scene here was curious; women and children screaming, and insisting on quitting the carriage at all hazards. We,

* From Tavernette to L'Hospice, where we exhibited our passports, is about a mile. This was originally an hospital to receive the sick, and accommodate the wandering mountain-traveller; it was rebuilt by Bonaparte, and made a barrack. Near it is a very long fort, low, but with three tiers of loop-holes, built also by him, but now disused. On the right is the famous lake, so often spoken of, but at that time so full of snow as not to be known. The plain on the top of Mount Cenis is about four miles long.

therefore, now alighted, and walked, *up to our knees almost in snow*, to Gran Croce*, where we had determined to pass the night, sooner than again run the risk of being out in such inclement weather; but the house was such a wretched cabaret, that we held a council, and the result of our united deliberations, much to the credit of our now spirited females, was boldly to venture out again, rather than depend on such miserable accommodations. We therefore sallied forth, walking through the snow, in many places very deep, having three of the mountaineers to assist us.

The weather now grew much worse; it continued to snow, the wind howled, and was tremendously high, and the snow was much drifted; yet, after the descent commenced the road insensibly became better, and in spite of the unfavourable weather we were enabled to look a little about us, and enjoy the grand and awful scenery which every where presented itself. The snow, from the top of the mountain† almost to the bottom, was formed into a variety of beautiful icicles, of a pyramidal form; under several of these icicles the water rushed out of the rock with amazing rapidity, so as to produce fine cascades. In other places the snow and ice formed grottoes, and a variety

* This is much changed at present; former writers have uniformly spoken of Santa Croce as a good inn, and Tavernette as a wretched place; whereas the contrary is the case. Tavernette is a very neat and comfortable inn, and Santa Croce a miserable hovel. We should have had no objection to have passed the night in the former.

† "——— Alpinasque bibunt de more pruinas."

CLAUD. *Car* 1. *V.* 255.

of figures, having altogether a beautiful and grand appearance. The precipices in the descent were more frequent and terrific than in the ascent; in some places considerably more than 100 feet deep, with no fence to protect the road; and at the bottom was a rapid stream, rushing among the rocks. The mountains here were more rugged and more barren than in the ascent*. About the middle of the descent is a *plain*, with the river running by the road; here our eager hopes anticipated the end of the mountain, which continued, however, to Susa. This plain is called St. Nicholas, and we here left Savoy for Piedmont, and entered *Italy*. Although the road was visibly better, and we were getting rid of the mountain snow, yet was the coach still obliged to be supported by two men on the side of the precipice; and even with this support, it was once nearly overturned. These men, as occasion demanded, two, three, or four at a time, accompanied us the chief part of the ascent and descent.

We at length, to our great joy, once more saw the ruggedness of the rocks disappear, gradually giving place to fine woods of pines and firs, and these soon to fruit trees, such as mulberry, pear, &c., exhibiting signs of a cultivated country. The road now became more level, and, continually winding round the mountain in a beautiful manner, we were enabled to proceed at a brisk pace, and at length arrived at Susa, a quarter after five, most thankful

*There is a great deal of marble in different parts of these rocks and mountains, which furnishes the Italian artists with materials for some of their finest works

to find ourselves, after so fatiguing and hazardous a journey, under the shelter of a comfortable inn.

We were here again gratified with the beautiful appearance of many tiers of roads, above each other, with carriages, horses, mules, &c., on them in the descent, as well as the ascent. There was only one coach passed with us, but the number of carts with merchandise was astonishing; they completely lined the road.

On comparing the Pyrenees with the Alps, we could not help remarking, that though the former had the evident advantage in verdure and variety of trees, particularly the beautiful cork-tree and arbutus*, which were wanting in the latter, yet the Alps had the obvious advantage in bold scenery, rugged precipices, and romantic views. And here we would advise no traveller to attempt crossing Mont Cenis when there is a fall of snow, lest he repent his temerity. A few weeks before, a coach full of travellers had been overturned, and thrown to a considerable distance in the snow by the falling of an avalanche; the passengers were saved by the exertions of the cantonniers, of whom our guide was one. This mountain also should not be passed in the night, as there are many bad precipices not well protected from the road.

We were just eleven hours in the passage, reckoning the time we passed in the plain.

We entered Susa under an arch, erected by Bonaparte when he made the new road over the mountain,

* Dant arbuta sylvæ.—VIR. *Georg.*

and a little farther on went under a kind of triumphal arch, built in commemoration of one of the Royal marriages with a French Princess.

Having had what may certainly be called a hazardous passage over this mountain, and seen it probably in all its horrors, it may not be amiss to quote Silius Italicus' beautiful description of the Alps, as mentioned by Addison.:

"Cuncta gelu canâque æternum grandine tecta
Atque cevi glaciem cohibent; riget ardua montis
Ætherei facies, surgentique obvia Phœbo
Durates nescit flammis mollire pruinas
Quantum Tartareus regni pallentis hiatus
Ad manes imos atque atræ stagna paludis
A superâ tellure patet, tam longa per auras
Erigitur tellus, et cælum intercipit umbra.?
Nullum ver usquam, nullique æstatis honores;
Sola jugis habitat diris sedesque tuetur
Perpetuas deformis hyems; illa undique nubes
Huc atras agit, et mixtos cum grandine nimbos
Nam cuncti flatus ventique furentia regna
Alpinâ posuere Domo, caligat in altis
Obtutus saxis abeuntque in nubila montes*."

SIL. ITAL. *Lib. 3.*

"Fuvius hybernas canâ nive conspicit Alpes."

HOR. *Sat. 5. L. 2.*

"——— Curre per Alpes
Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias."

JUVENAL.

Distance from Lansberg to Susa. Lansberg to the Barrière, two leagues and a quarter; Barrière to Gran

* It is proper here to give this elegant author's animated translation.

"Stiff with eternal ice, and hid in snow
That fell a thousand centuries ago,
The mountain stands; nor can the rising sun
Unfix her frosts, and teach them how to run:
Deep as the dark infernal waters lie
From the bright regions of the cheerful sky,

So

Croce (*plain,*) one league and a half; Gran Croce to Susa, five leagues. Eight leagues and three-quarters (post), about twenty-four English miles.

To those who have crossed the Alps* in snowy stormy weather in winter, this description will not seem exaggerated or overcharged.

"Garganum Alpinis Apenninumque nivalem
Permistis sociate jugis."

CLAUDIAN.

CHAPTER XLIII

Description of Susa—Place of Great Antiquity—Various Gates with Inscriptions—No longer a Place of Strength—Cathedral—Madonna Delle Neve—Brumetta—Change of Floors—Painting in Fresco—Departure for Turin—Description of Road—St. Ambrogio—Rivoli—Turin—Royal Château—Saloon—Court Ceremony—Extraordinary Longevity; no less extraordinary instance of Italian Finesse—Royal Apartments—Governor's House—Palace de Madame.

SUSA is a small clean city, very ancient, standing at the foot of the Alps, with a clear stream running through

So far the proud ascending rocks invade
Heav'n's upper realms, and cast a dreadful shade:
No spring nor summer on the mountain seen
Smiles with gay fruits, or with delightful green;
But hoary Winter, unadorn'd and bare,
Dwells in the dire retreat, and freezes there;
There she assembles all her blackest storms,
And the rude hail in rattling tempests forms;
Thither the loud tumultuous winds resort,
And on the mountain keep their boist'rous court,
That in thick showers her rocky summit shrouds,
And darkens all the broken view with clouds.

* "Aëriæque Alpes."

OV. *Met. Lib. 2. Cap. 5.*

the streets; its situation is very romantic, being almost surrounded with mountains of various heights and appearances. The triumphal arch built in honour of Augustus on his return from Gaul, and lately repaired, is well worth seeing, and proves the antiquity of the town; it is in a perfect state, and there are various Latin Inscriptions on the arch, which we were not near enough to read. There was formerly a Roman road leading from hence to Briançon in Dauphiné; the arch of Augustus is in the garden belonging to the governor of the city, and his house is the palace formerly inhabited by Cottus, a Consular Roman. The neighbouring mountains, it seems, were called from him *Alpes Cottiæ* *.

By the gate of Savoy is a very antique tower, probably built by the Romans; in another part is a gate with the following concise inscription:—

"Hac in Provincia Bellum victoria peregit
Pacem Hymenæus Perenneus Auspicatus."

The Dora comes to Susa, but is narrow, and no more than a mountain stream.

This town was formerly one of the keys of Italy; but key and lock are both gone, and the fortifications demolished; indeed, the late war was a proof of the little efficacy of fortifications, which are a certain ex-

* This vast chain of mountains extending about 200 miles. from east to west, has various names, as the *Maritime Alps;* the *Cottian Alps,* extending from the source of the Vado to Susa; the *Grecian,* from Susa to St. Bernard; the *Pennian,* from St. Bernard to St. Gothard; the *Rhætian* extend to the source of the river Piave; the *Norician or Carnician,* from the Piave as far as Istria and the source of the sea.

pense and of uncertain use; and as the respective sovereigns seem inclined to change their system, probably in another century there will be few fortified towns in Europe.

The possession of Susa was always esteemed of great consequence by the French, in order to get footing in Italy; and in the year 1704, the Duc de la Feuillade took it and demolished the citadel with its other fortifications: the town now contains about four thousand people, appears poor, and is crowded with beggars.

The cathedral is an old building, consisting of a choir, nave, and two aisles; there is a handsome marble balustrade separating the choir from the nave; round the high altar also is much marble, indicating the abundance of that valuable material in this country. In the choir is a canopy and throne for the bishop, whose palace joins the cathedral; he has about 12,000 francs a year. In the churches at Susa they have benches instead of chairs; the chapel of La Madonna delle Neve is very rich, and in it is a statue of Adélaide Princess of Piémont, who founded the churches of St. Just, Pignorel, and Briançon.

On entering the church is a monument of the former and first Bishop of Susa, Ferraris a Genola*, who was buried in an adjoining vault; there is a long

* Over the gate called Porte de Turin is the following inscription:—

" Segusina Civitas
Novo Episcopalis sedis honore
Auctore Carolo Eman. 3 Sard. Rege
A Pontifice maximo Clemente 14,
Jampridem decorata.

Jos.

Latin inscription, by which he appears to have been an amiable man in private life, and a great public character: he was a great benefactor to Susa.

In a chapel on the left, as you go to the choir are statues of St. Michael and the guardian angel, probably of Susa* carved in wood and gilt.

Susa contains only three parishes; there are numbers of balconies to the houses, as in Spain, and the chimneys here, and in the towns and villages in the neighbourhood, are very singular, like the tops of our pigeon-houses, covered on the top, and open on the sides for the smoke to go out†. Wooden floors now gave place once more to tiles and bricks; and at Susa, which is very cold in winter, they have very large fire-places for wood, which they get very cheap from the mountains, but make the traveller pay dear. We now had the first glimpse of the sides and ceiling of the rooms painted in fresco, in a variety of ways, and often very pleasing. The beds were large and in the middle of the room, as in England, but

Jos. Franciscum M. Ferraris Com. Genolæ
Primum antistitem renunciatum
Advenientem lectabunda excipit
Et vict. Amadæo regi optimo
Ob sapientissimum eximio Pastoris delectum.
Gratam se Devinctamque
Publice testatur.
Anno 1778.

* Susa experienced the effects of the Emperor Barbarossa's vengeance in 1268, on account of the insults he experienced from this city in his precipitate flight from Italy six years before.—DENINA.

This extraordinary character was thought dead for some time through Italy, and was lamented as such by his wife; he retired to Pavia so humbled by his reverses, that he was glad to sue for peace.—*ib.*

† As we advanced into Italy, we found the same kind, at Florence, *&c.*

mattresses * are in general use. The steeples of the churches are very handsome; cased with tin, as in Savoy and in Switzerland.

The old fort of Brumatta is now only a ruin, but is a fine object from the town; as it was a very clear day, we had a beautiful view of Roccamelon, one of the highest alpine mountains, on which is a chapel, where solemn mass is celebrated annually on the 5th of August; and great numbers, who do not regard heat and fatigue, undertake this mountainous pilgrimage to perform their devotions: the chapel was formerly a temple of Jupiter.

Feb. 27.—We set off for Turin, a quarter before six; the road was at first narrow, and between stone walls; the valley gradually became wider afterwards, and the mountains receded; the vines were very strong, and were trained so as to form arbours. two leagues from Susa †, Bossolino, a small village, where we crossed the Dora on a bridge; this river accompanied us almost the whole way, and is a remarkably clear stream. About a league farther were strong remains of a castle, the Dora still running near the road.

We dined at St. Ambroggio, about half way; here

* The mattresses are stuffed with the husks of maize as in Spain and the South of France, and placed on tressels; they have, farther in Italy, iron instead of wood. on account of insects, &c.

† At Susa, we were at the Post, an excellent inn, in which are two tiers of balconies, from which is a beautiful view of the snowy mountains, more gratifying sometimes at a distance than near, as we had lately experienced. The rooms of the inns have chiefly glass doors into these balconies.

is a beautiful church* consisting only of a fine dome; there is a handsome canopy in the choir, a marble balustrade, and many paintings round the church. On the hill, or rather mountain, overlooking the town, is a convent of Carthusians, inhabited by *one monk only*, whom we met by accident, and he told us, that owing to the various events which had taken place in the preceding years, he was the only one left.

A few leagues brought us to Rivoli, a large flourishing village, in which are two châteaux belonging to the King of Sardinia and the Prince of Carignan, who come there often. The road now widens immediately, and becomes very good. Rivoli is four Italian miles† from Turin, of which there is a fine view the whole way: the country now becomes so populous as to denote the neighbourhood of a large city. We met many carriages of various sorts, and the number of persons passing and repassing was astonishing. From Rivoli is a beautiful view of the mountains on the *other side* of Turin and Superga; on the top of one of them, in which are the remains of regal pride, the ashes of the royal house of Sardinia repose.

This day's journey was at first, as usual, between rocks and mountains, the former chiefly barren, but villages and houses very thick; afterwards, as the

* There are many relics in this church, and a remarkably handsome confessional, placed diagonally.

On the outside of the church is a long inscription in honour of the late bishop.

† An Italian mile is about half a French league.

valleys were wider, there were meadows, corn-fields, woods, and hedges of nut-trees; the country also was wetter, and there were many fields of Indian corn, and the land in ridges and furrow, especially near Turin.

The church of St. Michael, finely situated on a mountain, not far from St. Ambroggio, struck us as a remarkably fine object. The costume of the peasants was rather singular; the men generally wearing cocked hats, and the women, as in France, going without bonnets. The manners of the people were very civil. Many of the houses, and almost all the churches were painted on the *outside*. The shops at the entrance had a *deep archway*, and glass folding doors; but most of the houses to an Englishman had the appearance of prisons: sometimes instead of glass the windows had iron bars in small squares, at others, squares of iron bars were before the windows.

In this day's journey, there were great numbers of small chapels with painted figures, but the Bons Dieux had been taken away by the *general spoilers*; there were also many inscriptions, some of which amused us much, among them was the following:

Fermati passoi tuoi
Saluta Maria di un Ave Maria
E da mali sarai libro per la via*.

After this *security from danger* in our journey, who among us could refuse homage to the good Madonna? Another inscription was,

* If you halt and pay your devotions to Mary, &c.
You shall perform your journey in safety.

Un Pater per le anime recitate
E dalle pene saranno sollevate
1816.
Repeat a *Pater* for the souls
And they shall be delivered from misery (probably of Purgatory.)

We also observed many towers, fortresses, *&c.*, and the *remains* of convents, on the tops of the mountains, which had a very picturesque appearance.

This day's journey was about thirty-three English miles.

Feb. 28.—As it was a court day, and the royal family were soon going to Genoa, we lost no time, but crossed the fine square and went to the chateâu, to see the king come from mass. The costume of this court is kept up with great state and dignity, but strangers are admitted without the form and trouble of changing their dress as at Paris: the dress of the guards, life-guards, pages, *&c.*, is very magnificent.

The saloon through which the king passes from mass, and where strangers are admitted, is a very fine room, ninety feet in length, with old historical paintings all round, and inscriptions, among which are the following:

Christianâ fide Candidato Videchindo magno
Pullum aviti stemmatis
Pullum, *Candefacit* magnus Carolus
Ad palmam vero Olympia cam festinanti
Haud alius convenicbat equi color.
1316.

Among various historical figures was a *white horse* in an escutcheon, *&c.* In another part of the room—

Anglice dux Britannice Domitor Vortegivus
Britannicis leonibus mucrones Anglicos infligens
Britannis leges dedit nomen eripuit
Mirante oceano, ubi natabat Britannia
Nata est Anglia.

Vortigern, and many historical figures in this picture

We could not help, with the pride of Britons, thinking of the different situation in which our country is now; instead of *receiving*, she now *gives* laws. May she ascribe the honour of this to whom honour is due! otherwise she must expect the fate of other nations, which, intoxicated with prosperity, have neglected this salutary caution.

The establishment of the King of Sardinia is very princely, 100 Swiss, and 700 guards; his whole number of military in war is about 80,000. We were much gratified with seeing the King, Queen, and Duke of Genoa, brother of the King, pass through the saloon, without any crowd; there was a cardinal in full costume, a bishop, almoners, nobles, *&c.* The whole was conducted with great dignity and propriety; the royal livery is very splendid.

But the greatest curiosity in the room was a woman of the age of 104 years and three months, who formerly kept an inn at Lansberg when it was burnt down, with the houses mentioned before, about three or four years ago, by the carelessness of the Austrians. By this accident she was reduced to great distress; she has ever since been regularly relieved by the Queen, and was now come to Turin to receive the royal bounty: her Majesty very condescendingly noticed her as she passed by. One of our party conversed much with this wonderful piece of antiquity, who spoke French very well: she has most of her teeth and her senses perfect, and is so strong as to

walk from Turin to Lansberg in two days, without being in the least fatigued by the passage of the mountain, and she has no marks of extraordinary age but wrinkles. After having seen the Queen and received her bounty, she prepared to return to her mountainous retreat. The English used to frequent her hotel, and she spoke of them in the highest terms.

A striking instance of meanness here occurred, which amused us much: a woman remarkably well-dressed, and who appeared to have a large acquaintance, was standing in the circle, and very civilly acted as nomenclator, naming all the different persons of the court: when one of our society, who had been much pleased with the old woman, was preparing to give her a trifle, this female took him abruptly by the arm, suddenly hurrying him out of the room, apparently with the intention of shewing him something he had not seen; on coming into the piazza, she said to him, "I left the saloon with you to prevent your giving any thing to the old woman, who wants nothing; I am a much greater object, being a widow with two children." She got a twelve sous piece by this finesse, and appeared very grateful for it: this genteel mendicant was remarkably pleasing in her manners, and what the French term *bien mise.*

The King's Palace is an old building of brick, of a quadrangular form, with arcades; the rooms are ascended by a handsome staircase. At the foot of it is a beautiful equestrian statue of Victor Amadeus, grandfather of the present king; the king in bronze, and the horse marble; it has the following inscription:

Divi Victoris Amadei
Bellicam fortitudinem
Et inflexum justitiæ rigorem
Metallo expressum vides.
Totum animum videres
Si velox ingenium
Flexilemque clementiam
Exprimere metallum posset.

The whole four sides consist of thirty rooms, of which the three or four first are appropriated to the guards, pages, and other appendages of royalty. You then come to the state-rooms of the Queen* and the King†; the gallery leading to the theatre is 220 feet long, the pavement at present is only common tiles, but is soon to be marble. The sides are now partly variegated marble, and are intended to be wholly so. There are also some very fine urns, a great deal of sculpture in marble in basso-relievo; and at each end of the room are two figures which our guide told us were Wisdom, Force, Justice, and *Agriculture*‡. From thence we went into the state-apartments of the King, which are rich in furniture, glasses, and paintings.

The gallery called the Concert, or Daniel Gallery, contains a rich and valuable assemblage of paintings by the first masters of different schools, Rubens,

* The Queen is a princess of the House of Austria.

† The Duke of Genoa, brother to the King, who has no children, is heir apparent to the crown *(a)*, and the Prince of Carignan, a distant branch of the family, is presumptive heir to the crown.

‡ They were probably the four cardinal virtues.

(a) Since this was written, owing to the revolution, this prince is King of Sardinia. This country is famous for its Sovereigns' renunciation of royalty.

Guido, &c. The boudoir is an elegant little room, with remarkably handsome and costly furniture.

It is impossible to dwell minutely upon the various articles in this elegant palace*; among them are many superb variegated marble tables, rich India cabinets, ebony ones, inlaid with ivory, costly glasses, &c., &c. On one of the tables is represented the siege of Turin in 1704, by the Duc de Feuillade; and in one of the rooms is a very curious picture representing a Pope, and the grandfather and grandmother of the present king, in the same picture; *one head exhibits the three in different points of view*, there being a kind of transparent paper between them; there is also a beautiful picture of Hans Holbein, painted by himself. Many of the rooms are hung with brocaded satin, tapestry of Turin with rich historical subjects, &c., &c., and the ceilings are all richly painted: these apartments, in short, are very beautiful, and worthy of a royal residence. The square, of which the palace forms a side, is a very fine one, and full of life; here the soldiers exercise†, shows, &c., are exhibited, and it is a constant moving scene: there are piazzas round great part of this square, as there are in most of the streets of this fine city.

On the other side of the square are good apartments for the different officers of the household, and secretaries. Near this is what was formerly the

* In the room called the King's Chapel are a number of beautiful miniatures, no inconsiderable ornament to it.

† On a Sunday especially, this square is so crowded you can hardly pass. Sundays are observed very decently at Turin, and the shops regularly shut.

Governor's house, and appears to have been a fortification, as part of the moat still exists; if this and what is termed le Palais de Madame were taken down, la Piazza del Castello would be, without doubt, one of the finest in Europe, though the latter is reckoned a beautiful piece of architecture; it is a very regular handsome building, with many statues on the top; there is a very beautiful staircase, much admired, and a fine saloon, with several medallions of the House of Savoy round the roof.

The Governor's House is now occupied by the Great Chamberlain. As the rain seemed set in for some time, we availed ourselves of our comfortable quarters at L'Albergo della Caccia Reale to stay some days quietly in this city, making our excursions as the weather permitted.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Description of Turin—Population—Cathedral—Jesuits—Singular Mode of naming the Streets—Rivers Po and Dora—Views of Superga and Capuchin Convent—Museum—St. Carlo—Madonna della Consolazione Arsenal—Cimétière—Miscellaneous Observations.

TURIN* is situated in a fine valley, within a short distance of the mountains, which are just near enough to adorn the view. It may be considered as one of the most beautiful cities in Europe, from the fineness of its squares, the regularity of the streets, and the goodness of the houses. It is built of brick

* In most of the streets is a clear stream, giving freshness and cleanliness.

plastered. In almost all the principal streets are fine arcades, very wide, and full of good shops. The liveliness of this beautiful city is inconceivable; you meet vast numbers in all parts, and the cries of Turin remind an Englishman of those of London, beginning at seven in the morning. The shops are numerous and good, and full of the choicest articles. The streets are well paved, and many have a good trottoir. The population of Turin is 88,658, as taken January 1st, 1819. It is about two miles in length, and one in breadth; there are many fine churches; although the cathedral is not the finest, one is naturally led to speak of it first.

The cathedral of St. Jean is situated on the square of the same name, and you ascend by a fine flight of steps, but the inside is not answerable to its approach. It consists of a choir, nave, and two regular aisles, and may be termed a fine building; there are several rich chapels: and paintings, as well as monuments, and statues. Near the cathedral is a fine old tower belonging to it.

The church of the Jesuits is very handsome, and much the finest in Turin. It consists of a nave and choir, and has a vast deal of beautiful variegated marble, the pillars and balustrade, separating the nave from the choir, are likewise of marble, and the roof is finely painted; on entering the church, you are at once struck with the awful and solemn gloom which prevails. In the choir are statues of Santa Juliana and San Goselinus; and there is a rich canopy over the high altar, as in many of the

Italian churches; but they have in most of them an old curtain covering the door-way, which is no great ornament to the entrance of the churches,

In this and the other churches, as it was Lent we saw the priests, much to their honour, catechizing and instructing the children.

The names of the streets in Turin* are all written up; besides, there is the name of some Saint to distinguish them; and also, the quarter in which they are situated, as Dora, Po †, *&c.* There was formerly a statue of each Saint, with a splendid lamp to light the street.

La Contada di Dora ‡ is a very fine street, but not equal to the contada del Po, which is incontestably the finest in the city, with broad piazzas on each side, full of shops, fruit-stalls, game, fowls, *&c.* At the end of this fine street is the Po, which is here about as broad as the Medway at Maidstone, and there is a beautiful stone bridge over it of five arches built by Bonaparte; we hailed this as a classical river, and saluted our old friend § Eridanus, *Fluviorum rex Eridanus*||, with great veneration; it was also formerly called Padus. *Padus matina laverit cacumina*¶. Over the river are the mountains, on the left of which Superga is built, which forms a fine object; on the right is the Capuchin convent.

* Taurino, the arms are, a Bull.

† The Dora empties itself into the Po, near Turin.

‡ The streets are all called contada at Turin.

§ Eridani ludunt per prata jugales.
CLAUDIAN.

|| Virgil. Georg. lib. 1. v. 482. ¶ Horace Epod. od. 16. v. 28.

The environs of Turin are very interesting, and the walk round the ramparts particularly broad and fine; the citadel* has been strong, but is no longer a Ville de Guerre, but an open city. The gates were demolished by Bonaparte†.

The weather proving favourable, we were tempted the next day to go to the Museum, called *Il Collegio delle belle Arti*, where is a fine collection of subjects of natural history. There are five long rooms and a fine long gallery, containing minerals, petrifactions, fish, serpents, birds, and beasts, among which are many rare and curious specimens. Various kinds of marble found in the Alps, Pyrenees, and different parts of Europe, are also to be seen in this museum; and on the whole it may be reckoned a good collection.

We returned by the citadel, which has been very strong; the entrance is by four redoubts, and drawbridges: there were only 400 soldiers in it. From the heights is a beautiful view of Mont Cenis and the neighbouring mountains. We concluded the day by visiting the church of St. Carlo, which exhibits a rich and beautiful display of marble; the sides, the pave-

* The citadel was planned by the famous Paciotto Urbino, in the sixteenth century, the same who planned that of Antwerp.—DENINA.

† This city being near the frontiers of France, has almost always been involved in its wars, and has experienced great vicissitudes. In 1562 it was ceded by the Guises, to the Duke of Savoy, with the finest part of Piedmont, to secure his neutrality in the civil wars.—*L'Esprit de la Ligue.* It was surrendered to Le Comte de Harcourt, September 1660, after a vigorous defence. It was besieged again in 1704, by the French under the Duc de Feuillade, but soon delivered. Its late fate since the revolution is fresh in the memory of every one, and it is to be hoped, that the Piedmontese, smarting from their late disasters, are glad to return to their ancient masters.

ment, pulpit*, balustrade, *&c.*, being of that material. The different chapels and altars † are richly gilt; and the roof is painted with a variety of figures, of which David and Elijah are the principal.

The street called Contada Nuova, leading from Piazza San Carlo to Piazza del Carlolla, is a remarkably fine one; two sides of the former have likewise broad piazzas full of shops.

March 7.—Went to the churches of St. Laurentio and la Madonna Della Consolazione. The former is a small chapel full of Latin indulgencies, by the Holy Father; the latter is a beautiful church belonging to the convent, consisting of an inner and outer dome, the former of which is the choir, and separated from the nave by a grille; behind the choir is a kind of recess, in which is the high altar, richly decorated. This church is reckoned one of the most beautiful in Turin, having a fine painted roof (as, indeed, most of them have), and a profusion of marble. Adjoining is a chapel, with many small pictures framed and hung up, representing various *accidents prevented* and *cures performed* by *faith* and the *intercession of the good Madonna.* Here you see a carriage overturned, and the passengers miraculously saved; there, persons

* In the pulpits here, and in most of the Italian churches, the Bons Dieux are not *fixed* behind as in France, but are *loose*, either on the righ or left of the entrance, which gives them a singular appearance as if stretching out their hands.

† Over the high altar is the following inscription:—

"Divo Carolo
Humilitatis exemplo
Christiana, Fran. Sar. Dux. Cyp. Regina
Humillime posnit."

falling into a river, and their lives preserved; houses falling upon others, who escaped unhurt, and all by *the aid of the Madonna* This is very like Nôtre Dame de Fourvière at Lyons, the two good ladies having apparently bestowed their favours equally in France and Italy.

There are seventeen monks only in this convent, who having been stripped of their white dress at the revolution, now dress in black. The females of our party were conducted by our guide, who was one of them, into his cell, which was very gratifying to their curiosity, though there was not, in fact, much to see. There is a very neat subterraneous chapel, which, they told us, was about 400 years old, with an altar, statues, *&c.* The monks have a gallery with gilt lattices, from whence the service and organ are heard to advantage; this place is also open to strangers. The convents have been much reduced at Turin, but they are very impolitically re-establishing many.

The arsenal being recommended as worthy of inspection, we went there, but it did not answer our expectation. It is certainly a fine and spacious building, but there are not at present more than 50,000 musquets: in another room is some ancient armour. There are also many cannon founded here. The officer, who was our guide, shewed us several cannon given by the English; and we had the satisfaction of hearing this gentleman, to whom we were recommended, and to whom we were much obliged for his polite attention, speak in the highest way of the English. Indeed we had every reason to be pleased

with the polite attention we received in this city, and much gratified by the partiality of the Piedmontese for our nation.

The cimétière* out of the city and near the Po, disappointed us much, being the least interesting of any we had seen: it is a small piece of square ground, encompassed by arcades, under which the nobility and persons of distinction are interred; the common burying-ground is quite flat, without any mark to shew that it is a place of sepulture, and we could not help remarking the difference between that of Père de la Chaise, and the one we were viewing.

In our way back, we went to the junction of the two rivers, and crossed several small canals, paved, which convey water from the Dora into the streets of Turin, serving at once to purify and cool them.

Turin has an archbishop, whose revenues are about 2,000*l.* a year. He was just appointed, and was daily expected.

The King of Sardinia is an absolute prince, and governs without a parliament; he levies taxes, appoints to offices, *&c.*, at his own will; but at Turin the creditor cannot seize the person of the debtor.

We left Turin with regret, intending, if possible, to see it again, and visit the Superga and the beautiful environs, which the continuance of bad weather had prevented, though we had been there ten days.

* Over the gate was the following designatory inscription:—

"Ad æternam memoriam
Locus sepulcro designatus
Quo extincta corpora Clarissimorum Taur Civitatis
Decurionum Inferantur."

"The ground allotted for the sepulture of the most eminent citizens of Turin."

Being now arrived in the most celebrated country in Europe, in ancient times distinguished for arts and arms, and in modern, for the softer arts of music, poetry, and painting, Italy, formerly mistress of the world*, and giving laws to all nations, the nursery of poets, philosophers, statesmen, and warriors, we are naturally led to inquire into the astonishing changes which have taken place in this country.

With the ancient Romans, and with the fall of the empire, the Roman courage seems immediately to have fallen; and Italy, in later times, has been a prey to every invader, with scarcely a struggle to preserve its liberties †.

From the Heruli in the fifth century to the Goths, who had a succession of nine warlike kings in the sixth century, and from the Greeks and Lombards to Charlemagne and his posterity in the eighth century, the same want of national spirit, and even pusillanimity appeared. And in later times, the claims ‡ of the

* Italiæque dominæque Romæ.
Hor. Car. lib. 4. od. 14.

† In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, all the citizens of the different states, who were able to bear arms from sixteen to sixty, were enrolled for the defence of their country.—DENINA.

‡ These claims were asserted with such eagerness, and pursued with such avidity and obstinacy, by a succession of French Kings, as to drain France of men and money, and involve Europe in war and bloodshed. They at first had the appearance of success, by the battle of Marignano, gained by Francis I., in 1515. This was called by Marechal Trivulce, The Battle of the *Giants*. This victory, however, nearly proved his ruin, for flushed with success, he went on in his victorious career, till he received a complete check in the fatal battle of Pavia, in which he and many of the nobles were taken prisoners, and vast numbers were slain. Francis wrote an account of this fatal event to Louisa of Savoy, his mother, in these words: "Madam, we have lost all but our *honour*." This nearly overthrew the French monarchy, which, drained of men and

House of Anjou, (traced as far back as 1263*, when Pope Urban gave the investiture of Sicily to Charles Count of Anjou†, brother of St. Louis, which investiture was confirmed by Clement IV. and gave rise to the invasion of Italy by Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francis I.) shewed the Italians in their true and proper colours, as a people without courage to fight for their country, or resolution to defend it; but, on the contrary, ever eager to welcome every invader, so that they might enjoy the ease and comfort of a country, the mildness of whose climate naturally leads to tranquillity and repose.

And although in the sixteenth century, an æra famous in the history of heroes and men of renown, some distinguished characters appeared to revive the drooping spirits of their country, as Gonsalvo‡ the

money by the obstinacy of its rulers, was long recovering this fatal stroke. Thus with Francis I. vanished the French power in Italy, for though the late ruler of France, by the victories of Marengo and Lodi, established a temporary footing in the country, yet might it be said, from the shortness of its duration, to be *overrun* more than conquered, in the same manner as it was by Charles VIII.

* The Anjou claims were confirmed by the will of Joanne of Naples, of notorious memory, in 1381, to René Duc d'Anjou, the amiable Titular King of Sicily, and father of Margaret, Queen of England, wife of Henry VI.—Vide GIANNANI, BIANCARDI, DENINA, DANIEL, RAPIN, and other historians on the claims of the House of Anjou.

† The crown of Naples was secured to this Prince by the death of Manfred, his competitor, in a pitched battle.—DENINA.

‡ The great Captain Ferdinand Gonsalvi de Cordova, Marquis de Mantoue, was born at Montillo, near Cordova, March 16, 1443, and died at Grenada, Dec. 2, 1515.—*Biographie Universelle.* His fame gave such umbrage to the jealous tyrant, Ferdinand King of Arragon, as to make him recall him from Naples, the scene of his glory, and after being invited to dine at the same table with Ferdinand and Louis XII., the former took him into Spain, and banished him to his country-seat, where he remained

great captain, the Marquis de Pescara*, Antoine de Leyva, Prosper Colonna†, and the Viceroy Delanoy, yet did these constellations blaze only for a short time, but soon disappeared like a comet; they served but to shew in stronger colours the distressed state of their country, which, long fluctuating between the two great powers of Europe, sank at last under the colossal one of Charles V., and by the fatal battle of Pavia, became a complete province to the empire of that powerful prince. In later times, the narrow policy and superstitious bigotry of the ecclesiastical state were certainly the chief means of continuing to lower the national spirit, and undermine the resources of a country possessing such natural advantages, and such powers to defend itself; and it is here worth while to consider the vast difference between the Papal and Maho-

unemployed the remainder of his life.—Fit pleramque apud summos principes ut ingentis beneficii merita ubi modum excesserint, quod justis præmiis exæquari nequeant insigni demum injuria persolvantur.—PAUL JOV. *Vit. Hom. Illus.*—"It often happens with great princes, that they repay with the grossest injuries the services which they cannot sufficiently reward."—*Guiccardini and Roscoe.*

* This great commander was opposed to Lautrec, the French general, in the wars of Italy; and he acquired great reputation by taking Milan, Pavia, Lodi, Parma, Placentia, and Como, in a short time.—MALLET, vol. 3. p. 62.

† A singular loftiness of mind, great and uncommon prudence, wonderful dignity of manner, and a religious, more than severe discipline, united to uniform regular habits, distinguished the character of this great general, and procured him general esteem.—Nemo enim eo temperantius vel inter factiones arma exercuit, nemo humanius a sanguine militum temperavit; nemo denique abstinentius innocentium hominum agricolarumque præsertim fortunas a licentia militari conservavit.—"No one exercised his professional duties more moderately than he, even amidst contending factions, or was more sparing of the lives of his soldiers, or more assiduous in protecting the lives and properties of innocent persons and peasants from military licentiousness."—PAUL JOV. *Vit. Pro. Colon.*

metan powers, which made their appearance nearly at the same time.

The energy which was so conspicuous in the one, and the weakness of the other, though obviously having the same end in view, must strike every one, and the consequence was such as might be expected, rapid conquests on the one hand, and a diminution of empire on the other.

The last instance of national bravery in the Italians, appears in the famous combat of thirteen of them against thirteen French, in which, fired by the spirited remonstrances of the Great Captain, who recalled to their remembrance the spirited deeds of their ancestors, they were *completely victorious;* every Frenchman being wounded or taken prisoner.

This battle was fought in 1503, between *Bartolla*, *Andria*, and *Quadrato**.

CHAPTER XLV.

Departure from Turin—Valentino—Montcalier—Dusino—Villa Nuova—Asti—Its Cathedral—Population—Costume of Peasants of Montferrato—Leave Asti—Population of the Country—Annone—Tanaro—Roads much attended to—Quattro—Castle and Tower—Felizzano—Entrance into Alessandria—Bridge—Fortification—Citadel—Parade—Galeriens—Population—Piazza d'Armi—St. Mark—St. Lorenzo—St. Stephano.

March 9th.—LEAVING Turin, we proceeded on our journey. The heavy rains had now subsided, and were succeeded by the sun-shine of spring, and the weather in the middle of the day w about as warm

† Guiccardini.

as at the end of April. We left Turin by what is called the gate of Italy, and crossed the Po, on the handsome stone bridge mentioned before; and when about a mile from Turin, we saw Valentino, a royal palace on the banks of the Po, under the walls of which the illustrious occupiers are regaled with the daily sight of women washing linen.

The road now became very beautiful; one side bounded by the river, and the other by gentle hills with vineyards, villas, churches, monasteries, *&c.*, while the Alps were hourly receding from the sight.

Four miles farther on was Montcalier, a small town, on a hill overlooking the river. The Po is divided into two branches, one of which comes here, over it is a wooden-bridge of nine arches, and the whole river is formed into a cascade, for mills on boats, which are moored to the shore, producing a fine effect from the road.

One post and a half Truffarello, a small village, and one more, Poirino, a small town with arcades, neat-looking church and chapels; one and a half Dusino, a very small place and port, Gambetta one and a half, and Asti one and a half. We dined at Villa Nuova, a town, which appears to have been formerly a place of some consequence, there is a gate now at each end, and it was strongly fortified (as we were told,) by the Spaniards: there are still remains of the fortifications. We arrived at Asti*, in good time in the evening.

* Asti, without towers or walls, was so flourishing in the 13th century, as to be able to muster in its district, an army sufficient to cope with a powerful king, Charles I. of Naples.—DENINA.

This day's journey was highly varied, through a country much diversified, and rich in corn, fruit, and pastures. From Poirino it is open, and the soil a rich clay; but they have not yet arrived at the useful improvement of underdraining; the consequence of which is, that the finest crops of wheat are often absolutely drowned. It is sown in ridges, and the furrows were full of water, owing to the late rains, and the melting of the snow. Below Dusino are beautiful winding hills, with romantic dells on each side, and rivulets running through them, with a distant view of the city of Asti. The Alps had a truly grand appearance, forming a fine crescent behind us; the sun shone on their snowy tops, and nearly the whole range was seen, reaching from sea to sea.

Asti* is a fine city, but not very large; it is the principal place of the county of Montferrato, and is situated on the river Tanaro. It contains about twenty thousand inhabitants, and has a bishop, a cathedral, and several churches, which we regretted we could not visit, as we wished to pursue our journey to Alessandria without delay.

We came this day about twenty-three English miles: the road was crowded with carriages, and lively beyond description. Among the numerous vehicles which passed us, we noticed great numbers of very low waggons, containing one large cask of wine, going from Asti to Turin, the former place being fa-

* An elegant writer and accomplished scholar, (Addison,) is mistaken in calling Asti the frontier town of Savoy; it is neither *frontier*, nor in *Savoy*, but in Piedmont, of which Montferrat forms a part: no part of Savoy is on this side of the Alps.

mous for its grapes. We also saw several large farms, and observed the farmers thrashing out their wheat in *sheds* and *hay-barns.*

The costume of the female peasants is a jacket and petticoat of different colours, a very large white hood, as in Spain, and the higher sort have an immense muff; Turin is exactly twenty-three miles from Asti.

March 10*th.*—Set off from Asti * at seven in the morning, the road was like a fair, and absolutely lined with people coming to Asti market; indeed so full, that we could scarcely get along. There was, however, a noble broad causeway, and some of our party chose to walk, and enjoy the lively scene.

Four miles from Asti is Quattro, a small village almost surrounded with hills. Two miles farther is a very high hill, from whence is a fine view of the encircling hills, and of the Tanaro winding in the vale, often seen for a moment between the hills, and then lost. Annone is a small village and port, one post and a half from Asti; the rich vale still continues, the Tanaro running through it, among mulberry and other fruit-trees. The road was excellent, and several men were employed on it, whose dress was a jacket, and a large cocked hat, with the broad part on one side, and a brass-plate on the other, in full costume. A few miles farther was a miserable village, chiefly with *paper* windows, where were the remains of a castle and tower in ruins.

One post † and a quarter from Alessandria is Feliz-

* Asti was almost destroyed by the famous Frederic Barbarossa, in 1154, when he pursued his plan of humbling the Italian states.—Denina.

† An Italian post is one post and a half French.

zano, a long narrow village, well paved, in which are two or three churches, chapels, &c. We arrived at Alessandria at one o'clock, distant from Asti about twenty-six English miles.

The entrance into Alessandria is through a very strong gate, and we went along the fortifications nearly a quarter of a mile, having the citadel on the left. Leaving the fortifications we suddenly turned short, on a long *covered* bridge over the Tanaro, supported by no fewer than sixty-two arches. The river is broad and remarkably rapid, owing to the French having stopped up several of the arches some years ago, to increase the rapidity of the stream and prevent the Austrians from crossing.

Alessandria is surnamed Della Paglia, for which various reasons are given; the natives say it was from its fertility, but history says that this name was given it in contempt, by the Emperor Frederic I., Barbarossa, who, however, could not take it from Pope Alexander III., after whom it was called, and by whom it was built in 1168.

It is a handsome city*, and is famous for the sieges it has sustained. It was formerly taken by the Spaniards. The most celebrated thing to be seen is the citadel, which is entered by two strong redoubts,

* Alessandria, Asti, Genoa, Milan, &c., were formerly powerful and independent republics; the latter offered Frederic II. 10,000 soldiers in his expedition to the Holy Land in 1238, which was but a very small part of the military of that republic.—DENINA.

Alessandria was occupied by Francis I., as *part of the Milanese*, and taken from him by the Imperialists under the command of the famous Constable de Bourbon.—MALLET, *Hist. des Suisses*, vol. 3. p. 74.

and two draw-bridges. The parade is remarkably fine: on one side is the governor's house, and officers' apartments, and on the other, soldiers' barracks. Here are many brass cannon, and other military stores; and it is reckoned one of the strongest places in Europe, although in the last war it was taken in eight days by the Austrians. When we saw it, it contained about three thousand military, and there were nearly five hundred felons chained in pairs, condemned to hard labour for different terms, they wear a kind of rough striped jacket, and are employed in different works.

Alessandria contains twenty thousand persons, and has many good streets. La Piazza d' Armi is a large fine square. On one side is the palace, which is a large and handsome building; not far from this is St. Marc, now the cathedral; in the corner of it is a very old statue of Gagliando, with a suitable inscription. The cathedral was modernized a few years ago, and has a choir, nave, and two aisles. The high altar over which is a dome, is very handsome, and in one of the chapels is also a beautiful dome. The church contains many statues, among which are those of St. Joseph, and San Carlo Boromeo, the latter a very fine one; and we were shewn a Madonna, said to be of pure gold, which is very richly framed, and concealed by a curtain. St. Alessandro is likewise a very handsome church, containing many paintings, with the various painful circumstances of the passion of our Saviour. St. Lorenzo has only a nave, but it has a fine painted roof, an octagon dome, and a very

fine marble balustrade. St. Stephano also is a handsome church, but was so crowded by the military, whose chaplain was preaching to them, that we could not examine it with attention.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Departure from Alessandria—Alessandrians good Courtiers—Bourmida—Marengo—Poupole—Novi—Why so called?—Apennines—Bocchetta—Carabineers—Gavi—Carosse—Voltaggio—Leave Voltaggio—River Lemo—Bocchetta—Bons Dieux, and Chapels frequent—Descent of Mountain—Defect of Sheep—Costume of Peasants—Lizards—Road much mended—Campo-Marone—Great change in Scenery—Pleasing appearance of Spring—Rovirola—Mediterranean—Genoa.

March 11th.—Set off from Alessandria at six in the morning. Leaving the town, we observed a triumphant arch, standing where the old road formerly led to the citadel, and having on it the following inscription, by which it will be perceived, that the Alessandrians are very good courtiers, and the adulation shewn at present to Victor Emanuel, is not less than was formerly paid to Bonaparte.

"A Victorio Emanuele
Re di Sardinia, Cypro et Gerusalemi
Pio, Inclyto, felicæ,
Religione, Clemenza, Giustizia incomparabile
Ridonato dalla divina Providenza
A Suoi amati Popoli
I Cittadini d'Alessandria,
Esultanti per un si felice avvenimento*."

We quitted the town by two strong gates, redoubts

* In almost all the churches in this country, there are fulsome adulatory inscriptions to the king; two or three sometimes in one church.

and drawbridges; the former were made by order of Bonaparte, as was also an excellent road, broad and handsome, and having a walk on each side planted with rows of young trees.

One of our party, who was walking, as some of us generally did, overtook a young soldier going to Genoa, who told him that his pay was only a sous and a half a day, and a gratuity of ten sous for six days. They enlist for six years. This man had served under Bonaparte, who, he said, paid his soldiers more than they have at present; he spoke of him with rapture.

About a mile from Alessandria, passed the Bourmida a very rapid and broad stream, on a neat bridge, and soon came to Marengo, an inn, which gave name to the famous battle fought in these plains *. The obelisk which had been erected on the spot, was taken down by order of the King of Sardinia. We passed the spot, grateful for the change which has taken place, and thankful for the comfort with which we can now travel.

Three leagues farther is Poupole, a small town, and a little farther, Novi†, there we quitted Piémont, and entered the territories of Genoa, formerly the department of Liguria. Novi is a tolerably sized town,

* Alessandria, Asti, Genoa, Milan, &c., were formerly independent republics; Turin endeavoured to imitate them and shake off the yoke of the Counts of Savoy, but without effect.—DENINA.

Thomas I, disposed things so well, that Amadeus IV., his eldest son, who succeeded him, had possession of the sovereignty without difficulty.—*Ib.*

† Novi is supposed to take its name from having had nine towers.

but contains no building of particular importance, except the principal church, which is dedicated to St. Martin, and is handsomely painted on the outside, as are many of the houses of Novi.

At Novi the Milan, Turin, and Genoa roads meet, we took the latter, and immediately began to ascend one of the Apennines, at the foot of which Novi is built.

The road is for the greater part narrow, and badly paved, but some of the views are grand and beautiful; it would, however, be endless to describe them minutely, as mountain scenes so much resemble each other. It sometimes winds round precipices tremendously steep, and the rocks are chiefly barren, but here and there may be seen beautiful glens full of the finest pastures, and there appears a great spirit of improvement and cultivation in these mountaineers. There were numbers of mules and asses, laden with marble, the production of the mountains, which passing along the winding roads had a fine effect; they were shod with loose shoes, hanging over their feet like clogs, to keep them from slipping. Several parts of the hill were very steep, and though in the whole we ascended considerably, yet the descent was often long and rapid. A rushing stream in the bottom, and several natural cascades, afforded a romantic prospect.

There were frequent cottages for the royal carabineers stationed along this dangerous road for its protection; but to say the truth, many of the *protectors* had as bad an appearance, as the thieves could possibly have.

About eight miles from Novi is Gavi, a village in a most lovely and romantic situation, in a bottom, with a stream running through it; and on the summit of a high rock, is seen a fine castle, proudly overlooking the more humble edifices of the valley. This village, which perhaps the inhabitants dignify with the name of a mountain town, is fortified in a slight degree, and you both enter and leave it by a gate, which gives it an air of importance.

Nothing can be prettier than the winding descent which conducts you to Gavi, there are rocks, streams, cascades, forts, and every thing to constitute a fine landscape. On the road we saw a variety of Bons Dieux, with appropriate inscriptions: the following struck us as not unaptly chosen,

"Fundamenta in *Montibus* ejus."

One mile farther is Carosse, a small village, and one more, Voltaggio, a post and large village, with a handsome church.

The women here at their devotions were uniformly dressed in large hoods, chiefly white, which had a pleasing effect. At Voltaggio is a bridge of two arches over the stream which had for many miles heightened the effect of our mountain scenery, and on the hill hanging over the village the fine remains of a tower. We arrived at Voltaggio in good time; and after having walked much up the mountain, we were not sorry to find comfortable quarters at the Albergo*

* Although this is a very large and good inn, there is only one bed in the house with curtains, which is rather extraordinary, as the winters are here often very sharp, and there is much frost.

Reale, a good inn, used by his Sardinian Majesty and family, in their journey to and from Genoa.

Early next morning we left Voltaggio, and continued the ascent; the same narrow rough road, and the same kind of view continued, though bolder. We now were near the mountain called Bocchetta, which in winter is reckoned one of the worst of the Apennines.

About one mile* from Voltaggio is a romantic overshot mill, and near it pastures not yielding in fertility to the pastures in the valleys. In some spots, were fruit-trees almost on the top of the rocks, but in general the rocks were barren, though occasionally enlivened by wild thyme, rosemary, violets, primroses, crocuses, *&c.* The same rapid stream, the Lemo, ran with violence over the rocks, and we this day passed it three times on bridges.

Four miles from Voltaggio was the Barrière, where our coachman paid a toll, and we began immediately to ascend Bocchetta, though in fact it is one continued hill from Novi. The houses in mountainous villages, it must be confessed, have but a mean appearance; seldom any glass to their windows, but iron bars crossed, giving them the appearance of prisons. Bons Dieux are frequent, with allusions to the hazard of mountain travelling, and the necessity of the *interference of the Madonna.* Most part of the ascent is pretty gradual, but the latter is more rapid, the road winding between barren rocks. On the top of the mountain is

* An Italian mile is about the same as an English one, but a Piedmontese one is a mile and a half English.

a small chapel dedicated to the Madonna della Guardia, where travellers pay their devotions for their safe ascent. On the opposite side is the highest of these mountains, where there is a similar chapel.

The road now immediately *descends*, and nothing can be more beautiful than its many and sharp windings, so as often nearly to form a circle. In one of these windings was a drove of mules and asses, slowly coming round; in another, an humble, meek-looking Capuchin, counting his beads, and coming to ask our charity. Objects such as these greatly varied the scene; but though there was much short grass, and a fine *sheep-walk* among the mountains, in vain did we look for sheep and a shepherd to make the scene pastoral, and the country useful. Nay, not even a solitary goat was to be seen; how different from the Pyrenees, where the eye was charmed with the sheep and goats wandering among the cork* and olive trees, which proudly rear their heads amidst beautiful mountains!

The country in the descent was much prettier than in the ascent; and there are numerous small grass enclosures, in terraces one above another, kept in by banks of turf. The women in this district, are plain and dark-complexioned, wear no caps, but have their (own) long black hair braided and fastened up with a steel comb. Mulberry and walnut-trees are common;

* The bark of the cork-tree was formerly used for various purposes, and among them for helmets:

"Tegmina quis capitum raptus de subere cortex."

VIRG. *Æneid.* lib. 7. v. 742.

and what was a novelty to us, the walls which serve as fences here *glittered with unwrought marble*, plainly shewing in what abundance that material was to be found in the neighbourhood; while numerous large lizards of the green kind were seen running up and down. The road now was so good, that the horses trotted the chief part of the way to Campo-Marone, which is at the bottom of the descent; and on each side, as we descended, were numerous houses, several villages and chapels, conveying the appearance, indeed, of a well populated country. Campo-Marone is a small village and post; the church is neat, and has its pulpit, pillars. *&c.*, of marble.

The extent of the mountain from Novi to Campo-Marone is much the same as Mont-Cenis, about twenty-four miles, but the road is badly paved, and in all respects much inferior. The beggars were numerous, as in most of these mountainous districts; men, women, and children, old and young, whose appearance bespoke the utmost poverty, all came out to beg.

From Campo-Marone the road was so good as to make us ample amends for the bad one we had gone through. Nothing, indeed, can be more delightful than the drive to Genoa, about ten miles; the country, which is truly beautiful, is studded with villas and châteaux of different sizes and tastes. The houses are almost all slated with the slates from the rocks, which gives them a very picturesque appearance.

About three miles from Genoa is a very handsome bridge over the river, which had so long accompanied us, called Ponte Corichino.

The gardens are highly cultivated, and have a well to each, as at Montauban, and the vines are strong, and trained to square pillars of stone or earth as in Spain. The former were full of flowers, and lemon, orange, and other fruit trees, bloomed luxuriantly. There were also many aloes, laurels of a very large size, box, *&c.*; added to this the road was crowded with passengers, and the balconies were full of people, enjoying the comforts of a beautiful day, much resembling a serene June day in England.

Coming to Rovirola, the Mediterranean burst upon us in all its grandeur; then turning short, we came to St. Pietro d'Arena, a beautiful suburb of Genoa, and going along the sea-shore some time, entered Genoa by a strong gate, and came to the beautiful light-house built on a high and projecting rock.

We then came to two or three gates more, passing along the harbour on one side, and handsome houses of various sizes and forms on the other, to the Locanda Della Posta, where we took up our lodging for the night. Coming in early, we were enabled to stroll into the two best streets, Strada Nuova and Strada Nuovissima, whilst our dinner was preparing. These streets strike an Englishman used to the simplicity of houses in his own country with wonder. The first is full of noble palaces*, and the other of beautiful houses painted *on the outside.*

We then went into the church of St. Siro, which is

* At Genoa, where the houses are not of marble, they are usually painted on the outside in a variety of ways. Marble in this country is so common, that at the cabaret where we dined, part of the house was of marble, and even the *common staircase.*

a grand and beautiful building, and may be said to contain a mass of rich marble; the pavement and sides are inlaid with it, and the pulpit and pillars of the same materials, in a variety of colours. The church consists of a nave and two aisles, and there is a fine painted dome. On entering, there are statues of the twelve Apostles, six on each side, as large as life, and in the choir four statues of bishops. At the west end of the church is a statue of Siro, the patron. The high altar is rich and splendid, with a canopy. The whole roof is beautifully painted, and there are sixteen fine marble pillars and three organs *. In short, the whole edifice is so beautiful as to merit the careful inspection of a stranger.

Availing ourselves, on the following day, of the fine spring weather, we strolled into the town to inspect its curiosities.

Genoa † so much and long distinguished in the annals of ancient and modern history, is a very fine city, containing about 90,000 persons; it is beautifully built in the form of a crescent, rising gradually from the harbour to the bottom of the mountain, the declivity, and almost to the top; villas are scattered in the most picturesque manner imaginable in all parts, nor can any thing be more beautiful than the view of the city from the sea and harbour. The stranger, indeed, is at a loss which most to admire; its palaces,

* In Spain and Italy it is by no means uncommon to have two organs in the large churches, and sometimes three.

† Genoa was formerly called *La Superba*, but though it has many fine streets and splendid houses, there is not a square in the city. Just out of it is a dull one, called Place d'Armes, in which the troops are exercised.

magnificent churches, or handsomely painted houses, the novelty of which strikes every one. House rises above house, and terrace above terrace, and these terraces in *the middle of the town* are full of orange and lemon trees, and a variety of plants, giving to the whole a most picturesque appearance.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Description of Genoa—Form of Government—Ligurians—Streets narrow—Singular Pavement—Harbour—Galley Slaves—Palaces—Marble—Painted Roofs—Durazzo—Doria Palace—Annunziata—Devotion of the Genoese; their Opinion on change of Government—Santa Fede—Cathedral—Carignano—Row in the Harbour—Genoese Dress—Inconsistency—Palazzo Brignerolle—Albergo dei Poveri—Narrow Streets—Bad Policy of Government.

GENOA was formerly one of the most powerful republics in the world, and its fleets were distinguished for the victories they gained. It tyrannized over its vassals, and counted kingdoms* among its titles. But now, how is it fallen! Genoa, jealous of its liberties and proud of its independence, is sunk into an appendage of the House of Savoy, without even a struggle to preserve its liberties. The King of Sardinia resides in this new part of his dominions about two months in the year, and his brother takes the title of Duke of Genoa; while the Genoese silently lament the change, and compare the grandeur

* Cyprus and Corsica. Genoa began to distinguish itself by its maritime achievements so early as the year 1300, and if it had governed at home with as good order as it shewed spirit abroad, it would have had the dominion of the Adriatic as well as the Mediterranean.—DENINA.

of their former republic with its present dependent state. They had a republican form of government given them by Bonaparte some years ago, the loss of which they much regret. They are still called Ligurians, retaining the name but losing the substance.

The Ligurians * were famous in the annals of classical history for their art and cunning; and, indeed, during the short time we were at Genoa, we had various instances of their chicanery, and found, to our cost, that they had not materially changed that part of their character. The porters †, for instance, often exact of a stranger six or seven francs for bringing his luggage *from the carriage into his apartments*, if he does not make his previous agreement; and the shopkeepers are sharp almost to dishonesty in their money transactions. Our party, in fact, were pilfered of several things.

An elegant writer observes, that it is no wonder the modern Genoese preserve the same traits in their character, whilst the barrenness of their country continues ‡.

* Vane Ligur, frustraque animis elate superbis,
Nequicquam patrias tentasti lubricus artes.
VIRGIL.

Ligures favete Campi.
CLAUDIAN.

† No waiter, or any one but the proprietor or his servant dares to touch the luggage, nor any one but these porters, by the laws of Genoa; if they do, they are obliged by the police to pay so much for every trunk. Thus does the government make strangers pay those people, whom they themselves suffer almost to starve, for there is no place where there are more beggars, loose persons, or more instances of poverty, than in this town. To speak candidly, they are a sharp, tricking set, pilfering when they can.

‡ Addison's remarks on Italy.

The artfulness of their disposition may, perhaps, continue the same, and the effect may be the same, though the cause is changed; for as their commerce is decreased, agriculture is increased, and much more corn is cultivated than formerly, even almost up to the gates of the city, and among the stones, rocks, and mountains, we often saw plots of ground in high cultivation.

The most beautiful streets, as has been mentioned, are Strada Nuova and Strada Novissima; to this may be added Strada Balbi, but they are equally defective in piazzas as in squares. The old streets are so narrow and steep that a carriage can hardly enter them, and the high one is composed of broad stones, and so slippery that horses frequently fall.

The harbour, round which is a narrow high wall, is an excellent one, capable of containing vessels of about 400 tons' burden, and at each corner of the entrance to it is a small light-house. In the harbour are vessels of all nations, and feluccas in which you may go to the neighbouring sea-ports for a reasonable charge. We frequently met in the streets, the galeriens, or galley-slaves, chained two and two, sometimes drawing a heavy cart, at others employed in various works of utility; they all retire to the arsenal on nights, and their number is about 1800.

We saw in the arsenal several of the galleys laid up, some of which seemed fine vessels. The galley-slaves wear a regular uniform, seem very cheerful, and thankful for a few sous. Their daily food is a pound and a half of black bread, and coarse horse-

beans, boiled without oil or butter; and with this food, they are most of them strong, hale-looking men. They are condemned to hard labour for different terms of years, but when their sentence is for life they are sent to Sardinia*.

Genoa has always been not only famous for its marble, but also for the richness of its palaces, among the latter ranks in the first class that of *Durazzo*.

This is justly esteemed the most beautiful in the city. You enter it by a noble and grand staircase, and the interior presents a vast scene of magnificence, *a mass of splendour*. You are shewn a suite of apartments of six rooms, and a fine gallery 100 feet in length; the floors are most elegant, being a mixture of marble and porcelain pounded, and made into a paste, so as to resemble granite. The roofs are painted in the most superb manner. In the gallery are thirteen fine emblematical statues. There are also magnificent glasses, rich china vases, placed alternately, and other costly furniture †, besides a collection of splendid paintings of different schools; among which may be seen the productions of Rubens, Paul Veronese, Corregio, *&c.*

* This appears a proper mode of punishment, however it may disgust the stranger; and to those who object to their want of liberty, it may readily be answered, that their liberty being forfeited by their crimes to the laws of their country, it is highly proper, not only to employ them in works of utility, but to exhibit their persons to their countrymen in this fallen state, as an awful example of the consequences of vice.

† *Under these grand apartments are the Durazzo stables*, let to the King; and in the grand entrance-hall is a *cobbler's-stall*—so much for Genoese consistency. This noble mansion and pictures, as we are informed, are for sale, and the King is said to have offered 4,000,000 francs in land, but the family wishes to have it in money.

The palace of the Duke of Doria, formerly the habitation of that illustrious hero and eminent patriot, Andrew Doria*, who, though such an ornament to his country, was, like Themistocles, envied and persecuted by his countrymen, next merits consideration. *Non civium ardor prava juventium, mente quatit, solida*†, may be applied to this hero. But here we were disappointed; the family was residing at Rome and the house let to another. Ascending, we came to a large corridor, painted in the roof; round it was the following inscription:—

"Præclaræ Familiæ, Magni viri,
Maximi duces optima fecere patriæ."

There was a bust of this great man‡, dated 1530, which was the only trace we had of him, except that in front of the palace, on the cornice of which is an inscription, which may be thus translated:—"Andrew

* Andrew Doria was the instrument of the deliverance of his country from the French in the reign of Francis I. St. Pol, the French general, was surprised by Antonio de Leyra, and taken prisoner, and the broken remains of his army obliged to repass the Alps.—MALLET, vol. 3. p. 118.

† Horace.

‡ Andrew Doria was born of a noble family at Oneglia, and on account of the frequent revolutions of Genoa, which took place in the fifteenth century, was reduced to great distress. He began his fortune, by being a clerk in a French galley, and afterwards, by a regular gradation in the naval and military professions, rose to the highest rank. He was alternately in the service of the Duc d'Urbino, King of Arragon, Pope, King of France, Genoese Republic, *&c.* In 1521, he commanded the united fleets of France and Genoa. Thinking his services not properly remunerated by Francis I., and under the specious pretext of recovering the liberties of his country, which he saw oppressed by France, he passed into the service of the Emperor, Charles V., that Emperor having promised to restore the liberties of his country. Charles offered him the principality of Genoa, which he nobly refused, contented to live in it as the *first citizen*, and, in fact, the *Prince*, though without the odious name.—DENINA.

It

Doria, in order to procure repose and tranquillity, (his constitution being worn out with fatigue) repaired this house for himself and successors*."

Over the door is, *Fundavit eam altissimus.*

We finished this day by going into the celebrated church of the Annunziata, which is truly beautiful, and full of marble of various kinds and colours, and richly painted. It is impossible, however, to particularize the various parts and beauties of this fine church, but it must be considered as a most elegant and splendid building; every part except the roof being composed of marble.

If in our little dealings with the Genoese, we had reason to find that they had not forgotten *patrias artes*, at the same time we had a strong instance of their apparent devotion. Walking one evening in the streets, a light appeared at a distance, and approaching, we saw a Madonna brilliantly lighted up in a small square, and numbers of people kneeling before it *on the stones*; the greatest piety and tranquillity prevailed; all of them were dressed very decently, the women in large white hoods, and the scene was very impressive.

It must be confessed, that a part of this distinguished man's character does not redound to his honour, for the French under his command obtained a considerable victory over the Spaniards in 1528, and depended on taking Naples with this success; but Doria basely betrayed their cause, took advantage of this event, frustrated all their plans, and went over to the Emperor's party, by which Naples was lost, or rather the attempt on it given over by the French. This conduct savours too much of Genoese art and treachery.—ED.

* In the civil wars between the families of Dora and Spinola Genoa was so fertile in warriors that the two parties mustered from 10,000 to 16,000 each.—DENINA

The weather was now about as warm as in England in June, and the sky uniformly clear and unclouded.

The popularity of the present government with these republicans may be known from the following circumstance. On our females wishing to see the King at mass, one of them asked whether there would be a crowd, "*No, Signora,*" says the waiter, "*i Genovesi non sono curiosi di vedere il loro Rè* *."

La Chiesa di Santa Fede is a neat little church, its marble pillars were covered with rich silk damask, and the roof fancifully ornamented with silk drapery, which was likewise hung in festoons between the pillars; there were nosegays likewise in various places between them, and the whole looked like an enchanted little palace. On the left is the following inscription on entering:—

"D. O. M.
Divæque Misericordiæ Matri
Ad spes optimas alendas
Renovato seculari Festo
Hujus obsequens populi pietas
Plaudere gaudet."

This does the citizens honour, shewing an increase more than a decay of piety.

The cathedral called Il Duomo is a fine large Gothic building, which though, perhaps, inferior to many churches in this country, yet merits admiration in many respects, particularly for the beautiful black and white marble within, and on the outside for its

* "None at all, Madam, the Genoese have no curiosity to see their King."

marble pillars, of which there are two rows, one above the other. It has also a very fine tower*. Cardinal Spinola of the illustrious House of Spinola, so well known by the gallant General Marquis di Spinola †, is the present archbishop, but resides at Bologna as Cardinal Legate; his revenues are large, and the archiepiscopal palace near the cathedral is a very fine one.

We went afterwards to the church of Carignano, which is built on a fine eminence overlooking the sea. From hence to the right, is a fine view of the harbour and light-houses; and on the left the lofty houses of the city, rising above each other till they reach the top of the mountain, form a grand and interesting scene.

The weather was so fine and the sea so calm, that we were tempted to take a boat and row round the harbour and into the gulf. No one can form an idea of the beauty of Genoa but from the water. The town, rising in form of a crescent from the harbour to the mountain, had the appearance of a grand amphitheatre; and Fort Eperon‡ on the top of it, the hills

* On the left is the rich chapel of St. John the Baptist, in which our conductor, probably not very well read in the scriptures, gravely told us his body was buried. It is a very rich chapel with a fine dome; there are eight statues curiously blended, Eve, King Asa, Zacharias, *&c.*; at the high altar is a fine statue, in bronze, of the Madonna. In this church is likewise a fine statue of a Bishop kneeling.

† Ambrosio Spinola, general of the Spanish army in Flanders, immortalized his name by taking Breda, a place till then deemed impregnable against the united strength of England and Holland. The siege began in August, 1624, and the place was taken June 5, 1625.—*Muratori Annali d'Italia.*

‡ This fort has 300 cannon, and commands the town.

full of villas and summer-houses, of various colours, the harbour full of shipping, with the flags of different nations displayed, light-houses at each point of the harbour, and a little farther on, the grand light-house, with the numerous churches and buildings of the city, and the mountain in the distance, form a view at once grand and impressive. Such were the various objects which greeted us in our little aquatic excursion, which delighted us as much by its beauty as its novelty; for this we gave but two francs, and our waterman was quite content with his fare.

March 15.—The weather continuing favourable, induced us to stroll into the old part of the town; the streets are here so narrow*, that the opposite neighbours may almost shake hands, and there are frequent little bridges across from the upper parts of the houses, which have the prettiest effect imaginable; and in the narrowest streets are orange and lemon trees on the terraces above you. The higher class of women wear large white hoods, but those in more humble life large coloured ones: they are in general plain, and speak bad and corrupted Italian. The men here, even in hot weather, wear large great coats over the shoulder as cloaks, without putting their arms in the sleeves; as in Spain.

The inconsistency in this city is striking. There

* In the narrow streets of Genoa no carriages come, but horses and mules only in vast numbers heavily laden; there is a narrow raised way of brick in the middle for them, and on each side a broad way of stone for foot passengers.

are the *grandest and most magnificent palaces*, beautifully painted externally and internally, and at the bottom of them the *meanest stalls*, while frequently under the state rooms, in which they receive company, are stables full of horses. The ground-floor of the princely palace of Durazzo, is inhabited, as has been mentioned, by a *tailor*, and that of the palace of the Prince of Carignano, presumptive heir to the crown, by a *cobbler;* and the princely owners are obliged to pass by these humble objects, in order to get to their carriages. We went this day to the splendid palace of Brignerolle, in part of which resides the Tuscan Consul. This palace is small, compared with that of Durazzo, but contains a rich collection of paintings, by the best masters, among which is a Madonna, by Guido, several of the Brignerolle family, by Vandyke, finely done; Our Lord cleansing the Temple by Guercino; Raising of Lazarus, by Michael Angelo; Holy Family by Piola; Judith and Holofernes, by Paul Veronese, and several by Rubens, Leonardo da Vinci, and Caracci. The bottom part of this splendid palace is likewise a *remise*, and full of various carriages.

We lastly went to the Albergo dei Poveri. This noble hospital is situated on the declivity of a steep hill. You ascend by a fine broad paved way, with olive and cork trees on each side. The hospital has a centre and two wings; and in front is an inscription, intimating that it was founded, under the divine auspices, by the citizens of Genoa, in 1656*.

* Quique sui memores, alios fecere merendo.—VIRG.

In this hospital, which is a most noble foundation, are 1600 men, women, and children, all employed in useful works, such as spinning, making ribbons, carpets, *&c.* But in this otherwise well-regulated charity, it disgusted us much to be beset on all sides by its inmates, soliciting our bounty, and following us through all the wards, determined, as it seemed, to take no refusal. There was another circumstance also that disgusted us not less. In a large room, serving as an anti-room to the chapel, from which several of the poor women heard the service, there was the corpse of a girl about twelve years old, placed in the centre, who had died the preceding day, and was to be buried the day following *.

We passed several days with great pleasure at Genoa †, and left it with regret, although it must be confessed, that there are many inconveniences to an

* They bury at Genoa two days after death. Although neither the idea nor appearance of death ought to be banished from us, yet finding it, when the eye is employed, or the mind absorbed in a fine piece of painting or sculpture, must be considered as peculiarly disgusting and ill-timed. In the solemn vaults appropriated to the dead, or solitary cemetery, "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," we are accustomed to reflect, and have, or ought to have, our thoughts suited to the solemnity of the place.

† Like many of the cities of Italy, Genoa has been subject to great revolutions; so early as 1396 it voluntarily became subject to France; in 1409, they renounced their subjection, massacreing all who were in the city. In 1447, Fregose obtained possession of it. It had afterwards various masters, and among them the Dukes of Milan, but chiefly the Emperor of Germany and King of France, though at intervals it had a *shadow* of liberty. The family of Doria is held in the highest estimation, and the memory of the hero, Andrew Doria, is dear to the Genoese, but the meanness with which this people humbled themselves before Louis XIV. sending their Doge in person to ask his forgiveness, must ever entail shame and disgrace on them.—MEZERAY.

Englishman*. Among the conveniences and comforts may, however, be reckoned the decent and respectable conduct of the few English families resident here, who every Sunday attended at one of their houses to hear the service of the church read.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Leave Genoa—Voltaggio—Extent of Bocchetta—Religious Inconsistency—Second Visit to Novi—Change of Country and Scenery—Mode of Agriculture—River Scrivia—Tortona—Voghera—Casteggio—Grand Mountain View—Change of Territory—Castel St. Gio—Trebbia—Bridges of Boats—Piacenza—Population—Situation—Bridge of Boats—Grande Place—Statues—Fœderis Arca—Curious Tomb and Inscription—St. Sisto—Monument of Peter Duke of Parma—Bella Vergine Della Campagna—Gates—Fortifications—Via Flaminia.

March 16.—We left Genoa at seven in the morning, passing through six gates, and were reluctantly obliged to take the same road over Bocchetta; the day, however, was remarkably fine, and from the top of the mountain there was an extensive view of the sea. The time of ascent and descent was exactly five hours, and we arrived at our old quarters at Voltaggio at five. From Campo Marrone, where the

* Among the inconveniences, is the want of English papers, the duty on which is very high, and almost amounts to a prohibition. The shops also are shut very early in the evening, and it was understood that *during Lent* the shops were to be shut from ten to twelve and two to four, which surely is bad policy in the government. They shut the shops up as soon as it is dark, when walking in the streets is very disagreeable, as they are badly lighted up.

ascent begins, to Voltaggio, is about twelve English miles; the mountain* in all is twenty-two miles. We left Voltaggio early next morning, but nothing remarkable occurred in our second journey.

Novi, of which we had an opportunity to see more on our return, has three parishes and 9,000 inhabitants; but it hurt us much to see in the chapel, formerly of the poor Clairs, whose walls are painted in fresco, heaps of corn and rice, and in the midst of inscriptions and monuments, and even *upon* and *under* the altars they were bartering and selling corn, the premises having been sold to a corn-dealer in the revolutionary furor.

In our walks we saw over an apothecary's shop, the following lines under the picture of Notre Dame:

"Panditur emporium diva Genitrice salutis
Auspice sic nostræ floreat artis honos."

Health's valuable emporium is here,
Madonna kind, no obstacles we fear.—Ed.

Leaving Novi, we pursued the Turin road as far as Popola, a small village two miles off, formerly full of banditti, but cleared by the exertions of Bonaparte, for which he certainly deserves great praise. Here the roads divide, and quitting the Turin one, we took that which goes to Milan and Placentia. The face of the country now immediately changes; instead of the bold, rocky, and mountainous country through which

* It is rather surprising that Mr. Addison never alludes to the badness of the road over this mountain, which in some parts is dangerous, but passes it quite over by merely saying, "from Genoa we took chaise for Milan," [illegible] dwells much on the badness of Giogo, which at all times, from its situation, must have been much better than Bocchetta.

we had passed, we came to a flat and highly fertile one, full of the finest corn and richest grass. There were men, women, and children, employed in agricultural business, and the country exhibited a scene of life and activity. They plough with four oxen, but harrow with two; the plough is very long and crooked with a single handle. They have one man to goad the poor beasts, and another to hold the plough. They seem to be good farmers, and were manuring the land, and bush-harrowing it, as is done in many parts of England. There was great variety of soil, part being light and sandy, and the other part heavy. The vines, which are very strong, are fastened to poles like *chevaux de frise*; mulberry-trees are also very thick.

Ten miles from Novi, we turned short to the right, and passed the river Scrivia on a very long and narrow bridge; there is a very broad bed of stones and morass, which are full of water in the winter, when the river is very broad.

Passing under a gateway, which had formerly been very strong, we came to Tortona*, a good city in the duchy of Milan, containing 9,000 persons. It was formerly very strong and had a castle on the hill, but both castle and fortifications were destroyed by the French. La Piazza is a good one; here is the cathedral, a large handsome building, with several neat altars.

* Tortona is distinguished in History by the long and gallant resistance which it made to the arms and powerful forces of the celebrated Emperor Barbarossa in 1154; it surrendered for want of provisions and water.—

Twelve miles farther, Voghera, through the same kind of country. This is the frontier town of Piedmont, and contains 8,000 souls. It is tolerably built, and has a large square partly surrounded with arcades. The cathedral is a good modern building, in the exact form of a cross, with a remarkably fine dome in the centre, but there is but little marble in it. On one of the altars are six large busts, apparently of wood, washed with silver, which have a very heavy appearance. Voghera is on the river Staffora. We took up our abode at the Falcon for the night.

We met this day, at Tortona, a pilgrim with his staff, shells, and all the pilgrim costume, (which was very curious,) returning probably from Rome or Loretto. Our journey this day was thirty-three miles. We had the Apennines on the right, and the Alps at a considerable distance on the left.

March 18.—Leaving Voghera at six in the morning, we soon crossed the Staffora, a small but rapid river, on a wooden bridge; the road was as before, flat, between two rows of mulberry-trees.

Seven miles farther we came to Casteggio, where we left the Milan road on the left, taking the Piacenza one on the right. The country now was very pleasant; on the left of the road was very fine wheat, and on the right beautiful undulating hills, with vineyards, forest and other trees, sufficient to vary the scene. Ten miles farther is Broni, a small town with arcades. The Alps and Apennines, which had afforded us so many fine views, still greeted us, though at a greater

distance: we knew, however, that the latter were soon again to be our neighbours.

The vines here are so strong and high as to have poles to support them from fifteen to twenty feet in height.

Six miles from Broni is Bardoneggi, a single house and douane, where the dominions of the Archduchess Maria Louisa begin, as is expressed over the house, where she is styled Archduchess of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla.

Coming into the dominions of this princess, who has filled so exalted a station, and of whom so much has been said, we could not help reflecting on the vicissitudes of her eventful life, short as it has been; at one time reigning in splendour over a powerful nation, with the title of Empress, the wife of a man, who with his colossal power, threatened to subjugate Europe; now a wife without a husband, and mother without a child, she governs a small principality. But what she wants in power and consequence, she has gained in the esteem and applause of the world; and the sacrifices she has made are abundantly compensated for, in the self-applause of a mind, conscious of having acted right, and actuated by filial affection and duty. We were here visited, (but not strictly) and the trunks all sealed; the coach was driven under an arcade and the passports examined, detaining us in all about half an hour. We then entered the duchy of Piacenza.

Just by, is Castel St. Gio, a small town, where we

dined. The church is neat, consisting of a nave and two aisles.

On each side of the choir is a rich gallery and a handsome marble balustrade, highly varied, separating the choir from the nave. At the west end are three handsome small spires, and at the other end a large one, and all the roofs remarkably neatly covered with shingles.

Ten miles farther is Piacenza.

About two miles on this side of it we had passed a branch of the Trebbia *, famous in classic history, on a wooden bridge, and descending rapidly into a vast bed of sand and stones, which lasted about a quarter of a mile: we also went through two other branches of that river at some distance from each other, which were shallow though rapid. There were several small bridges of boats close by, in case the water had been deep, and several narrow foot bridges; and over one part of this morass was a long bridge for foot passengers. The united streams in the winter form a river, broad, deep, and rapid, especially after rain and snow, and cannot then be passed but on a bridge of boats, no fixed bridge being able to resist the torrent. We saw a proof of this in the ruins of a bridge of stone and flint, supposed to have been built by the Romans, which had been broken down.

We were now nearly on the ground celebrated in

——— similisque mihi per Celtica rura
Sanguine † Pergameo Trebia, et stipantibus armis
Corporibusque virum retro fluat.—SIL. ITAL. lib. 1.

† Pergameo.

classic history, where Hannibal * obtained his great victory over the Romans, and we hailed the spot as interesting to every scholar†.

This part of Italy seems as if destined to be famous for feats of arms, for here also was the famous battle between the French and Russians in 1799; the latter were commanded by the great Suwarrow, who calling on the shade of the illustrious Carthaginian chief, and fired by the remembrance of his fame, completely defeated the French, and saved Italy at that time from the rapacious hands of the invaders. Piacenza ‡

* Hannibal Ausoniâ genitus si sede fuisset
Haud dubitant terras Italia in ditione futuras.
SIL. ITAL. lib. 18. v. 405.

——— Tirynthia gens est
Quam si fata tuis genuissent Hannibal oris
Terrarum Imerium Carthaginis arce videres.
Ib. lib. 7. v. 85.

The poet describes his countrymen as so far from terrified at this defeat and others, that they were even greater in adversity than ever.

Et territa nullo
Vulnere, post Cannas Major Trebiamque fremebat.
CLAUD. Car. 34. v. 145.

† It is supposed about ten miles off. It appears that in this famous battle, Hannibal directed his principal attention against the *Auxiliary Gauls*, ordering his elephants to be pricked where the skin is most tender, and sending them in among them: this had the desired effect, and a flight immediately took place. Many of the vanquished plunged into the river in dismay, not regarding the danger of the stream so much as the arms of the enemy. Placentia was the rallying point, and the refuge from the arms of the victors; but the cold was so severe, added to rain and snow, that the Carthaginians could not profit much by their victory, and the weather destroyed many of their troops, much cattle, and almost all their elephants.—LIV. lib. 1. Cap. 22.

‡ Placentia we find was a Roman colony as well as Cremona.—Vide LIV. Dec. 3. lib. 1. Cap. 9. The siege of it was vainly attempted by Hannibal as well as Astrubal.—LIV. Dec. 3. lib. 7. c. 34 and 35. The Gauls

at some distance makes a handsome appearance with its towers and buildings, and we entered it by a strong gate.

Placentia, Piacenza, or Plaisance, the Roman, Italian, and French names, derives its name from its situation, and is a fine city, built in a plain, and containing 30,000 persons. The streets are broad and good, and the houses, though not lofty, have a clean and comfortable appearance.

The city is about a quarter of a mile from the Po*, over which is a fine bridge of boats: this river about three miles off receives the river Trebbia, and is broad and rapid. The chief street, called Stradone, is very long, broad, and straight, with a handsome footway; here is the church of St. Agostino, which has a remarkably fine façade. The Grande Place is very handsome, but its greatest ornament is two noble equestrian statues of Alexander I., the great Duke of Parma † and his son Ranuccio ‡, in fine bronze, with suitable inscriptions, which from their length are here omitted.

under the command of Amilcar, the successor of Asdrubal, so burnt and destroyed Placentia, that scarcely 2,000 inhabitants were left.—Liv. Dec 4. lib. 1. cap. 10. When the honour of a triumph was granted to Cn. Cornelius, the inhabitants of *Placentia* and Cremona gratefully owned their obligations to him, for being delivered from the horrors of a siege by his care.—Liv. Dec. 4. lib. 3. cap. 6.

* Stelliger Eridanus sinuatis flexibus errans.—Claud. Car. E. v. 255.

† This illustrious family was deprived of Piacenza by the colossal arbitrary power of Charles V.; with difficulty kept possession of Parma, and was forbidden entrance into the states of that emperor.—*Istoria della Casa Medici.*

‡ The Pisans were routed by this general in 1497, at the bridge called Ponte à stagno.—Guicciardini.

There were seven dukes of the House of Farnese, beginning with Peter Lewis, who was assassinated, and ending with Antony; Elizabeth daughter of Edward, fifth duke, married Philip V. King of Spain, and had by him Charles of Bourbon, Duke of Parma, and Placentia in right of his mother, and afterwards King of Naples and Sicily, father of the reigning king of this illustrious house. Alexander was the most distinguished; he has justly been reckoned one of the greatest captains of the age, and his retreat from Henry IV. at the siege of Rouen, was such as to merit the greatest praises from that monarch, who was one of the best judges of military prowess then existing.

Henry followed him through Champagne, the duke was wounded, and died at Arras, December 2, 1592, aged 46, a short life for so glorious a career.

The duke by his will ordered his body, dressed as a capuchin, to be interred in the same tomb with his wife, Mary, in the church of the Capuchins. His sons caused an epitaph, recording these circumstances, to be placed on his tomb.

One of the greatest acts of the Duke of Parma was the siege of Antwerp*, and the famous bridge which

* Obsidionem longe omnium memorabilem quæ ulli aliquando urbium admotæ sint.—STRAD. lib. 6. Decad. 2.

Aut sub illo tumulum sibi condat aut *per illum* in urbem sibi viam sternat.—STRADA, vol. 2.

The city was taken in 1585.—*Ib.*

The Duke of Parma was named by Don John of Austria, on his death-bed, to succeed him in his government, and the choice was prudently confirmed by Philip II.—*Ib.*

His mother who had been governess of Belgium previous to the arrival of the Duke of Alba, left it to the great regret of the Belgians.

"Relicto apud Belgarum animos incredibili desiderio sui."—STRAD. lib. 6.

he constructed, was the cause of his success in taking that city. It is recorded that he sent back a spy to Antwerp, with this message, that his grave should be under that bridge, (pointing to it,) or that it should be the means of his obtaining entrance into the city.

On one side of the great square is a very fine building, called il Palazzo Publico, for the mayor to transact public business, and the other side the governor's house, which is a fine modern building.

The cathedral is an ancient structure, about 1200 years old. Over the door on the inside are several curious old figures in wood, of the Apostles, Virgin, St. Augustin, *&c.*, and on each side of this church are eight large pillars. There is here a curious subterranean chapel, with three or four rows of pillars, which was the original church, and here is a fine picture of Christ, by Vigano. There are two paintings in the choir, opposite each other, of the preparation for the funeral of the Virgin, and her assumption. Several other good paintings are likewise here, among which is St. Martin giving part of his cloke to the poor, by Lewis Carracci, and St. Alexis by Lanfranco.

St. Sisto is a very fine church, and has a beautiful picture of the Madonna; here also is a monument of Peter Duke of Parma*, and in another part, of his duchess; they are buried in a vault in the church.

The church of Bella Virgine di Campagna is very

* Five Duke of Parma, who was assassinated in Placentia by Count John Anquisciola in 1547: he was son of Pope Paul III. who was the origin of this family. Peter was a violent profligate character, and not only

beautiful. On entering, are three magnificent domes; the high altar was lighted up with above fifty high candles, as they were at Vespers; the organ was very fine, and was accompanied with the voices of an immense congregation; the sight was beautiful, and the effect which it had on our senses most impressive. Here likewise are several fine paintings.

In St. John's by the canal, are two fine pictures, our Lord going to Calvary by Landi, and the presentation in the temple by Campagna. The high altar is of fine marbles, on one side, is a statue of Pope Pius V., and on the other one, of Benedict XI. There is also here a Madonna del Rosare, and a very fine painting of St. Augustin.

The church of St. Francis near the square is coeval with the cathedral. Here is also an enclosed tomb of our Saviour, and many figures in stone, as large almost as life, with the Virgin weeping, beautifully sculptured. There is here also a monument and inscription to the memory of Josepho Sacchino, who was so shocked at the death of his grandson, that it caused his own; it ends with these verses,

> Una avus et dilecte nepos, tumulamus in urna,
> Te mihi mors rapuit, me tibi junxit amor *.

This chapel was, in compliment to Bonaparte,

warned of his approaching death, but told that the initials of the names of the conspirators were contained in the title of the money which he had coined "*Plac.* dux." Pallavicini, Lando, Anguisciola, Confalioneri.—Morreri, article Farnese.]

* This does not appear strictly correct, but we must not be too nice in old inscriptions.

called Napoleone; but as our conductor said "non esiste piu," and it now recovered its original name.

At Placentia, we experienced much attention, several persons officiating as our conductors, one of whom to our surprise spoke English very well. As an instance of their liberality and good information, on our asking him in the way of conversation, if there were many protestants in the town, he answered, No, they were all christians.

We now began to tread literally on classic ground, as the ancient Via Flaminia, which is connected by the Æmilian, going by Parma, Modena and Bologna, begins here. Although there are four gates at the different parts of the city, yet the fortifications are not strong; the noble and ancient palace formerly inhabited by the dukes, which is a spacious building of brick, is now converted into a barrack, though there were not more than five hundred soldiers in the town; such are the changes which a few years produce.

There are here, as in the other towns, strong marks of the devastations of the French, many churches being destroyed, and some shut up.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Departure from Placentia—Agriculture—St. Lazarus—Montigliero—Road frequented—Firenzuola—Flocks of Sheep—St. Donino—House of Industry—Castel-Guelfo—Taro—Flying Bridge—Parmesan—Parma—Grande Place—Cathedral—St. Giovanni—Steccala—Baptistery—Palace—Country Palace—Academy Theatre—Quit Parma—Territory of Modena—Reggio—Effects of good Government.

March 20th.—LEFT Placentia, at six in the morning, by a very strong gate and drawbridge, on each side of which are very deep moats. Our passports were here examined again and countersigned, a duty which the officers diligently perform. Every traveller ought to be attentive to this indispensable ceremony, as the least informality or neglect will put him to great inconvenience, and retard his journey, as we had before experienced at Turin, and were again doomed to experience at another place, as will be hereafter shewn. The road continued level, the country rich, and the men and women actively employed in agriculture. The Apennines were still on our right, the Tyrol Alps on the left, and of both we had a fine view.

Two miles from Placentia* is St. Lazarus, a large and apparently fine convent; three miles farther we passed the small river Naghora, on a very narrow stone bridge; and at the end of three more miles we

* Placentia is famous for the defence made by Surinna (Otho's General) made against Cecinna (Vitellius's), who was obliged to raise the siege with disgrace. In this siege, the fine amphitheatre which was without the walls, was unfortunately burnt down.—TAC. HIST, lib. 2.

came to Montigliero, a small village, which, however is entered through a pompous gate.

The road, which was excellent, now became very lively, being crowded with carriages of different sorts, particularly with those known by the name of Italian chairs, which though not remarkable for elegance, move very fast: they contain either one, two, or three persons, and often a footman behind.

At Firenzuola, two posts from Placentia, a small village and post, we passed il Lardi, a small but rapid stream; the coach went through the water, the bridge being under repair.

We were now gratified with seeing the first flock of sheep which we had seen on Italian ground, and attended by a regular shepherd, with his crook and pastoral costume, so that we could fancy ourselves for the moment in Arcadia; we also observed in many places, that instead of ploughing the land, the spade was used; while fine oaks, pollards, and vines in abundance every where met the eye. One more post brought us to St. Donino* a good sized market-town, with a noble house of industry, (formerly a convent for the Jesuits,) on one side of the street for the men, and on the other a similar establishment for the women. We went over the former, and were much pleased with it.

* The possession of this town was strongly contested by Parma and Piacenza in 1199, and the whole of Lombardy *(a)* took part in the dispute; Milan, Brescia, Como, Asti, Alexandria, &c., espoused the cause of the latter, and Cremona, Reggio, Modena, Pavia, and Bergamo, that of the former.—DENINA.

(a) Lombardy formerly comprehended all the north of Italy, at present it comprehends the Milanese only.

This institution was set on foot by Bonaparte, but suspended by the war; it has now been resumed by Maria Louisa, and is likely to be useful. There are at present in this rising establishment but two hundred and fifty-seven men and women, who are usefully employed, *viz.*, in making shoes, clothes, spinning, *&c.*

Not far from this, near Castel Guelfo* there is a wide tract of low swampy morass, through which runs the little, but rapid river Taro†, in two or three branches; the coach went through one of them, as the water was low; and then went over the other branch, which was narrow, and not above five feet deep, on a small flying bridge fixed on two large boats, and carried over the water by means of a large rope fixed to posts on the shore. The bridge or ferry-boat was roomy and convenient with comfortable benches on each side. We counted eight carriages, horses, *&c.*, coming out of it at one time, and it was not more than four or five minutes passing the river. A bridge is begun, which is highly necessary, for in winter there must be a great breadth of water, but owing to the dry weather, it was chiefly then a bed of sand and stones.

From Piacenza, we had come through the fine province known here by the name of Il Parmigiano, and in England Parmesan, where is made the famous

* This is said to have taken its name from the party of the Guelphs.

† On the banks of this river, a fierce battle was fought between the French and Italians, in which the former were victorious, and the latter with great difficulty passed the river, which was so swelled with a heavy rain of the preceding night, that many were drowned in the passage. The Italians lost more than three thousand, the French only two hundred.—GUICCIARDINI.

cheese of that name. From Piacenza we had also come on the Via Flaminia, made above two thousand years ago, and which still does credit to the maker. This province also produces excellent butter, veal, *&c.*, and is a most plentiful country.

Aurea fruges
Italiæ pleno diffudit copia Cornu*.

After crossing the Taro, we came through a rich country, full of mulberry-trees and vines. The road was crowded with carriages and horses, as we drew near to Parma, this day we came thirty-six Italian miles. We entered Parma by a very strong gate, and came through many of the streets, by the cathedral and Grande Place to *L'Hotel de Nation*, where we took up our quarters for the night.

The female peasants are very pretty, have a light jaunty air, and the universal appearance of plenty in the country, reminded us of the beautiful lines of Virgil,

Quantum longis carpent armenta diebus,
Exigua tantum gelidà ros nocte reponet.

The vines are planted and trained in the same fanciful manner as described by Virgil, the dress of the peasants is light and elegant, and every thing in fact wears the air of plenty and comfort.

Parma† is about the size of Placentia, containing

* HORACE.

† This city has been taken alternately by French and Spaniards. The illustrious house of Farnese gave it dukes for above one hundred years, and it has to boast of the gallant duke, who was the admiration of Europe for his warlike exploits, and whose masterly deliverance of Paris, when

thirty thousand persons. It stands on the small river of the same name, which divides it, and there is a communication by three bridges.

The Piazza Grande is very handsome, with a column in the centre, having four long inscriptions, entering largely into the family connexions of the House of Austria, though but little interesting to the traveller. Joseph II. is much celebrated for his public works, and the column was erected by the order, and under the direction, of Ferdinand, Grand Duke of Tuscany.

The cathedral is a noble Gothic building, consisting of a choir, nave, and two aisles, and having a remarkably grand flight of steps from the nave to the choir. It is impossible to enumerate the various beauties and paintings of this building in a temporary view. There is a fine dome, the cupola of which is painted by Coreggio *. Pomponio Allegro his son, Geronymo, Massibe, and Parmeggiano, have also contributed by their talents to adorn this church. The high altar, which is composed of variegated marble, is very handsome. Under it is a sarcophagus, with the following inscription:

Quatuor hâc arcâ sanctorum Corpora Clausa
Sunt abdon. senes, ac Martiris Herculiani
Et corpus medium sacri nicomedis humatum
His est conjuncta sacra virgo pudentiana.

The churches of St. Giovanni, St. Evangelista, and

blockaded by Henry IV. in 1590, was sufficient to immortalize his name, if he had performed no other exploit; this relief of Paris was celebrated by that admirable judge of military merit, his opponent Henry IV.

* Coreggio, being a native of this country, enriches the neighbouring churches with many paintings.

Steccata, are also handsome edifices. In the former, the cupola is painted by Coreggio, and there are several other paintings by eminent masters, especially over the western door. In one of the chapels of Steccata is the monument of Octavio Farnese*, with the following inscription:

Octavio Farnese †
Piis Cineribus
Ex ædibus Petri Martyris
Huc translatis
M.
Torquati æquitis,
1765.

In this church is also a monument of Sforcino Sforza, of the family of the Sforzas Dukes of Milan.

The baptistery ‡ is a venerable and curious building; the form is an octagon, and it has eight small pyramids on the roof. It was built about seven hundred years ago, or rather converted into a christian church from a heathen temple, by Mathilda Farnese; it is chiefly of marble, and the interior is as extraordinary as the exterior. On the walls, which are of marble, are curious paintings, and there are many ancient small statues. The building is very lofty,

* Father of the celebrated Duke Alexander Farnese. January 20th, died Antonio Duke of Parma, the last male of this illustrious house, and the imperialists took possession of the duchy, as a fief of the empire.—GALLUZZI.

† Ottavio Farnese married Margaret of Austria, natural daughter of the Emperor Charles V. and governess of Pais Bas, which she governed with great prudence, mildness, and moderation, and was much beloved.—MORERI.

‡ In all this country, and chiefly through Italy, are regular Baptisteries, in which the ceremony of baptism is performed, and they are in general beautiful buildings.

there being no fewer than four stories, and galleries, supported by pillars.

The palace which is inhabited by Maria Louisa, the sovereign, has several good apartments. In one we were rather surprised to see exhibited the cot used by the young King of Rome, an arm-chair used by his mother, when Regent of France, a wash-hand bason, and various other things made of solid silver, washed with gold; but we were still more surprised o see here Bonaparte's travelling-bed, and various other things belonging to him; our conductor told us *these morceaus* were taken care of by the express command of the duchess; this illustrious female, who was then at Florence, is much beloved by her subjects, and her absence was regretted.

The country palace just out of the city, formerly inhabited by the ancient Dukes of Parma, and now modernized, is very elegantly fitted up with gobelin tapestry, *&c.* There are here some beautiful paintings in fresco, by the two Caraccis. In one of the rooms are these lines:—

Augustinus Caraccius.
Dum extremos immortalis sui periculi tractus
In hoc sempicto fornice moliretur
Ab officiis pingendi et vivendi
Sub umbrâ liliorum gloriose vacavit*.
Tu Spectator†
Inter has dulces picturæ acerbitates
Pasce oculos
Et fatebere decuisse potius intactas spectari
Quam alienâ manu tractatas maturari.

* This great painter, whilst working in these rooms, was overtaken with death, thus at once *ceasing to work and live*, and his remains honourably repose under the shade of teil-trees: as awful a termination of a useful life, as it was sudden.—Ed.

† A spectator will confess that it was better to have these works unfinished, than finished by another hand.

The subjects are the amours of Dido, by Annibal Caracci, and the Armida of Rinaldo, all in fresco. On the terrace in this garden was fought, in 1734, the famous battle between the French and Austrians, in which the former were victorious.

The next thing worth seeing is the academy. You ascend by a grand staircase; against the wall are many Roman antiquities, Roman heads, *&c.* There are likewise many valuable paintings by the two Caracci's, and Coreggio. Several of which were recovered from the Louvre, and restored to the right owners by the allied powers. The subjects are the Descent from the Cross, St. Jerome and the Madonna, and martyrdom of various Saints. Among other curious things is a rose-tree made of tin.

The theatre, though seen last, is one of the things most worth seeing; it is in the form of an amphitheatre, is capable of holding 90,000 persons, and was erected by Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma, of whom there is a statue, as well as one of his son Ranuccio, and several small ones in various parts. This theatre has been long disused, but there is another ancient one on a smaller scale just by, used occasionally for concerts, *&c.* We much regretted not being able to see the library, which is very valuable.

In the whole, Parma * furnishes abundance of things to instruct and amuse a traveller several days, if he choose to postpone his journey so long; but unfor-

* In the fourteenth century Azon de Corege was Lord of Parma, who was first an ecclesiastic, but afterwards took up arms in defence of his country; his strength was astonishing, and his body hard as Iron; he was called Iron-foot because he was indefatigable.—Dobson's *Petrarch.*

tunately it is looked on too much in the light of a thoroughfare to the south of Italy, and people generally hurry through it too fast.

On the 22d we set off from Parma* at six in the morning, and passed through a strong gate; the fortifications may be repaired, so as to have considerable strength, at a small expense. We soon passed under a kind of triumphal arch, erected by a former Duke of Parma. The inscription, which is almost illegible, was made by Bonaparte.

The road continues excellent and wide along the Via Æmilia. One post off is St. Flavio; here we left the Parmesan, and entered the territories of the Duke of Modena. Here we were visited, but not strictly †. St. Ilario is a small bourg belonging to Modena, which has gates, and was formerly fortified. We now came into a country as highly cultivated as it was rich and beautiful; the fields were pleasingly varied wit corn and grass, and there were flocks of sheep, droves of fine hogs, much poultry, and many farm-houses, nearly resembling English ones. The people were active and industrious, and their cattle fat and thriving. There were many mulberry and walnut-trees, and the vines were beautifully and fanci-

* Parma has fifteen parishes. Pope Paul III. invested Peter Louis Farnese, his nephew, with the Duchies of Parma and Placentia in 1545, which was the foundation of his family; this ambitious and restless Pontiff was never satisfied till he had procured an establishment for his nephew, though he should involve all Europe in war by it.—Guicciardini.

† It is the best way to give five or six ul to the officers, an they give very little trouble.

fully trained in festoons; from tree to tree. The houses were neat and comfortable, and every thing shewed the happiness of the people under a sovereign who appears to be studious to promote it.

In no country which we had passed through did we find such real joy at getting rid of their revolutionary oppressors, and being once more under the mild government of their native princes, as this. We cannot do more justice to this little state, which resembles a bee-hive, than by comparing it as to appearance, agriculture, verdure and live-hedges with some of the finest parts of England. The country, though flat, was perfectly dry; the roads were good, and the dress of the peasants was very picturesque.

One post more, Reggio (Regium Lepidi). This is a very ancient town on the Crostolo, and the second place of consequence in the Duke's dominions: it is very neat, containing several streets and 15,000 inhabitants.

The Piazza Grande, or market-place, is very handsome; there is also a smaller connected with it, as La Petite Place of Lille in Flanders, with the Grande Place, well stored with provision of all sorts.

On the Grande Place is the duomo, which is a handsome building, consisting of a choir, nave, and two aisles. There is a very fine dome and canopy over the choir, a very rich pulpit, and several monuments. On the left is a beautiful chapel, with roof and sides ornamented like shell-work. There is a long Latin inscription in this cathedral, mentioning

how grateful and happy the people were at the return of Francis IV., their native Prince*, to his dominions, through the powerful assistance of the allied powers, after a painful absence of twenty years, owing to the late awful events, the like, it is to be hoped, will never recur. In the chapel of the Sacraments are several monuments, and among others a fine one of Francis Arlatto, a former bishop; and another of Ugon Rangonia, bishop of Reggis, and legate from the pope to various states.

CHAPTER L.

Departure from Reggio—Rubiera—Modena—Cathedral—Palace—Paintings—Departure from Modena—Castel Franco—Ecclesiastical State—New way of training the Vine—View of Bologna—Observations—St. Petronio—Cathedral—Two Brick Towers—St. Bartholomew—Archbishop's Palace—Private Collection of Paintings—Collection of Antiques—Grande Place—Cardinal's Palace—Extent and Population of City—Phosphoric Stone—Belle Arti—Column and Inscription—St. Dominic—Festival of Annunciation.

We left Reggio by two strong gates, and there are ditches, ramparts, and all the qualifications of a

* This Prince is of the ancient and illustrious House of Este, of which family was the wife of James II. Ferrara, Modena, and Reggio were governed at one time by Princes of this House. Hercules I. governed them in 1492 with great reputation, and the encouragement given by him to learning and learned men, must ever make his memory dear to lovers of literature. Among others who were benefited by his patronage were the two distinguished poets, Titus Vespasian Strozzi, and his son Hercules; the latter was assassinated in 1508, from jealousy in a love affair. The

strong town. Between Reggio and Modena is Rubiera, a strongly fortified little place on the small river Secchia, which we here passed on a long bridge, there being three separate streams, and a very broad bed of stones. Arrived at Modena about five, after a charming day's journey of twenty-two miles*, only interrupted by the trouble of being visited, and having to produce our passports, a process we underwent several times in the course of the day.

Modena † is a large handsome city, the capital of the Duke's dominions, and containing 25,000 persons. It is built in a fine fertile plain, and has wide handsome arcades in all the principal streets. The cathedral ‡, which is in the market-place, has a remarkably high steeple. Our conductor said it had been built 600 years, but it seems more ancient, and is a heavy looking Gothic building. On the outside, as in many churches in this country, are the escutcheons, with arms painted on the walls of those who were probably benefactors to the churches, with *pregate per lor anima.* There are two lions couchant on entering the cathedral, supporting pillars, and in many other churches

Strozzi's were of the ancient family of that name in Florence. Ariosto was patronised by this Prince. Ariosto is said to have been born at the Castle of Reggio, of which his father was governor in 1474; but almost as many places contend for his birth as for that of Homer.—*Vide de Leo X. par Roscoe.*

* We passed near Coreggio, which gave name to the celebrated painter, but his real name was Antonio Allegri.

† In 1511, Modena, with the consent of the Pope, was given up to the Emperor.

‡ We much regretted not being able to see, owing to the absence of the sexton, the famous Secchia Rapita in this church, which furnished the subject of Tasso's poem.

we observed the same. In another part, on the wall, are several old heads in bronze. The choir of the cathedral is elevated considerably above the rest of the church, and under it is a chapel with arcades and several monuments. In the church is a curious old one of Rangonia, a warrior, and a relation of the bishop of that name, buried at Reggio; it is 300 years old, and is reckoned very well done, by Tulio Romano. In a kind of enclosed cemetery are many curious Roman antiquities all round, chiefly tombs of Roman families. Over the great western door, on the outside, is an ancient sarcophagus.

The palace is a large handsome building, consisting of four orders, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite. You ascend by a noble staircase into a wide handsome gallery. The state apartments, of which there are eight, are noble and superbly furnished; and there are six belonging to the Dowager Duchess. The floors of the former are mostly of brick, but the latter are elegant and inlaid. The ceilings, sides, &c., are most superbly painted in fresco, and the roof of the dining-room is full of mirrors of rich gilding. But the greatest ornament of this noble palace is the collection of paintings, by the best masters, a collection that reflects credit on the taste of its princely possessors. Many of these were sent back to their right owners from Paris, by the allied powers. Among these are the Crucifixion, by Pomarani, and another by Guido.

Among the paintings is the Circumcision, by Procaccio; Madonna and Twelve Apostles, by François

France. The walls and cieling in fresco, by Salvator Rosa and the Caraccis. In one of the rooms was a most beautiful recumbent figure of Cleopatra in marble, by Canova, the drapery is exquisitely done. The four Cardinal Virtues by Annibal Caracci, the Crucifixion, by Guido; and several by Guercino; the well-known Story of the Father suckled by his Daughter, by Sacchi; two fine pictures of Francis I. and his Queen, by Vandyke, and much of the fresco, by Julio Romano. Among the elegant apartments of the Duchess, was one with a beautiful Grotto and Bath, which exhibit great taste. The palace should not be omitted to be seen by the traveller. In several of the apartments is fine gobelin tapestry. The Duke was taking his morning ride with his chamberlain and the governor of the city, and it gave our party great pleasure to see him in the house of his ancestors.

Just by, the palace, is the beautiful church of the Dominicans, built in the form of a cross, with a handsome dome, and over the high altar a rich canopy. There are several statues larger than life, and among others one of St. Dominic. This is the Ducal place of worship, and the Duke has rich galleries for himself and family. This Prince lives in great state, but it being a time of peace, he has only 1,000 soldiers, though able to raise a considerable force in war.

Modena* has wherewith to satisfy a stranger's curiosity a day or two very well. We left it about

* Modena is famous in history for having given refuge to Brutus after the murder of Cæsar. Between Modena and Bologne we passed the little river Panaro and Reno twice.

eleven the next day, and passed through the same kind of rich and well-cultivated country to Castel Franco. Here we passed the little Reno on a bridge, and here end the Modenese dominions.

The first town in the Papal state is Castel Franco, and we were again visited. We had travelled about thirty-five miles in the duchy of Modena, and were much pleased with the visible industry in every part of it. There are about 150,000 inhabitants in the duchy. Castel Franco is a small bourg, consisting of one long street, which is also very wide, but on the left is a very strong fortress, called Fort Urbino, about half a mile off, which was much stronger before the war. The Papal troops, of whom in time of peace, there are about ten thousand, wear light blue, and are good-looking men. We were now fifteen miles from Bologna, and seven from Modena. The country, though a change of dominions has taken place, did not cease being rich, but it had not the same appearance of comfort in the houses, and gardens*. There were still as many vines as ever, but arranged in a different way, resembling light chains, three or four in a row, from elm to elm†, in the prettiest manner

* There were various inscriptions and bons dieux, indicating our being now being in the Papal state, among others the following:—

Salve Porta
Ex qua lux est orta

Over a dial as follows:—

Da nobis Deus sine labe tempus,
Da vice tutum sine clade cursum,
Da perennantis sine fine vitæ
Tangere portum.

† Amicla vitibus ulmo.
Hor. Epis. 16.

imaginable. The hedges were also cut, as in the Modenese, very neatly, and finished on the top with withies.

Five miles from Bologna is a good view of the city, and the magnificent church of St. Luke, on a neighbouring hill; one mile from it we passed three or four branches of the little Reno, and as usual, a broad bed of stones and sand, on a long narrow bridge, and arrived at Bologna about five, where we took up our quarters; having had a pleasant journey of only twenty-two miles.

On entering Bologna you have a fine view of the noble portico, which extends as far as St. Luke's, a most splendid and princely work, reflecting honour on the inhabitants, by whose contributions it was done; at a distance it has the appearance of a handsome aqueduct.

Thus were we advancing fast into Italy; Italy, the never-ending theme of writers, and the exhaustless subject for painters,—a country which has furnished such abundance of matter during so many centuries, for the philosopher, historian, and artist. The school for painters and university of Bologna have ever been celebrated in this distinguished country, and have produced men who did honour to the place in which they studied. Even the commonest inns* were painted

* The inns are excellent, but dear, and not a female servant is seen in this part of the country. The whole of the *menial* work is done by men; scarcely a solitary laundress is to be met with. There were frequently three or four male servants to make the beds, &c., even in moderate-sized inns; they are responsible men, name the prices of the beds, &c., and form all the arrangements without consulting the master, whom you frequently

often in fresco, in a beautiful manner, shewing us what we were to expect as we advanced towards the interior.

March 24th.—TAKING a cicerone† we set off on an excursion through the city. The first church we saw was St. Petronio, on the Grande Place, which is a fine regular Gothic building, having a noble statue of St. Petronio the patron; there is much beautiful painted glass, but the most curious thing is the celebrated meridian of Cassini, with the following inscription:

Linea Conservata
Constructa, Anno 1656
Ampliore formâ renovata A. D. 1776.
Signa Zodiaca pendentia
Horæ Italicæ meridies punctum verticole
Perpendiculi partes Centesimæ.

There are also two curious clocks, French and Italian, wound up, as we were informed, but twice a year. This church is about five hundred years old. The meridian-line is drawn on copper-plate, set in the pavement two hundred and twenty-two feet long. There are several rich chapels, one of which is curiously painted in fresco, another has several statues of wood, gilt, and is paved with marble. Among the

do not see; from the dearness of the inns it may be imagined of what nation is the major part of travellers. As they supplied us with English teapots, English cups and saucers, &c., so they introduced English prices. Money, however, was so scarce, that at Parma, a napoleon was worth eighty-five lires.

† This was the first we had taken, and we determined he should be the last. We were obliged to find out most of the places without him, and in general the cicerones are ignorant pretenders; they pester you at every city where you stop, with their printed cards, but can give you *no real information.*

tombs are two of former bishops, very old. The grand altar is very rich, and of marble.

The chapel of the Virgin is finely painted in wood and marble. There is also in the church a fine monument of Cardinal Pallavicini, 1677. In the choir is the Annunciation in fresco, by Ludoisco Caracci; we next went to the cathedral.

This church is dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, but is not so old as St. Petronio; it has a choir, nave, and two aisles, as most of the churches have in this country; among other paintings is our Saviour giving the keys to Peter, by Retusi: in the sacristy is a very fine one of Peter, weeping at the death of Christ, by Louis Caracci; sincere and unaffected grief is finely expressed in this picture. From hence we strolled to the Piazza Ravignano, in which are two brick towers*, one three hundred and seventy-six feet high, and seven hundred years old, the other not so old, but reckoned curious from being nine feet out of the perpendicular. Here is a fine statue of St. Petronio, in marble; this is more known by the name of La Piazza di duc Torre.

St. Bartholomew is a very beautiful church, consisting of a choir, nave, and two aisles, the latter are a continuation of small domes, and there is also a magnificent large dome, all of which are finely painted in fresco, by Francescini, and other painters; the Annunciation is by Albani. They shewed us a beautiful medallion of the Madonna, by Vidorenn, for

* These are called Torre Asinelli and Torre Mozza; the latter is a leaning tower, like that at Piza.

which *they said one thousand pounds* had been offered by several English. In another part of the church there are sides of several altars, with pieces of variegated marble, so placed as to represent various things, among others, a fine head of our Saviour. Near the cathedral is the archbishop's palace, which is large and handsome, consisting of a quadrangle; on it is the following inscription:

Dilige Decorem Domûs
Quam dedit tibi Dominus
Ut in domum non manufactam
Unà cum grege tuo
Ille te recipiat.

We next went to see a very fine private collection of paintings, in which among the works of many other celebrated masters, were some by Guido, Bania, Cavalli, Louis Caracci, Dominichino, *&c.*

The church of St. Servi, formerly belonging to a convent, is extremely beautiful, the whole of it being hung with silk of different colours, in festoons, from pillar to pillar; the high altar is embellished with a fine painting of Christ and Magdalen, by Albani; and in a small altar, the shrine of the Virgin, are various presents to the good lady; among others, a watch suspended, which we thought might have been more usefully disposed of; there is also here, a fine piece of marble sculpture, containing our Saviour, and various figures, and an ancient tomb and monument of Andrew Manfreddo, a monk, placed *lengthways* instead of *upright*, 1658.

Our cicerone next took us to the palace of Prince Herculanie, who married the daughter of Lucien Bo-

naparte*. Here, indeed, is a splendid and almost unequalled collection, when considered in the house of a private individual. You ascend into a fine gallery, by a noble stair-case: on each side and on the top are statues representing the history of Hercules, *&c.*, in plaster, by Giaccomo de Maria.

The floors are a beautiful composition of marble and granite mixed, and the ceilings are finely painted by various masters; the subjects as numerous as the masters. Among them, an old woman, admirably done.—Cittadini, Pope Pius V., Passarotti, a Botanizer, (beautiful,) Paul Veronese, Death of St. Bernadino, Camillo Procaccini, St. Francisco, Castiglione, Bernardo Strozzi, Perrugino, (the excellent master of the excellent Raphael.) Also a beautiful small picture of Christ, by Guido Antichissimo, on wood, date 1120; and a fine head of Canova, sculptured by himself.

In the great gallery room, the numerous paintings are all on wood, except two or three on copper. There are seven beautiful ones of Reni, a fine head of Christ, by Salvator Rosa, and several by that charming painter, Louis Caracci; one of Charity, by Franceschini, St. Rocco, by Louis Caracci; St. Francesco Xaviere, by Giovanni Bolonese; David and Bathsheba, by Guercino. This collection to a

* It is astonishing to think what connexions this family formed, through the policy of its wary chief; Louis Bonaparte, Jerome, the wife of Prince Borghese, daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, are proofs of this; not to mention Prince Eugene, and above all, the despotic ruler himself, whose connexion must ever be deplored.

connoisseur must be a treat, and to an amateur highly gratifying.

We next went to see Signor Totzoli's splendid collection of antiques, &c.; the first thing shewn us was a beautiful Christ in ivory, by Michael Angelo; and the next the Murder of the Infants in ivory, all in one piece, by Algardi. The passion of our Saviour, curiously carved in wood, Jupiter and Ganymede, &c., Institution of Jesuits, by Ignatius Loyola, in bronze; Scourging of Jesus, in ivory; fine picture of St. Pellegrino, by Luca d'Hollandia; Descent from the Cross, by Benedetto Garufala; two beautiful paintings in marble; Albano, Madonna Della Sylva, by Raphael; fine head, by Titian; several by Rubens and Annibal Caracci; a very curious Pegasus, made of the petrefaction of sea-foam; a very rich head of a pipe, the handle of which was hung with almost every precious stone; a beautiful head of Alexander the Great, by Domenichino, a cane made of tortoise-shell, &c. This most splendid collection is for sale, and is valued at 50,000*l.* *

Bologna † is a very large and handsome city, on the little Reno, and the second in the Papal dominions. The Grande Place, called Piazza del Gigante, is a very fine one, with a fountain of marble, and a noble statue of Neptune in the centre, by John of Bologna: on the Place is the governor's house,

* It is lamentable to find that most of the fine collection in Italy are for sale; it will be, perhaps, illiberal to impute the cause [illegible] extravagance in the owners; but whatever may be the cause, the fact [illegible]e.

† Bologna was so powerful in the thirteenth century [illegible] to arm 40,000 men against the Venetians.—DENINA.

inhabited by the Cardinal Legate*, Cardinal Spinola†.

In almost all the great streets of Bologna, are noble broad arcades, with shops, *&c.*, so that in the hardest rains, you may walk from one end to the other of the city without being wet; and in hot weather it is an equal shelter from the sun.

Few cities have more noble palaces than this. It contains thirty-six parishes and 75,000 inhabitants; and the surrounding country is very fertile. Although few towns possess more internal food for the lovers of literature and the belle arti than this, yet do the Bolognese not think it beneath them to pay attention to the appetite, and the Bologna sausage and its vermicelli are well known, as they are esteemed by every gourmand from St. James's to the mansion-house. The inhabitants also are very industrious in making silk velvets, *&c.*, and the famous phosphoric stone, brought three miles off, is well known among the curious. The escutcheons of persons of distinction are put on the outside of the churches instead of the inside as with us. Many of the churches are likewise painted on the *outside*. The houses are chiefly of brick plastered over, but many are entirely of brick.

March 25.—We went to the Academy of Beaux Arts. The first apartment you are shewn is the

* He lives in great state, has a guard-chamber and guards to attend him, *&c.*

† Over the gate is a fine statue of Pope Gregory XIII. The city is defended by a wall, ditches, gates, *&c.*, and a few troops belonging to the Pope are stationed in it, but it is not strong.

sculpture room, which consists chiefly of *copies*, the *originals* being at Rome, Paris, Florence, *&c.* The Death of Virginia is an original and very fine piece of sculpture, for which 25,000 francs has been offered; it is by Jaques di Maria. Flora of Farnese, original at Naples; Dædalus and Icarus, marble, an original; Pygmalion, an original; There were also some paintings to which we were next admitted; Pyrrhus and Andromache, Socrates, Aspasia, and Alcibiades, by Augustino Comera. The next room also contained some very fine and curious paintings. St. Peter and St. Paul and Angels, in wood, 500 years old; St. Chrysostom, 1446; Madonna and Saints, in wood, beautiful. The next rooms contained the modern paintings, and in it was a fine bust of Pope Pius VII., with this inscription:

Pontifici Maximo
Principi Optimo
Fautori
Bonarum Artium
Academia
Conservatori suo,
1815.

We now entered the grand room, about thirty feet long, and there is no room probably in Europe of these small dimensions, that can boast so rich a collection by the first masters. Among them are four fine ones, by Guido, the Crucifixion and three others; two subjects in one picture by the same master; above, the Entombment of Christ; and beneath, St. Petronio, accompanied with many other figures; a fine St. Cecilia, by Raphael, *&c.* There were also several by

Domenichino, Guercino, and the two Caracci's; Transfiguration, and Birth of St. John (companions), by Louis Caracci; St. Petronio entreating the Virgin to avert the evils of the plague from Bologna; at the bottom, the dead are represented as being carried out to be buried; this is a horrid subject, but the picture is admirable, by Guido. In this room the young artists work, and were then employed in taking copies; indeed in every town, the utmost facility and every accommodation are offered to them, much to the honour of government.

The Caraccis, Domenichino, and Guido, were all natives of this city. Piazza Dominicana has two statues in bronze, one of St. Dominic, and the other a Madonna, the former on a high Corinthian column; the latter on a pillar much lower, both are of bronze. In the centre of this square is a curious old tomb, enclosed in a stone case, about fifteen feet from the ground, date 1300, and repaired in 1603: in another part is the following inscription:—

Correctores et consules
Anno 1786 et 7, ab injuriâ temporum
Vindicarunt.

Another old tomb, of the same shape as the former, and the same height from the ground, but placed against a house in the corner of the square, next offered itself to our notice; the date of this was 1279. It is said that two eminent notaries of Bologna were buried here. We went from hence into the church of St. Dominic.

This belongs to the convent, and is a very fine one,

containing many curious monuments, *&c.* In the chapel of St. Dominic, under the high altar, the patron Saint was buried, and on the sides, in basso relievo of *alabaster*, are many well-executed figures alluding to the miracles of this *distinguished Saint.* The roof is splendidly painted, as well as the the superb cupola and half dome, and there is a fine painting of a Madonna, by Guido.

In one of the chapels is a fine old recumbent monument, with the following inscription:—

Alexandro Tartagno
Immolen. Legum
Veriss. ac fidiss inter.
P. R. Q. V. An. 53.
Filii Pientiss. P.
O. P. B. M. Poi.
Obiit An.
1477.

Opposite, is the tomb of Bartholomeus Volta, with the following inscription:—

Credere quid geminam dubitas nunc vivere vitam
Quem facit extinctum picta tabella tibi,
Semper inextincto divum flagravit amore,
Constans Eximiaqu. integritate fuit.
Hinc fata in cœlis vitam tribuere perennem
In terris fama est, nec moritura viri
1557.

In another chapel is a fine head and shoulders of Seraphinus Cappo, taken when he was dead, kept in a glass case, the colour dark, almost black; the subject awful but finely executed, the head, hands, and nails were so well done and natural as to be taken for a human head. Under it:—

Corpus
Venerab. P. F. Seraphini Capponi
A Porrecta O. P.
Non ego, sed gratia dei mecum.

In a chapel opposite is a figure as large as life of our Saviour entombed. Enclosed in a glass case in front, and on one side, about fifteen feet high, the following:—

Tadeus Pepolus
A Populo Bononiensi eligitur
1337.

On the side of the monuments are many small figures in marble, admirably done in basso relievo.

In another part of the church is a curious picture of St. Thomas Aquinas, removed to this place by the monks of St. Dominic in 1731; this picture is 400 years old. Our conductor told us, that the body of the Saint is buried here, but the inscription does not mention this. There are several pictures, by Guercino in this church; and on the whole, no church in Bologna is more worth seeing. The evening being very fine, we strolled out of the town, it was the Festival of the Annunciation, and the numbers of people dressed in their holiday clothes, of both sexes, going and coming from the Annunziata, which is just out of the gate, were astonishing, so as to surpass the greatest crowds of London; they all looked happy and cheerful, and the scene was highly interesting. The church and shrine of the Madonna were superbly lighted up, and the church was full of her votaries *.

* In most Roman Catholic countries, particularly Spain and Italy, the Deity is looked on in a subordinate quality, and our Saviour not much

The houses, though not high, are well built, and the paper windows which used to be such a disgrace to this elegant city, are chiefly removed; among the palaces, those of Strozzi* and Ricardo are the most magnificent buildings, especially that of the former, which is a sumptuous edifice. Florence is surrounded with meadows and gardens, and is in a most plentiful country. There are four bridges over the Arno, of which that of Trinity is the most elegant; indeed this is one of the most beautiful bridges in Europe, though it has but three arches, it is broad and well paved, with a raised way for the foot-passengers. Ponte Vecchio has shops upon it, and a curious covered-way† above it, forming a communication between the old and new palaces, which are on opposite sides of the river, and by this way, which is in general about sixteen or eighteen feet high, the Grand Duke goes to the old place when he has public business to transact. Higher up are several hills, and there is a cascade across the river. The neighbouring hills are remarkably beautiful, with villas, convents, vineyards, &c. There are many churches and public buildings, among the former the pre-eminence has ever been

* This family is of great antiquity. Philip Strozzi was given to the Colonnas by Pope Clement VII., as an hostage for the observance of a treaty in 1521. Alphonso his brother was also powerful in Florence. Philip was found dead in his bed in 1538.—*Storia Fiorentina.*

† This covered way carried *over* Ponte Vecchio, and *under* the great gallery is 900 paces in length, or 2390 English feet; the short space in which it is carried over the street and enters Palazzo Vecchio is at least 30 feet from the ground. It was made by Cosimo I.—Galuzzi.

given to the cathedral or Il Duomo. This is a most magnificent and beautiful building, situated in the Piazza del Duomo, which is a large square, well calculated to shew it to advantage. It is reckoned next to St. Peter, the finest cathedral in Italy*. It is a very extensive building 450 feet long, and 150 wide. The outside has a most splendid appearance, being incrusted with different coloured marble, though the front is not finished, as is its magnificent and lofty tower which is detached from the church. This steeple was planned by Giotto, who is buried in the body of the church.

The inside is also very magnificent, consisting of a choir, nave, and two aisles, and has many statues and much basso relievo, by Michael Angelo, Donatello, Bandinelli, &c. It is paved with marble of different colours. The cupola is most superb; it is an octagon finished by Branelleschi; the painting, by Zuccaro and Vasari, represents the Resurrection. Under this is the choir, and behind it altars and several monuments. In frequent parts of this church, are the letters O. P. A. in great characters, which they told us meant opera; *domus being understood.* This is the case in several other churches in this city. On entering the church you see the following epitaph of Giotto, who designed the steeple, and above it his bust:—

Ille ego sum, per quem pictura extincta revixit
Cui quam recta manus, tam fuit et facilis.

* You ascend by a handsome flight of steps, and it has many fine painted windows.

Naturæ deerat nostræ quod defuit arti
Plus licuit nulli pingere nec melius.
Miraris turrim egregiam, sacro cere sonantem,
Hæc quoque de modulo crevit ad astra meo;
Denique sum Iottus, quid opus fuit illa referre?
Hoc nomen longi carminis instar erit.
Obiit anno 1336. Cives pos. B. M. 1490.

On the side of this a monument and bust of the architect of the church, with the following inscription:—

Quantum Philippus Architectus arte Dædalesâ
Valuerat, cum hujus celeberrimi Templi mira
Testudo, tum plures machinæ divino ingenio
Ab eo ad-inventæ documento esse possunt; quapropter
Ob eximias sui animi dotes singularesque virtutes
XV. K. L. Maias Anno MCCCCXLVI Ejus
B. M. Corpus in hac Humo supposità
Grata patria sepeliri jussit.

Near this is a beautiful modern monument of a female of the name of Pelle and her father; and on the opposite side two curious old pictures of men on horseback painted on the wall, with inscriptions too high up to be easily read, but one is an English gentleman named Johannes Acutus*. The statue of the Deity and of the Dead Christ at the high altar†, and of St. James, by Sansovino, are much admired among others. The meridian, by Paul Toscanelli, in 1468, in the Duomo, is reckoned the greatest instrument of astronomy in the world.

The age of this noble edifice may be known from

* Johannes Acutus came into Italy with Lionel Duke of Clarence, son to Edward III., on his marriage with the daughter of Galeas Visconti of Milan, and distinguished himself much in the wars of Italy. He died at Florence at an advanced age, and was honoured with a sumptuous funeral in the Duomo in 1393.—Paul. Jov. *Vit. Johan. Acut.*

† By Bandinelli.

this inscription on the wall, beyond the choir, which does the Florentines great honour:

> Anno a Christi Ortu, Florentini magnis divitis partis ;
> Et rebus domi, forisque commode constitutis ; cum urbem
> Mœnibus auxissent, pulcherrimisque ædificiis publicæ
> Decorassent, ut rem divinam quoque optime ordinarent,
> Et Posteris, insignis magnificentiæ, et religionis suæ
> Exemplum proderent. Hoc Augustissimum Templum in
> Dei Honorem ejusque Matris, semper Virginis Mariæ
> Instituerunt; et Pontificio Legato cardinale presente,
> Primumque lapidem forente summâ cum omnium
> Lætitiâ ac devotione.
>
> *Inchoarunt, 6 Septembris,* 1298.

It is great pity that this church, like many others in Florence, is not finished on the outside; the front, owing to this circumstance, has a mean appearance.

Just by the cathedral is the ancient church of St. John the Baptist, now used as the public baptistery. This is a most beautiful building, of an octangular figure, and incrusted with marble like the Duomo. It has three gates of bronze*, with much fine basso relievo, which were so esteemed by Michael Angelo, that he said they were worthy of being the gates of Paradise; above is John the Baptist baptizing our Saviour. The interior of this church is beautiful as the exterior; and the Mosaic work, which represents the History of our Saviour and the Baptist, is particularly handsome†. The pavement is of beautiful marble; round the church are fourteen fine statues, those of the Apostles and the natural and written law. There is

* One by Ugolini of Pisa in 1330, and the other two by Laurence Ghiberti of Florence in 1421; the latter was fifty years working on them.

† By Taffi and Gaddi, Florentines.

also here a fine recumbent statue and monument of Pope John XXIII. in brass, with this inscription :—

Johannes Quodam* Papa XXIII.
Obiit Florentiæ
A. D. 1419,
XI. Kalendas Januarii†."

This church was built on the site of a heathen temple. There are four priests regularly attending to baptize the children ‡, morning and evening. It seems the custom in this country to have the baptistery near the Duomo, as in Parma, Florence, *&c.* Against one of the doors of this fine building are two curious columns of porphyry fixed and chained; these were given to the Florentines, by the Pisans, for their assistance against the Lucchese in 1117 §.

Next to the Duomo, may be reckoned the church of St. Maria Novella; the architect of which had executed his work so much to the satisfaction of Michael Angelo, that he used to call it his wife. It

* He was deposed from the Papacy June 3, 1416.—BIANCARDI, p. 234, by the Council of Constance. Martin V. succeeded him, p. 235. Benedict XII. Anti-pope, resided in Spain, determining to live and die with the title of Pope, though entirely unsupported. On his death Clement VIII. was made Anti-pope by King Alphonso to oppose Martin, but he soon resigned his title, and in him finished the schism.—BIANCARDI, p. 249.

† This was the celebrated Cardinal Baldassar Cossa, *(a)* who was supposed to have poisoned his predecessor Alexander V. at Bologna, in order to be Pope, though he had refused the tiara offered him in a general council at Pisa in 1409, doubting as was supposed of his party succeeding against that of the Anti-pope Gregory XII.—DENINA.

‡ The children are baptized usually a few hours after birth.

§ Storia Fiorentina.

(a) Among the numerous crimes, real or imaginary, which were imputed to this Pope, was the *heinous* one of intending to sell the head of John the Baptist to the Florentines for 50,000 ducats.—*Bower's History of the Popes.*

is, indeed, a very elegant building, fronting the beautiful square of St. Maria, in which are two handsome obelisks. In this church* are many chapels, with fine pictures, and in the sacristy are windows full of painted glass. The roof is flat as in many of the churches in Florence, and there is here also a cupola.

This church is much used in all the grand processions; and it contains several old and curious monuments: on one side is a clock, with these beautiful lines under it:—

Sic fluit occulte, sic multos decipit ætas,
Sic venit ad finem quicquid in orbe manet;
Heu! heu! præteritum non est revocabile tempus;
Heu! proprius tacito mors venit ipsa pede †

April 3.—Taking advantage of the weather, which was not too hot for walking, we strolled to the conventual church of St. Marco dei Domenicani, Piazzo St. Marco. It has a large flat roof, finely gilt and painted, and there is also a cupola in the church; on the left a painted altar and cupola, and several statues, but the right is irregular and does not correspond. In this church are many statues: the church, though handsome, is not equally so as many others in this city; it belongs to a convent, but there are not more than twenty now in Florence, and most

† Thus time glides on, thus rapid passes life,
Thus to a close draws sorrow, care, and strife;
Past time, alas! is not to be regain'd,
The will of heav'n, is not to be arraign'd.—Ed.

* In this church are two pictures of Petrarch and Laura, by Simon de Sienna, pupil of Giotto, the latter dressed in green, among the females who represent the pleasures of the world, and the former standing by a Knight of Rhodes.—Dobson's Petrarch.

of them are badly filled. In the chapel of St. Antonio this saint is buried, and there are fine paintings, by Bronzino and Allori, and beautiful statues of St. John and St. Thomas, by John of Bologna. On the left, going up the church, is the tomb of Mirandola, with the following inscription, protected with great care by a curtain :—

D. M. S.
Johannes jacet hic Mirandola, cætera norant
Et Tagus, et Ganges, forsan et Antipodes.
Ob. An. Sal. 1494,
Vixit An. 32.

The rays of the sun not yet being very fierce, we were enabled to continue our peregrinations with pleasure, and, as we hoped, advantage. The 4th of April, being Palm-Sunday, was observed here with many ceremonies. The churches were decorated with olive boughs, in various forms ; and in the fine church of St. Gaetano in particular, the pavement was covered with box-leaves and other evergreens. There were twelve priests officiating at the same time ; some at the altars, and others in the pulpits ; in one pulpit we observed three, with olive boughs on each side and behind them ; the music also was very grand, and the vocal accompaniment of a crowded congregation made the whole very interesting.

Numerous indeed are the paintings and statues in this city ; the Piazza Granduca is full of the latter ; at the fountain is a colossal figure of Neptune, not much esteemed ; but Perseus and the Rape of the Sabines, Hercules and Cacus, and David the conqueror of Goliath, make ample amends, and are by

the first masters: the former is by Benevuti Cellini*, the next by John of Bologna; David †, by Michael Angelo; and Hercules, by Bandinelli. These are before the Palazzo Vecchio ‡ and guard-room, more known by the name of La Loggia dei Lanci. In this Piazza is a fine brass equestrian statue of Cosmo I., by John of Bologna, with the following inscriptions:

Cosmo Medici, Magno Etruriæ duci
Primo, Pio, Felici, Invicto, Justo Clementi;
Sacræ militiæ pacisque in Etruriâ
Authori, Patri et Principi optimo,
Ferdinandus F. Mag. Dux. III.
Erexit An. 1594.

On another side of the pedestal,

Ob Zelum Relig. præcipuumque jutitiæ studium.

On the third side,

Plenis, liberis, Sen. Fl. suffragiis,
Dux Patriæ Renunciatus.

* The statue of Perseus was so much prized by Cosimo I., that when he was shewn the model, he said, "Finish it according to this model, and you shall have whatever recompense you ask."—GALUZZI.

This great sculptor was subject to violent gusts of passion, and the following improbable anecdote is related of him. This statue did not please him; he was at dinner and at work on it, and in a rage he threw plates, dishes, &c., into the furnace, which filled up the interstices, and made the statue perfect.

Cellini is said to have killed several persons at Paris, in his passions, when working for Francis I.; if so, that Prince had greater regard for works of art than the lives of his subjects, which is not consonant with his usual character.

† A large block of marble, which Simon of Fiesole had endeavoured in vain to work into some gigantic form, had lain useless 100 years: the magistrates of Florence, justly considering this to be a disgrace to their city, besought Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo to undertake the task; the first excused himself, as being more used to painting than [illegible]ture; the lat[illegible] undertook it, and produced the admirable statue of [illegible] so mu[illegible]d.—ROSCOE.

‡ [illegible] tower to the Palazzo Vecchio much admired.

On the fourth side,

Profligatis Hostibus,
In deditionen, acceptis senensibus *

This noble statue is of bronze, and under each of three sides is some fine basso-relievo, in bronze, relative to each event.

On each side of the bridge of the Trinity †, are two statues, representing the four seasons, and over the old bridge, Hercules killing the Centaur, by John of Bologna; just before the bridge in Piazza Trinità, is a beautiful statue of Justice, in bronze, on a fine column of granite ‡; on the pedestal is "*Cosmus Med. Mag. Dux Etruriæ, An.* 1570." Not far from this in Mercata Nuova, is a wild boar of bronze, spouting out water, by the celebrated Peter Tacca, and many other statues dispersed in this city, among which must not be forgotten the apposite statue of Plenty in the old market, which is always well stocked with provisions, and prices tolerably reasonable.

In short, we found, that having crossed rivers, traversed mountains, and passed many a weary mile, we at last were out of the reach of fanaticism, and to our great satisfaction were getting rid of the evils caused by plebeian ignorance and revolutionary violence.

Our ears were no longer disgusted with the sound

* This is not the most honourable part of this Prince's character.

† This bridge, which is light and elegant, was repaired and beautified in 1569, by Cosimo I., a prince who appears to have improved and embellished the city much.—GALUZZI.

‡ Given to Prince Francis, son of Cosmo I., by Pope Pius IV.—STORIA FIORENTINA.

of "*Il n'existe plus,*" but on the contrary, we found ourselves, as it were, in an enchanted country, where the works of Bandinelli and Michael Angelo, Donatelli and Brunelleschi, Raphael * and Corregio, still exist in full splendour, unhurt by accidents, and unimpaired by the waste of time †. In every church we were delighted to find in noble monuments and interesting inscriptions, at once marks of religious piety, and traces of ancient and illustrious families ‡, conferring honour on their descendants, and adorning the age of their existence by their great and memorable deeds. In every corner almost of a street were we gratified by seeing statues unmutilated by violence, and inscriptions untouched; at once a proof of ancient learning and modern taste, giving us a pleasing idea of what we were to expect farther southwards, when we arrived at the centre of ancient learning, and the seat of modern arts and elegant refinement. In the church of the Trinity, near the bridge, is a fine ancient recumbent monument, with this inscription:—

Juliani Nicholas Dedananzatis
Militis et *Doctoris,*
Anno 1444.

The monument is in fine preservation, and the in-

* This celebrated painter flourished in the reign of Leo X.

† An enlightened and learned historian, whilst he gives credit to the learning and genius of the English, imputes their backwardness in the art of painting to the prohibition of the worship of images, at the time in which the arts were making rapid progress in the north of Italy; so that geniuses, born for the arts, were deprived of the opportunity of improving themselves, as well as of the stimulus of gain, and the glory to be obtained by application.—DENINA, *Lib.* 12. *Cap.* 6.

‡ The writer does not quite agree with the poet's sentiments, "Sed genus et proavos," &c.

scription perfectly clear; there are other memorials of this ancient family in Florence. In this venerable church there are several ancient monuments and inscriptions, but we were sorry to see in many of the inscriptions in the different churches in this city, this *heathen* expression, *Lector ejus manibus bene precare.*

April 8, being Maunday Thursday, was observed here with great solemnity. All the shops were shut from the middle of the day; the Grand Duke washed the feet of twelve poor men, and the Archduchess Maria Louisa, assisted by the other branches of the reigning family, those of twelve poor women; they afterwards went in procession to pay their devotions at the cathedral and six other churches, in which were many ceremonies. In the morning, the Knights of St. Stephen* in their full costume†, attended divine service in the church of St. Lorenzo, which was crowded, and there was very fine music.

April 9.—Good Friday, our party went to the English Envoy Chapel. This day, to our surprise, all the shops were open, though shut the day before. Returned by Piazza d'Annunziata. The church of

* In 1562 was instituted by Cosimo I., the military religious order of St. Stephen, to eternize the memory of the two victories of Montemarlo and Sangallo, *both* obtained on the 2nd of August, *St. Stephen's Day.* The Duke was invested by the nuncio of the Pope, Pius IV., with the device and ribbons of the order, and became the first grand-master. This order is now much on the decline, and some years hence, like Malta, and many others, will probably cease to exist, a considerable sum is paid for admittance into it.—STORIA FIORENTINA.

† The dress of these military religious Knights is very handsome; the gown white, with full crimson sleeves, collar crimson, with cords of ditto, and fastened with crimson: on the left breast a crimson cross, sewed in a cross of gold, and hung round the neck.

Annunziata is reckoned one of the most beautiful in Florence. The roof is flat and richly gilt, and painted in fresco. In large letters on the top are these words:—"*Ex Aromatibus Myrrhæ*," and farther on, "*Fratrum et Piorum ope*," 1619. Again "*Dei parce domo*," and "*ascendit deliciis affluens.*" Here is a fine painting of the Ascension.

The high altar here, as in many other churches in Florence, is before the choir; it is very rich. The choir is under the dome, which is richly painted in fresco, and around the dome is this inscription:—

Ad majorem Dei gloriam, Ludovicus Gonzaga, et Marchio Mantuæ* Virgini Genitrici posuit.
An. Sal. 1577.

Et Hujus Cœnobii P. P.
Plastiæ, Auro et Marmore Ornarunt,
1704.

Round the sides of this choir is fine marble, and of the same material is the pavement, *&c.*; on the right side of the choir the famous Bandinelli is buried, as the Latin inscription informed us, under a statue of Christ, sculptured by himself; he died in 1519.

This church is very elegant, and the chapels on each side of the nave most splendid. In the cloister before the church, the walls are painted in fresco, by the famous Andrew Sartorio, who died in 1606, and is buried here, and over whose remains is an appropriate Latin inscription. In the chapel, named after John of Bologna, in which he was buried, are six

* *Query*—Was he not of the family of the distinguished General, of that name and title, called the *great captain?*

statues, and the same number of basso-relievoes of the different stages of the passion of our Lord, and a remarkably fine crucifix, all in bronze, by this celebrated sculptor. On his tomb also is a suitable inscription, in Latin, by which we learn that his death happened in 1590.

On one side of the Piazza Annunziata is the Foundling Hospital, which is a fine and extensive building. In this square is an equestrian statue of bronze of Ferdinand I., and the following inscription:

Ferdinando Primo
Magno Etruriæ duci
Ferdinandus secundus nepos
Anno Salutis,
1646.

In the evening we went to the public walk or promenade, called the Caschina*, where is a villa of the Grand Duke: this must be acknowledged to be a most beautiful spot, and highly varied. The drive and walks are extensive between rows of fine trees, juniper hedges, &c.: on one side is the Arno, and on the other, vineyards and corn-fields. There are private as well as public walks: and at the end of them are fine woods, and a kind of park for game, where is seen an immense quantity of hares, pheasants, and other game, playing about unmindful of the haunts of men.

The number of carriages of all kinds, from the sovereign's coach to the farmer's Italian chair, is astonishing; there are frequently on a Sunday from

* The Dairy.

100 to 150, and the people of rank vie with each other in number of servants, elegant liveries, horses, &c., scarcely any having fewer than two servants behind their carriage. The Caschina, in short, is the grand display of beauty, dress, splendour, and ostentation. The beautiful environs and hills, white houses, churches, and convents, and at a distance the mountains, form a beautiful and almost unequalled scene. Here, however, we were gratified with a sight more pleasing to us than all this ostentatious shew of the vain Florentines. The interesting Maria Louisa was there in an open carriage, and we had a full view of this illustrious female. She has a more pleasing than beautiful countenance, much expression, and the lips peculiar to the House of Austria; she was very condescending, and bowed to all on each side with much affability.

CHAPTER LIII.

Santa Croce—Various Inscriptions—Ogni Santi—Observations on Church and State—Church of Orsanmichele—Figure of Æsculapius and appropriate Inscription—Lines to the Memory of a Quadruped—St. Marc's Day—Numerous Processions—Second Visit to the Caschina—Flagrant Inconsistencies—Poggia—Ducal Chapel of Pitti—Boboli—Dominican Convent.

April 12.—WENT to the church of Santa Croce* on

* This church is full of beautiful painted windows, and the Nicolini Chapel is remarkably elegant; pavement and sides of marble, cupola finely painted, by Volterrano, the subject the Assumption; there are two

Piazza Santa Croce. This is one of the most interesting churches in Florence for monuments, and inscriptions; but like many others is not finished. It contains the ashes of many illustrious men, and is a rich fund of entertainment and instruction for the traveller; the church itself is very large, and has a flat roof and many beautiful painted windows.

The first monument which strikes you on entering is that of the celebrated Michael Angelo*, with the following inscription:—

Michaeli Angelo Bonarotio
E Vetustâ Sirnoiornum familiâ;
Sculptori, Pictori et Architecto:
Famâ omnibus notissimo:
Leonardus patruo amantis.
Et de se optimo merito,
Translatis Româ ejus ossibus
Atque in hoc Templo majorx suorx sepulcro
Cohortante Sereniss.
Cosmo Med.
Magno Etruriæ duce
Ann. Salutis 1570,
Vixit Annos 88.

Michael Angelo had expressed a wish to be buried with his ancestors in Florence; but the Pope and cardinals were anxious to keep his remains at Rome,

marble monuments of the family, and on the top Moses and Aaron, one on each side, also three statues of Humility, Prudence, and Chastity, all in marble, sculptured by Francavilla; it cost an immense sum. The Nicolini family is buried here.

* Michael Angelo was much esteemed by the widow of the celebrated general the Marquis Pescara, and was with her at her last moments; he much regretted not kissing her cheek or forehead instead of her hand, which she gave him to kiss.—Roscoe.

In justice to the character of this excellent woman, it ought here to be observed, that nothing ever was said to throw the least stigma upon it.—Editor.

which he had long embellished with his works; the Florentines, therefore, with the consent of the Grand Duke Francis, contrived to have his body conveyed to them, packed up as a bale of goods, and so had him interred in this church*.

Near the monument of Michael Angelo is a very beautiful modern one of Vittorio Alfieri, by Canova.

There is also one of the celebrated Machiavelli, with the following short, but most expressive inscription—too good for such a man,

Tanto nomini
Nullum par elogium
Nicolaus Machiavelli † obiit An. A. P. V.
1527.

The monuments in this church are most of them indeed well worth seeing, and there are many which are both ancient and curious. We observed, that the famous Galilæus was buried here.

Galilæus Galileius ‡
Patric Fior.
Geometriæ, Astronomiæ, Philosophiæ,
Maximus Restitutor.
Vixit A. 78. Ob. 1641.

* Galuzzi.

† Machiavel was a great friend of the infamous Cæsar Borgia, and concerned with him in the dreadful massacre of Sinigaglia, which must make his name hateful. He appears from various accounts to have been an unprincipled man, and to have sacrificed every thing to policy: from hence comes the saying *Machiavelian policy.*

‡ Galileo Galilei, one of the greatest philosophers, mathematicians, and astronomers of the age, who for sustaining the opinion of Copernicus in the motion of the earth, was terribly persecuted. His resolution gave way, and he promised to maintain it no longer, but did not keep his word, in both of which instances he was highly culpable. He died in 1643.—MURATORI.

Galileus*, at the age of seventy, was summoned to Rome, by Pope Urban VIII. in 1633, to the great grief of the Grand Duke Ferdinand II., to give an *account of his opinions*. So much for papal liberality and candour.

We found, by many modern inscriptions, that till within these few years the Italians have been in the habit of burying in the churches; the custom was abolished by Bonaparte.

We concluded our peregrinations with the church of Ogni Santi†, in which the celebrated Americus Vespucius, who gave name to the New World, is buried under a flat stone; he was a native of this city.

Amerigo Vespucio
Posteris et Suis,
1472.

There are also several good paintings in this church.

The churches of Florence and the other Italian cities which we had seen, are open but twice a day; and, indeed, religion seems more attended to here than in France, perhaps from being less common; the people are certainly more devout and more attentive to their duty. The bishops, with some exceptions, are resident on their sees, and have tolerable revenues,

* In the beginning of the reign of Cosimo II., he discovered the Satellites of Jupiter, and named them like a true courtier, *Medicean Stars*; thus eternizing the name of that family, and rendering famous the commencement of the reign of that young prince.—STORIA FIORENTINA.

† The grand altar in the presbytery, and the sides, are very rich with pietra dura, lapis lazuli, *&c.* The cupola also is finely painted; and the cloisters, which are large and handsome, are painted in fresco, containing the history of St. Francis.

varying however much. We were informed that the Archbishop of Florence has about 2,000*l.* a year*.

On a vacancy, the Sovereign names three, of whom the Pope chooses one, who is generally the first on the list, as being the choice of the Prince.

With regard to the government, it is absolute; the Sovereign has no parliament to assist him, no more than at Turin. The police, however, is admirably regulated, and the streets in this populous city are kept in great order at night. Besides the nightly guardians appointed by the police, there are military, regularly parading the streets in case of need, but they have no right to interfere with the nocturnal passenger unless called upon, nor even to ask his name and abode, which is done by the former.

April 18.—Went to the church of Orsanmichele, which is esteemed a very chaste building. On the outside are many niches, containing various statues in bronze and marble, by the first masters; within is a celebrated statue of the Madonna, on an altar, by Andrew Orgagna. In this church there are two fine altars †, on the side of each other, in one of which is a vast deal of basso relievo, containing the funeral preparations for the Madonna ‡, there are here many well-executed figures.

On returning, we passed by the house of an apothe-

* He has also a good palace, and a villa given him by the sovereign: the Bishop of Fiesole lives chiefly at Florence. The bishops are highly respectable and attentive to their respective dioceses.

† One of these is a remarkably fine one, and called Altare della Madonna Repubblica; the figures were done by Georgius Choris in 1359.

‡ Called by our conductor her "passeggio transito."

cary, over whose door is a figure of Æsculapius remarkably well done, accompanied with several others, with the following apposite line:—

Depellis tetros præsenti numine morbos*.

Passing along the quay, near Il Ponte Vecchio, we observed a stone against the parapet-wall, with verses shewing great affection to the memory of a faithful quadruped:

Ossa equi Caroli Pelli Legati Veneti.

Non ingratus Herus, sonipes, memorande sepulcrum,
Hoc tibi, pro meritis hæc monimenta dedit.

Thy master, courser, consecrates thy fame,
And thus with gratitude records thy name.—Ed.

April 25, being St. Mark's day, was observed in this city by a solemn mass in *all* the churches, and music in *many*, particularly in St. Gaetano; this church was spread with evergreens, and the music was remarkably fine. The façade is very grand and imposing; the architect was Gherardo Silvani. There are several good pictures and statues, within and without, which deserve attention.

The processions† this day were numerous, as

* Afflata est numine quando
Jam propriore dei.
Virg. *lib.* 6.

† These processions of both men and women are very common; there was a beautiful one of men and women peasants, with the Bon Dieu and Madonna elevated, and decorated with flowers. As usual, in all the hoods there was an orifice for the eyes; both sexes were dressed in white, singing the whole way; this procession was to implore the intercession of the Madonna for a plentiful fruit season.

In funerals likewise, the Frate, as they are called, dressed in the same manner, carry the corpse by turns to the burying-ground, Trespiano, three miles from the town. The common people are all interred without coffins.

St. Mark is the tutelar Saint of Florence. In the evening, in particular, the elements were carried in solemn pomp. There was an image of a large babe under a rich canopy encompassed with many priests; there were also many other canopies, standards, &c., and the Bon-Dieu was elevated with much pomp and music; but all these processions have a great sameness, from which cause they soon lose their interest with the stranger: a number of monks of different orders walked in the procession, two and two, in different dresses; but all had hoods over their faces, with holes cut out for their eyes, like the horse-cloths in England, which gave them a singular and indeed a ghastly appearance; they each carried a flambeau. This festival was renewed about eighteen years ago, having been in disuse some time before*.

The evening being fine we paid another visit to the Caschina, which abounded with carriages and pedestrians. The Grand Duke and family, who are deservedly very popular, take their regular promenade there, and the Florentines, who are as fond of show and parade as any people in Europe, exhaust all their efforts to make an elegant appearance, in this public resort. Among these equipages†, the Prince who

* The numerous festivals observed at Florence are a material injury to trade; and they were much more numerous, but the present sovereign, who appears to be a liberal and enlightened prince, has wisely suppressed many to the great grief of the foolish inhabitants, who, it should seem, would rather be without provisions for themselves and families than without their festivals.

† The Florentines are fond of having with their other servants a cacciatore, who makes a fine appearance with his sword and nodding plumes; but splendid and elegant as they now are, they were looked on by the Pisanese

married Bonaparte's sister, but does not live with her, makes the most dashing appearance. This Prince, if one may judge from the style of his living, must have an immense fortune; there are always two carriages belonging to him on the Caschina, and sometimes three; that in which he usually rides has four horses, with postilions in jockey-caps, *à l'Angloise*, outriders, *&c.*, in elegant liveries. It is said that he has fifty horses, and carriages of all kinds; and he is so fond of driving about the streets, that he is seen almost every day in a different kind of carriage, and at night on the promenade; he is reckoned a *famous whip.*

The Florentine nobility, it must be owned, are rather inconsistent. In the morning, they are *dealers in wine by retail.* In every palace is a *small window* at the bottom, large enough to admit a flask; there is also a *small knocker;* and here all who want this necessary article apply. There is a man regularly stationed to sell the wine by the flask, and receive the money, and there is an old flask hanging out often, as a *badge of their trade.* In the evening these noblemen are figuring away on the promenade, with their carriages and numerous servants*, not that the main

in the middle of the thirteenth century, as *rustics* and *uncivilized*, and they even called them *mountaineers.*—DENINA.

* Our countrymen are rather infected with the Florence mania, seldom going out without two footmen behind their carriage. Indeed one would be apt to think it a *disgrace* to walk at Florence, for you hardly ever see a genteel person on foot even in the coolest weather, so little do they seem to value one of the greatest blessings of mankind, *the use of their feet*; and what is very extraordinary, you see the carriages more occupied

business of selling wine is neglected on an evening, for we have often in our walks, very late, seen the little knocker at work, and the window obedient to the well-known sound.

The Sovereign always appears on this walk in the state of a sovereign, with two or three carriages with six horses and many servants; but this state does not interfere with his affability, which is very pleasing; however an absurd custom prevails, that every carriage stops till his passes, and this is repeated the whole evening. It is surprising that an enlightened prince, should not put an end to this form.

May 5.—Taking advantage of the weather, which still was not too hot for walking, we strolled by the Porta Romana to the Pioggia Imperiale, a country palace of the Grand Duke, in which he passes a month or two every year.

Immediately on leaving the gate, we entered a noble road between two rows of trees, cypress and oak, and in about a mile came to the house, which is a fine quadrangle, built by Ferdinand II. The other part of the house was erected by Leopold, late Emperor of Germany; and our conductor told us there were seventy rooms in the whole. There were many workmen employed in enlarging this palace, which by this account, however, did not seem to want room.

There is a noble saloon on entering, in which are

by males than females. Frequently a large carriage has a single man only, lounging and varying his positions with all the luxuriance of an eastern potentate

several fine statues, ancient and modern; among the former, Apollo and Bacchus, the former valued by Canova at 300,000 crowns; there is also a fine statue of Venus, by John of Bologna. The ceiling is painted in fresco, by Romani.

There is a fine suite of rooms, painted in fresco, with the Deaths of the Martyrs, and verses in old Italian applicable to each; the ceilings are fresh, and in high preservation, though painted nearly 200 years. The gardens of this villa are not large, but full of fine orange and lemon trees, chiefly in large pots. The surrounding country is lovely, studded with white houses of various sizes and forms, and built in different tastes upon hills, declivities, in valleys, and in the midst of forests of olive trees, mulberry, &c., while frequent fields of corn, of different kinds, vary the prospect, and a beautiful view of Florence and the distant mountains bounds the scene.

May 7.—We went to the Ducal chapel of Pitti, to hear the music, which is much esteemed, and every person decently dressed is admitted. The chapel is small but most elegant; on the right and left are painted in fresco the entrance of our Lord into Jerusalem and the Crucifixion. Nothing can be conceived more elegant than the altar; the front and sides are inlaid with marble and pietra dura*, most curiously wrought: this chapel ought not to be omitted being seen.

* Working this stone, which is brought from the mountains, is very curious, and reflects great honour on the country.

We afterwards went to the gardens of Boboli*, adjoining the palace: these are large, handsome, and highly varied, consisting of many fine broad walks, with myrtle hedges, and beautiful trees of different kinds. Under the walks a canal is carried, leading to fountains which play on gala-days; at the bottom is a very fine bason of water, with fish of various kinds and sizes; opposite is an island, full of orange and lemon trees and shrubs. There are statues in different parts of the gardens, and some by eminent masters. In short, the beautiful gardens of Boboli have charms of no common kind, and the different views from them are delightful. They are open to the public on Sundays and Thursdays.

We went afterwards to the Dominican convent, St. Maria de Novella. This is a large building with several quadrangles, but inhabited by only about thirty monks. The principal thing here which attracts the attention of the historian is a long room in one of the quadrangles, on the outside of which is the following inscription:—

Edes cerne viator ubi plures morati sunt pontifices, atque celebratæ sessiones præliminares, concilii Oecumenici Florentini, coram Eugenio IV. unde Græca Ecclesia diuturna schismate avulsa, ad Catholicam rediit unitatem†. An. D. 1439.

On the green, in the centre, is a statue of the founder of the convent, *Johannes de Salerno*, with a long inscription.

* On entering the gardens there are several rows of seats in the form of an amphitheatre, intended for the people to see sports, &c., encompassing a large piece of ground.

† In this room was holden the famous Council of Florence, which put an end to the long schism.

CHAPTER LIV.

Curato di Santa Felicità—Belvedera—Miscellaneous Remarks—Attention to the Sick, &c.—Finery prevalent in the inferior Ranks—The Florentine Gallery.

May 9.—HAVING occasion to see Il Curato di Santa Felicità on an affair of charity, we went to his apartments, situated on the opposite side of the Arno; it was the middle of the day, and we were told that he was asleep*; however, we took the liberty to have him disturbed on such an occasion, and mounted two flights of high stairs into a large room, meanly furnished, in which there were four women at work. Next to this was the small bed-room of the curate, having a bed without top, curtain, or any thing of the kind, having the appearance of an hospital-bed; through this was a neat little room, not much larger than a closet, in which this rosy son of the church received us, for rosy and sufficiently fat he certainly was: he was, however, very civil, and gave us full information as to what we wished to know; and here it must be said, to the honour of the parish priests, that they keep a regular list of the objects for relief, inquiring into their character as in France.

* Here, as in Spain, and the rest of Italy, the inhabitants are accustomed to take their siesta in the middle of the day; and at Florence, even the shopkeepers *shut up their shops*, an hour and a half or two hours, to take their dinner and sleep. At *Tocco* or one o'clock, an immediate dead-like silence prevails, and you scarcely meet a solitary person in the streets. The windows are all closed with blinds or shutters, and this custom prevailed formerly, as we find by Pliny. "Clausæ fenestræ manent." —PLIN. lib. 9. Epis. 36.

The four women who occasionally waited on his reverence were sisters, and it should be observed, neither young nor handsome, so that the busy tongue of scandal could here find no food to sully the character of the respectable curate.

Being now in the neighbourhood of Belvedera, we would not neglect going to that interesting fort; this is the upper fortress, but the lower one is much the strongest.

Belvedera, though in these happy pacific times, with scarcely a solitary gun, except for salutes, can mount 120; there were in the fort then but 120 grenadiers and 12 officers, chiefly kept to wait on the Sovereign's person on gala and state days. This fortress is in a romantic elevated situation, above the gardens of Boboli, commanding a noble view of the city, Arno, surrounding country and the Apennines. Under it is one continued vault. The Tuscan soldiers are enlisted for six years. Their pay is low, that of the infantry three sous a day besides their rations. They have two scanty meals a day, consisting chiefly of weak soup and vegetables. The dress of the infantry is white, but that of the Swiss cavalry in this service is scarlet, and they are fine-looking men. This fort, high as it is, is commanded by the neighbouring hills; but the lower fortress, which you enter by several gates, is very strong, and much more extensive; here are from one thousand to fifteen hundred in garrison, chiefly fusileers.

May 10*th.*—The morning being very beautiful, as the mornings and evenings are usually at this season,

we took an early stroll through the streets, which were full of life and bustle. Instead of donkies with large panniers, as at Lyons, they here make use of very small carts, drawn by horses, mules, or asses, and these are so numerous as to be a great inconvenience in the narrow streets. Herds of goats were coming from the mountains to be milked, the milk of these animals being as much used at Florence as that of cows. The great market, called Il Mercato Vecchio, is admirably supplied with all sorts of provisions, very good and reasonable: but the market is so dirty, that no woman decently dressed can avail herself of it*.

The activity and bustle at Florence continue not only all day, but great part of the night also; and the natives appear to have but little sleep, enjoying the freshness of the night, and glad to avoid the excessive heats of the day. Forms and benches are erected in all parts of the town; Trinity bridge in particular has them on each side, and carriages and horses are kept off by a chain, to prevent any inconvenience to the pedestrians; before all the coffee-houses also are chairs and benches; and this is the time in which the citizens seem to be making themselves amends for the burning heat of the sun at the meridian. Some are seen forming in groups in the squares, others playing at different games before the coffee-house doors; and all lounging and delighted *inertibus horis;* in short, at this time, a walk is charming, and one

* The statue of Plenty in the market is a measured mile from *every gate* of Florence.

cannot fail to derive pleasure from the universal air of satisfaction which prevails.

At night, many of them form in groups, and sing in the streets, often accompanied by musical instruments, and making an agreeable concert; this singing in groups reminded us of Spain, Perpignan, and Montpellier, and the *Improvvisatori of old.* These concerts are changed into one of a very different nature early in the morning, the noise of market-carts and cries, to the great annoyance of the Florentine fine ladies, whose rest is thus much disturbed.

The women in Florence are in general tall, and remarkably full and well made; they are also lively, pleasing, and agreeable. It is really curious to see the finery and rich dresses of the farmers' wives in this country, and their inconsistency: they wear *common beaver round hats, immense ear-rings of gold, necklaces of pearl and coral,* in various rows, *broad gold-lace trimmings* to their aprons, *gold watches, &c.;* their dress, in short, is often estimated at three hundred pounds. The married women in the country have a curious custom of having a large tuft of cotton on their heads, of different colours, to distinguish them from the single ones; and the women also often walk with neither hat, bonnet, or cap; and even old women with their venerable white hair, walk about in this uncovered state. Commerce and trade having here few restrictions, there are many rich people, especially among butchers, bakers, and millers.

In this elegant and gay city, one would think that the great destroyer of mankind never made his ap-

pearance, a funeral never being seen; *every sight but this* is met with at Florence, but funerals always take place *in the night;* and late in the evening, or rather the beginning of the night, we have met the Frate, in white short dresses, carrying the corpses to Trespiano, their last home, many others attending to relieve them*.

The utmost care is taken of the sick, and those who meet with accidents; a society is formed of the nobility and persons of distinction, enrolling themselves as Frate, who *personally* attend on these melancholy occasions, giving every assistance possible with their *purses* and *persons*, in order to alleviate the pains of the sufferer; and people of the first rank carry the patient to the hospital on a bier, relieving each other; they are dressed in the same manner as the Frate, with hoods, and holes for the admission of their eyes. This conduct certainly reflects the greatest honour on them, and shews that they are not so immersed in pleasure, as to be unmindful of the sacred duty of charity.

May 11*th.*—We at length put in execution our intention, too long delayed, of visiting the Florentine gallery, which is open to the public in the most liberal manner, every day except Sunday, from nine to three.

This famous gallery† is the largest, and contains

* No coffins are used at Florence but for the higher order of persons; the bodies are thrown into a trench, with hardly any thing upon them, and slightly covered over.

† This gallery was built by Cosimo I., Grand Duke, as was the library of St. Lorenzo.

the finest collection of statues*, &c., in Europe, except the Vatican. It is built in the form of a Greek Π, the two longest sides being one hundred and seventy-five yards in length each, and seven in breadth; under it are colonnades with shops.

One side of this gallery is a continuation of large windows, so as almost to form one window, and give sufficient light to this noble and almost unequalled collection, consisting of paintings, statues, and busts, collected chiefly by the liberality of the princes of the House of Medicis. The rooms are lofty, and the ceilings, as usual, painted in fresco. On the left you see on the top, the Turkish emperors, beginning from Mahomet; the Persian Sophis, many of the kings of England and eminent men, as Wolsey, Richelieu, Mazarine, &c., under these are statues and busts: there are most of the Roman emperors, but those most admired, are Augustus, Vespasian, Adrian, Marcus Aurelius, &c., and among the scarce ones are Agrippa, Caligula, Otho, Nerva, &c.: there are also many busts of female Romans, and among the rest, of the infamous Messalina. There are not fewer than three busts of Trajan, many statues of Venus, as Venere Genitrice, Vincitrice, &c., but to enumerate all the statues and busts would be impossible.

* Among the statues that of Marsyas, (the subject[a] of which is frightful) is much admired.

[a] Quid me mihi detrahis, inquit?
Clamanti cutis est summos derepta per artus,
Nec quicquam nisi vulnus erat.—METAMOR. lib. 6.

There are a number of other rooms full of paintings and curiosities; in one of these, called the *tribune*, is the famous Venus de Medicis, which seems at first view small, but it is about as large as life. So much has been said about this beautiful statue, that it will be superfluous and presumptuous to add any thing to what such good judges and elegant writers have said on the subject: the epigram, as quoted by Mr. Addison, and his translation, will perhaps here be not thought inapposite.

Γυμνην οιδε Πάριςμε και Αγχισης και Αδωνις
Τους τρεις οιδα μονους, Πραξιτελης δε ποθεν.

Anchises, Paris, and Adonis too,
Have seen me naked and expos'd to view,
All these I frankly own without denying,
But where has this Praxitcles been prying*.

The common opinion of this is, that it is among the Venuses, what Venus is among the goddesses†.

There are among the statues most admired, besides this celebrated one, the young, or little Apollo, the slave whetting his knife, Faun and wrestlers; these are unequalled in their kind; the Apollo is thought to

* This beautiful statue was brought from the Villa Medici from Rome, by order of Cosimo III., who, from his profligacy and intemperance having bad health, was ordered by his physicians to use the exercise of walking; he therefore took great pains to increase the collection in this gallery, in which he was in the habit of walking often.—GALUZZI.

The Wrestlers, and Slave whetting his Knife, were brought at the same time with Venus, to the great grief and displeasure of the Romans, who were much hurt at losing some of their valuable statues.—GALUZZI.

The Venus de Medicis is thought to have been the ancient object of worship in the Temple of Cnidus.

O Venus regina Cnidi Paphique.—HOR. Od. 30.

† The height of the Venus de Medicis is four feet eleven inches.

be the work also of Praxiteles, and admired universally as a beautiful piece of statuary.

The Tribune* is octagonal, and not more than twenty-one feet in diameter; the ceiling is most superbly gilt, and the dome is enriched with mother-of-pearl; but this is nothing when compared with the rich furniture of this small room, containing these five statues, and paintings also, by the best masters in the world, of different schools; among them are Titian's † two Venusses ‡. The masters are Guercino, Michael Angelo, André del Sarto, Guido, Volterra, Domenichino, Paul Veronese, Annibal Caracci, Perugino, and his scholar Raphael; there are six by this fine painter, of which St. John Baptist in the wilderness, Raphael, Mistress Fornarina, and Pope Julius II. §, are deservedly reckoned chef-d'œuvres; St. John

* The statues and pictures in the Tribune are all originals.

† Titian and Raphael both flourished in the beginning of the sixteenth century; an era famous for men of talents and learning, and were patronized by Pope Leo X., a judge and rewarder of merits.

‡ The wife and mistress of Titian; the latter is esteemed the best picture, and is properly *his Venus*.

§ The following anecdote of this hot-headed and violent pontiff will exhibit him in his proper colours.

On his insisting to have Michael Angelo again, who had left him abruptly, the artist was persuaded, though unwillingly, to meet the pope at Bologna. He was introduced to the pope by a prelate, who kindly endeavoured to mitigate the wrath of his holiness, by saying, that the artist was so wholly immersed in his professional duties, as to be ignorant of every thing else; the pope without deigning any answer, gave the bishop a smart blow on the shoulders with his stick, and then gave his blessing to M. Angelo; on being afterwards asked by Angelo if he should put a book in the left hand of the statue* he was making of him, "No," says the pope abruptly, "put a sword, I am no professor."—ROSCOE.

* This admirable statue was some time afterwards beat to pieces by the citizens of Bologna, and some of them sent to the Duke of Ferrara, who had a cannon cast of them, which he called Julius.—ROSCOE.

in particular is beautiful; Vandyke, Schidone, Julio Romano, Coreggio, and Rubens, though last, not least, enrich this noble collection; of the Tuscan school also there are many, as Leonardo da Vinci*, Carlo Dolci †, &c.: the expression and softness in this painter's pictures are beautiful.

To enumerate all the pictures in this splendid and princely collection would be a difficult task; but it is sufficient to say, that as the subjects are numerous and highly varied, so are they executed by the best masters, and in the highest style, doing honour to the different schools, and the masters and princes who collected them; and this rich gallery must ever prove a real feast, not only to the connoisseur, but the amateur of painting and sculpture. On our return we admired among other statues those of Endymion, Pomona, the Bacchus of Michael Angelo, and copy of Laocoon ‡, by Bandinelli, &c. We went away highly gratified, and determined to renew our visit the first opportunity.

* This celebrated man, who was painter, sculptor, poet, musician, architect, and geometrician, was born in 1443, at the castle of Vinci, in Valdarno; in 1492, Lewis Sforza, Regent of Milan, invited him to fix his residence there; he accepted the invitation, and enriched that city with his works; the finest of his pictures is reckoned the Last Supper, in the Refectory of the Dominicans.—Vie de Leon X., par Roscoe, traduit de l'Anglais par Henry.

† Carlo Dolci died in 1686.

‡ The original was found in the baths of Titus, in the pontificate of Julius II., in 1508, and transferred by the order of Leo X. to the Vatican, who conferred the honourable and lucrative office of Apostolic Notary on the finder, instead of a pension formerly granted by his predecessor.—Roscoe.

CHAPTER LV.

Unexpected Meeting—Palace of Pitti—Museum—St. Lorenzo—Angelo Chapel—Mausoleum, its quiet Inhabitants—Il Teatro Nuovo—Marchesa Bertolini.

May 18*th.*—AVAILING ourselves of the society of some old and much-valued friends*, we pursued our excursions, and went to the palace of Pitti. Meeting these friends, as it was unexpected, so was it most gratifying to all parties; we had been many weeks together in Paris, the preceding year, and since that separated by mountains, forests, and rivers, had not even enjoyed the pleasure of reciprocal correspondence; most of the letters, from various causes, having failed reaching the hands of either party: to those who are sensible of the charms and comfort of a long friendship, and unreserved intercourse, it is needless to say what pleasure a meeting of this kind must afford, especially when from various unforeseen circumstances the respective parties had given up all hopes of it.

* The Rev. W. Lewis, prebendary of Limerick, and rector of St. John's, and nephew of the late Lady Glentworth, who, with his amiable son and nephew were travelling many months in France and Italy, for the improvement of the health of the former, and his instruction in modern languages, &c., he having with the highest credit to himself, and comfort to his friends, finished a course of ancient ones in the university of Dublin. Of his parent, it is but justice to say, that the more he is known, the more he will be esteemed. The writer of this is indebted to him for many cheerful and happy hours enjoyed in his company, and can say, with Horace,

"Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico."

Pitti was built * by Luke Pitti, a Florentine nobleman, who governed Florence for some time for Cosimo Pater Patrice; and is well worth seeing, whether the elegance of the apartments is considered, or the variety and excellency of the pictures.

The situation is very fine, on a rise, fronting the Piazza di Pitti. The architecture is rustic, and it is built of stone, giving you the idea of a firm and noble palace, though it has a heavy appearance. We entered by a corridor and noble stair-case, and the statues which strike you on entering the gallery, are those of Æsculapius and two Fauns, the former brought from the Villa Medici at Rome. In the court is a famous statue of Hercules, attributed to Lysippus. In this palace are sixteen state rooms, many of which are *en suite*, most of them full of paintings by the best masters, and the furniture most magnificent; the ceiling is painted in fresco, in the most masterly and beautiful manner. Indeed there are few sovereign princes in Europe better lodged than the Grand Duke †.

The tables in this palace are exquisitely inlaid with precious stones, and pietra dura. The rooms have all separate names. In the spring room the ceiling is painted very curiously; here are two fine pictures of shipping by Salvator Rosa, and a painting on wood

* And purchased by the Grand Duchess, wife of Cosimo I.—GALLUZZI.

† Bonaparte, who, when he had overturned for a time the principal dynasties in Europe, had the vanity to occupy the sovereign palace wherever he was, appropriated this to himself when at Florence.

by a scholar of Rubens. In others, Rubens, Paul Veronese, Pietro di Cortona, &c., are the masters. It is impossible to particularize so large a collection, but among many fine paintings is the fortune-teller, by Caravaggio, and the Assumption by Andrea Sarto: it is astonishing how many pictures in Italy this fanciful subject has produced, entirely from the imagination of the painter, unwarranted by gospel history*. In the Sale de Mars you see among other inscriptions on the ceiling:

En imitare solem, medio tutissimus ibis.

In this, the masters are Julio Romano, Paul Veronese, Titian, &c., and there is a charming Joseph by Guido. In Sala d'Hercole, Madonna, and Leo X., by Raphael †, and Secretary of Cosimo I., by Paul Veronese ‡. Sala di Mercurio, a beautiful picture of St. Peter, by Carlo Dolce, and Catiline's Conspiracy, by Salvator Rosa.

Sala di Jove, Cleopatra, by Guido (Reni §); Pope Julius II., by Raphael; Our Saviour in the Tomb, by

* We are only warranted by the gospel to look on the Virgin as the instrument of the birth of the Saviour of the world, by the immaculate conception; after the death of our Lord we have nothing to do with her history.

† This distinguished artist, patronised by Leo X., died suddenly at Rome, at the early age of thirty-seven, unmarried: he left his property to his pupils, Julio Romano, &c.—ROSCOE'S *Leo X.*

He was often solicited to marry by the great men, and might have formed an honourable connexion, but disliked the constraint of a married life.

‡ Paul Veronese and Caravaggio flourished at the end of the sixteenth century.—DENINA.

§ This distinguished painter exercised his art at the end of the sixteenth century.—DENINA.

Perrugino; this is a fine picture 300 years old, and the colour still fresh.

In a small room there is a beautiful mother-of-pearl in the centre, and here Carlo Dolce and Dominechino adorn the collection.

In another room, as the ceiling is finely painted in fresco, so is the floor in porcelain. Pietro di Cortona painted the roof: this though small, is a very elegant apartment.

Hall of Ulysses. The ceiling of this is very interesting, representing the return of Ulysses, by Martatini, a Florentine.

The door-ways of these magnificent rooms are of fine variegated marble, which, as they are *en suite*, gives them a grand appearance. You are next shewn the suite of apartments appropriated to the emperor, which, though not enriched with paintings, have costly and princely furniture.

The audience-room has a beautiful painted roof, and a very curious table of petrified wood.

The chapel has a remarkably fine crucifix, by John of Bologna.

The bed-room is distinguished for its satin and costly furniture.

Sala di Venere, a rotunda richly gilt, floors beautiful, with inlaid wood. Here you have a rich treat in the celebrated Venus of Canova, which some prefer to the Venus of Medicis; it is certainly a beautiful statue, and cost 5000 crowns.

There is also a boudoir, conversation-room, &c., all elegant in their kind. To sum up the whole, this

charming palace will take up a day or two, at least, to examine the variety of objects it presents; and we went away delighted with even this cursory view.

May 19.—Went to the museum, which is open to the public, in the most liberal manner, every day from nine to two.

This is a most noble collection *, containing sixteen rooms of wax anatomical preparations, and twenty of natural history. In the former, no pains or expense have been spared to make it complete for the instruction of surgeons. The preparations are all in glass cases and done in the most expensive way, containing a variety of fœtuses, *&c.* Above them, are paintings framed, of each subject. In the rooms of natural history is found every thing which can elucidate this interesting subject. The flowers are all of wax † most natural and beautifully done: there are also two pictures on a very painful subject, the plague in Florence ‡, finely executed, the minute parts are expressed, such as the manner of burying the dead at this melancholy time; *&c.* In other rooms are mummies, curiosities from the Sandwich Islands, *&c.*, and below, a good collection of quadrupeds.

* Splendid and interesting as this collection is, delicacy and propriety are much wounded by its being open *indiscriminately* to females.

† On some of us expressing our wonder, and inquiring whether all were of wax, our conductor put on a sage look, and said "Not all," and looking out of the window into the botanical garden, he said very gravely "All the *plants* are natural." We smiled and agreed in the justice of his observation.

‡ This plague was in 1348, and chiefly affected Florence and Venice, within the walls of which two cities there died 100,000 persons. There were 90,000 persons at that time within the walls, and 80,000 in the district of Florence.—DENINA.

May 20.—The same valuable friends who had been with us at Pitti, accompanied us to a place we had too long delayed seeing, the church of S. Lorenzo.

This is a splendid building, consisting of a choir, nave, and two aisles. The pillars are of a single block, and in the pulpits is much basso relievo in wood; there is one used for Christmas and another for Easter. In a vault near the high altar is buried Cosmus Medicis, with this honourable inscription:—

Cosmus Medicis
Hic Titus est
Decreto publico
Pater Patriæ:
Vixit annos 75, Menses 3, Dies 20.

Nothing can be conceived more elegant and splendid than the high altar, abounding with precious stones, pietra dura, *&c.* Among other representations is Moses striking the Rock, very well done. The Tabernacle also, for the elements, is very elegant, inlaid with precious stones, *&c.*; Abraham sacrificing Isaac, and Moses leading the Children of Israel through the Red Sea, are admirably represented. There is also a fine Madonna, by Michael Angelo.

We were next conducted to the chapel, called the Angelo Chapel, in which is a dome, and a statue of Juliano Medicis (buried here); opposite a statue* of

* In the Place of S. Lorenzo is a very fine mausoleum of John of Medicis, called the *Invincible* Captain of the Black Band, or "Il gran Diavolo," in beautiful marble, by Bandinelli. It was intended to be removed to the old palace, and there to form a pedestal for the statue of John of Medicis; but the plan never was put in execution, and the mausoleum remains almost surrounded by old clothes-stalls, *&c.*, the rag fair, and shabbiest part of Florence.

This

Lorenzo Duc d'Urbino*, who was buried here. There is here a Madonna, by Michael Angelo, unfinished likewise, and S. Cosimo and S. Damiano, by his scholar. This is properly called the Angelo Chapel, from being enriched by this admirable sculptor. We were now introduced by our guide into the chapel† of S. Lorenzo, and found ourselves on a sudden in the solemn though magnificent repository of the ashes of the seven Grand Dukes of the House of Medicis‡.

A figulis munitam ——— urbem ‖.

In the midst of the splendid mausoleum, appropriated by human vanity to the mortal part of that

This black band was probably of the same nature as the celebrated black band of the Duke of Brunswick, at the head of which the Duke was killed, gallantly fighting at the battle of Waterloo; the uniform of this regiment, though interesting, is awfully sombre.

* Father of Catharine of Medicis, Queen of France. This woman, celebrated for her wickedness and the evils she brought upon France and Europe, and who was the principal instigator of the massacre of Paris, was alike distinguished by her beauty, accomplishments, and profligacy, and by means of the beautiful young women whom she always had at her court, she entrapped the leaders of the different parties, contriving to get possession of their political plans, by taking advantage of their frailty. Her court, in short, was a scene of dissipation and profligacy, and unfortunately her two sons Charles IX. and Henry III. were entirely directed by her. Catharine was the wife of *one* king and mother of *three*, she was niece to Pope Clement VII., and born at Florence in 1519.

† This chapel was begun by Pope Leo X., for the burial-place of his brother and nephew, it is also intended to be that of the present reigning family.

Addison prophesied above one hundred years ago, that the family would be extinct before the chapel was finished, which is come to pass.

‡ Gulianus Duc de Nemours, and his nephew Lorenzo Duc d'Urbino, are as large as life, in military dresses, and each sitting on his sarcophagus. Upon the angles are four statues in a weeping position, *Dawn and Morning, Night and Day.*

‖ Juvenal, Sat. 10.

illustrious family, we know not which most to admire, the mass of the external splendour which adorns this building, or the vanity of princes in lavishing such sums of money on places to contain their fragile remains. In short, we were lost in contemplation, looking around on the termination of human grandeur.

Duræ rapit inclementia mortis. *

Whether it was the solemnity of the place, or the particular use to which it was appropriated, or the reflection of the extinction of the illustrious family for which it was built, one can scarcely tell; but we were lost in a train of serious thoughts, which the occasion suggested. *Without* were costly and precious stones, and gems of inestimable value; *within* bones, dust, and corruption:

The paths of glory lead but to the grave. †

The Princes of the House of Medicis were not more distinguished by their elegant accomplishments than their liberality in public improvements, and Florence to this day bears witness to the care and expense which they used in embellishing this beautiful city. For nearly 200 years they swayed the sceptre of Tuscany, and by their political address, though situated in the midst of powerful neighbours, contrived by skilfully steering between the contending parties, not only to keep quiet possession of their dominions, but to *add* to them. Whilst they saw on all sides their less fortunate neighbours, not having the same management, lose a great part of theirs, or at least curtailed of some.

* Vir. Georg 3. v. 68. † Gray.

Of these Princes many were eminent for prudence and political sagacity, some for bravery, but almost all of them for their acquirements and love of the arts. They were not only men of letters themselves, but great protectors of literati, and encouragers of learning. These good qualities were, however, obscured by dissipation and profligacy, which cut short the thread of many of their lives; so that this dynasty, which from its numerous male branches promised to be lasting, ended on a sudden, in John Gaston *, the last Duke; and all that remains of them now is their statues and public works, which were many, and this most splendid chapel, (the most so, perhaps, of any which ever was built for that purpose) intended by their vanity, (which did not leave them even in death), to perpetuate their name.

We could not, however, look at their monuments without respect, when we considered that most of the present crowned heads in Europe† are descended from this family, and that these Princes took no inconsiderable part in the awful and eventful periods of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Alike distinguished by their learning and accomplishments as by their political sagacity, they were often consulted in state and other affairs by the more

* Thus named after his grandfather Gaston Duc D'Orleans, younger son of Henri IV. Roi de France.

† France, Spain, Naples, &c., and the House of Stewart. Charles I. of England married Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry IV. of France, and Mary of Medicis, from whom the House of Stewart descended; partaking too much of the violence and bigotry of her mother, and none of the liberality of her father, she was chiefly the means of bringing that unfortunate monarch to the block, and ultimately was the ruin of her family.

powerful sovereigns; but as vanity was their leading foible, so was profligacy their leading vice, which ultimately was the cause of the extinction of their race*.

The Medicean Chapel is one of the richest in Europe; its form is octagonal, and it has a fine dome. It is said to have cost 1,700,000 piastres; the walls are lined with pietra dura, porphyry, jasper, agate, lapis lazuli, &c.

Round the chapel are the tombs of the seven Princes, which are of porphyry, and oriental granite, On the pillars of jasper are rich ducal crowns, for each Duke, and their arms are in bas-relief of oriental granite; all around are the arms of the different cities in mother-of-pearl, but those of Florence are in coral, and cornelian, and the inscriptions are on porphyry; the ground-work of the arms is white marble of Carrara. We were particular in our observations, for so grand is this chapel that it is absolutely a mass of splendour, and exhibits a glare of richness scarcely to be equalled.

The inscriptions on the tombs of these Princes, who made so distinguished a figure in their days, merely inform us that they were born such a day, and died such a day; and, as an elegant writer† of our country observes in his essay on tomb-stones and inscriptions, *that* was what he chiefly collected from them,—a great satire on the vanity of mankind, and meant to give a lesson of humility.

The famous Bianca Capelli, who by her beauty and

* For a brief history of the House of Medicis, vide Appendix.
† In *the Spectator*.

art had captivated the heart of Francis, and occasioned such confusion in the duchy, although Grand Duchess, was not allowed the honour of having her remains buried with those of her husband, but by order of Ferdinand was interred in a deep grave under the chapel, and the spot is not known,—an action unworthy so great a Prince, especially as he had for some time been on terms of friendship with her.

May 24th.—Having on a preceding day visited the academy Delle Belle Arti, we now went to Il Teatro Nuovo, near Il Duomo; it is large and handsome, lighted with *one large lustre only;* there are five rows of boxes, chiefly let to private persons; the parterre, answering to our pit, is large and convenient, and filled with most respectable persons; the price is only one paul and a half: there is a spacious handsome box for the Grand Duke and family, in front of the stage, for public occasions, and a small private one over the stage which he usually occupies.

The actors are good, and attend to their business; and the prompter appears in the centre, as in France; they do not begin much before nine, and end about twelve*.

The private boxes are sometimes to be had very

* The stranger traversing the streets of Florence from the theatre to his hotel, not having the convenience of the midnight lamp, is indebted often to the numerous images of the Madonna and Salvatore (which are splendidly illuminated) for his right course in the awful stillness of an Italian summer night. It is curious to observe the straggling votary on his knees, praying with great devotion at the splendid shrine; and the writer of this article, has many nights been obliged to the misplaced zeal of these devotionists for a light to his bougie, the Florentines being chiefly hushed in still repose.

reasonable; we gave for ours, on the first row, only fifteen pauls. Over a splendid coronet in each of the sovereign's boxes is a *cross*; so much for *consistency*.

May 26th.—There was a solemn service in the church of Santa Trinita for the Marchesa Bertolini, which we attended. The outside of the church was hung with black and white cloth in festoons, as were the adjoining houses; in the centre of the church was a temporary enclosure, containing a representation of a coffin covered with black cloth, and edged with broad gold lace.

The priests at the different altars, dressed in superb vestments, were celebrating mass for the repose of her soul, and round the sarcophagus were many servants in deep mourning.

In the midst of our reflections on this solemn scene we were interrupted by a man, who made us a sign to go with him; we obeyed the signal, and accompanied him into a small adjoining chapel, where to our surprise, he shewed us the *body* of the Marchioness laid on a bier, completely drest, *except shoes*, with cap, *blue ribbon*, *ruffles*, *lace*, *sash*, &c., and even a splendid *bow*. The whole was so different from our customs, that, melancholy as the scene was, it was highly interesting; and what took its rise in curiosity, perhaps pardonable in strangers, interested in seeing every thing curious in a foreign land, ended in serious reflections, as might be expected, suited to the solemnity of the occasion.

Whilst in the church was seen all the vanity of the living displayed in the fastidious *representation* of the

dead; with torches burning, and servants attending in awful silence; the *substance* was carelessly laid upon a bier, locked up in a small chapel, only opened and shewn for money by the sexton, like one of Mrs. Salmon's dressed up wax figures, to which the corpse bore no unapt resemblance. Thus that body, animated only a few hours before with the divine spirit, in which it alone resembled its Creator, was left with not a solitary friend to watch over it*; in order to increase the solemnity of the scene, directly opposite the church, was the splendid palace of the Bertolinis, a family which we traced by the inscriptions on the tomb-stones six hundred years back†; and the once, perhaps, gay and elegant mistress of it, who only a few hours before had servants and every thing to administer to human comfort and magnificence at command, was now removed at the will of others, from her mansion to this obscure place, till her final removal to the place appointed for all men living‡.

Such were the serious thoughts and reflections suggested by this unexpected sight, for who can be a witness to these spectacles without reflecting?

* We were informed that at night a person always watched over the bodies, which were placed in this small chapel allotted for that purpose.

† They were expelled from Sienna, their native place, in the civil commotions which prevailed there in 1250, and received at Florence; where they were established, and have continued ever since, as we found by the inscriptions on the tomb-stones.

‡ The marchioness had been afflicted with the palsy for three years, a disorder it seems to which the Tuscans are remarkably subject, and had hardly spoken since; her husband died the preceding year; she left a son and three daughters, one of whom was married at Bologna. Our conductor told us that the marchioness had brought a large fortune into the family.

CHAPTER LVI.

A Stroll round the Town—Celebration of Whitsunday—Scirocco—Deposito dei Poveri—Fête Dieu—Another Visit to the Gallery—Processions—Various Observations—Chariot Race—Horse ditto—Arena—Belle Arti—Fiesole—Laurentian Library—Paul Jovius—Corsini Palace—Chiesa del Carmine—Magliabechi Library—Palazzo Vecchio.

May 27th.—We strolled round the ramparts to see the out-skirts of the town. As has been observed, there are eight gates, four on each side of the water, many of which are handsome and venerable structures; of these the finest are S. Gallo, Santa Croce, S. Nicolas, and Porta Romana. On the Bologna road, previous to entering Porta S. Gallo, is a splendid triumphal arch, on which is much fine statuary, in alto relievo. The following inscriptions are on it:

Francisco III, Lotharingiæ Duci, Augusto,
Pio, Felici, magno Duci Suo
Etruria.

On the top is a fine equestrian statue of this prince, in bronze, Fame, &c. &c.: on one side

Amplificatori bonarum artium,

On the other

Propagatori Commercii,

Arms, &c., alto relievo.

Over the entrance of S. Gallo,

Florentia
Adventu Frederici IV, Daniæ et Norwegiæ Regis,
Augusti felicis, quod eum sua præsentia,
Magnus Hospes impleverit,
Augusta, Felix.
An. S. 1708, Mense Martis *.

* This was when Cosmo III., who entertained this king in the most splendid manner, almost to the ruin of his state, it being from various

Pursuing our course, we went along the walls, which though not strong, are in good condition, by Porta Pinta to Porte Santa Croce, which is a new gate, and on which is the following inscription:

Ferdinando III, M. E. D.
Parenti Civium
Quod An. 1817 ad quæsitum Pauperibus
In frugum sterilitate suppeditandum
Juvandumque commodum
Novas vias assumptis ingenti asservit,
Per quas hinc ad vallem arni superiorem
Cascentinum Romandiolum
Vehiculare pateret iter
Itemque hanc Portam instauravit
Squalentibusque prope eam dirutis ædificiis
At que introitus exitusque acclivitate complanata
Elegantiorem opportunioremque reddiderit
Florentia
Principi optimo, munificentissimoque*.

How much more honour does an inscription of this kind confer upon a prince, than recording triumphs purchased by the sacrifice of thousands of lives as was the case with those of the late ruler of France, and of the Roman chiefs of old.

In this delightful walk you have gardens on all sides, fruit-trees, villas, and churches, and at a distance romantic hills and declivities; just by the Porta S. Gallo, is a large public walk, much frequented by the inhabitants, with a beautiful view of Fiesole, and the neighbouring villages. Crossing Ponte Grazia

causes in an exhausted condition. This king staid many weeks at Florence, and used to pay constant visits to a nun of family, to whom he had been partial in a former visit to Florence, when he was Prince of Denmark.—GALUZZI.

* This amiable sovereign, remarkable for his mild administration, is now no more.

we soon came to Porta St. Nicolas, which has a very high venerable tower, and appears one of the oldest gates of Florence. We returned home much pleased with our little excursion.

May 31*st.*—Being Whit-Sunday, was observed as a grand gala day at court; the Grand Duke, his family and attendants went in procession to the Duomo, in eight carriages, some drawn by six, and others by four horses, with guards. The Place del Duomo was also lined with guards. The Sovereign and Prince Leopold*, and his Consort, walked up the nave, between two rows of soldiers, to their seats in the choir, under a splendid canopy; mass was immediately begun by the archbishop in person, in his pontificalibus, having on his mitre; he was assisted in the service by the other dignitaries of the church. The music was very fine and the scene impressive; and the church, though very full, is so large, that the people were not put to much inconvenience. Grand as this scene was, we could not help comparing it with the simplicity and pious solemnity of our church-service, and the comparison was infinitely in favour of the latter. We next prepared to put theory in practice and turned our steps to the Envoy's Hotel, in order to pay our devotions, and partake of the holy rite appointed to be celebrated on this day†.

This day, and the two or three preceding ones, we

* He is now Grand Duke.

† Much to the honour of our countrymen, in their travels and pleasures they have not neglected their *religious duties;* but at Marseilles, Genoa, Rome, &c., they had a room in which our service was regularly read by the clergy, who were there by turns.

had at Florence the scirocco, or south wind, the effects of which are felt even here, though coming from Naples, at the distance of three hundred miles.

The air is hot, and close, and the rains*, which are very heavy, so far from cooling the air, seem to increase the heat, and it has also a strong effect on the spirits of many.

June 7th.—We went to the annual exhibition in Deposito Dei Poveri. This is a noble and liberal institution, which like many others, owes its rise to Bonaparte. This foundation is to prevent pauperism, which it does in a great degree, as you seldom meet a beggar at Florence; and it were to be wished that such a plan was adopted in all countries. The building is large, with a garden in the centre, producing vegetables for the use of the house. There are eight hundred men, women, and children, all employed in some manufactory; there is one of wool, another of carpets, knives, shoes, stockings, &c., over each room is written in large characters the name of its manufactory; and this being their anniversary, all the articles were set out in the prettiest manner imaginable. There is a very neat chapel, and every thing is remarkably clean and well conducted, nor is there a herd of people following you every where and begging, as at Genoa.

* The rain at Florence is so violent, and falls so heavy on the umbrellas, which are oil-skin on this account, as to resemble the noise of thunder, and an Englishman, who has only been accustomed to the moderate rain in his own country, is at first surprised: it comes, indeed, but seldom, and is of short duration, but violence makes ample amends for its absence. Lightning is seen almost every night and frequently very strong at Florence.

June 10th.—Being the Féte Dieu, the greatest festival in the year in Roman Catholic countries, the Bon Dieu was carried in procession, to Sta. Maria Novella; and by the kindness of a friend we were enabled to see it from the window of a house in Piazza Trinita. The day was fine, and every thing was conducted with great propriety and decorum; the procession began soon after eight, and was very grand, consisting of the various religious orders, canons, parish-priests, military, &c. The Bon Dieu was carried under a rich canopy, by the archbishop, with supporters; the Grand Duke immediately following, dressed in the habit of the order of St. Stephen, of which he is grand master, carrying a taper, and having his train borne by two pages. Most of the others likewise carried tapers, walking two and two: this closed the procession. There were the knights of St. Stephen, in full costume, many military, and much music, and out of all the windows were hung silk and satin of different colours, a custom prevalent at Florence in all the great processions, and which has a pretty effect as you pass along the streets. This was the first year of the re-establishment of the knights, and there were numbers of people in the streets, and a variety of banners curiously worked, &c. The whole was on foot, no horses or carriages being suffered to be in the streets while it lasts, in order to prevent accidents. The fine church of Sta. Maria was splendidly lighted up, and presented an interesting spectacle: round the high altar, which is very superb, there were more than a hundred candles burning.

June 16th.—The day being favourable, we paid another visit to the Gallery, Tribune, and different schools of painting. The more This tribune is seen, the more will it be admired. There are various rooms attached to the gallery, in one of which is a fine collection of Tuscan antiquities, in bronze, and in another the copy of the famous Farnesian bull, (the original in the Chiaja walk at Naples;) a fine Mercury, by John of Bologna, &c. There is also a room full of paintings of the Flemish school; Mary Queen of Scots, Rubens' two wives, the battle of Ypres, and entry of Henry IV. into Paris, after that battle, &c.

We were now shewn the rooms containing the different schools of painting; and first, the Tuscan.

This consists of two rooms with paintings on different subjects, by Angelo, and Alessandro Allori, Leonardo da Vinci, Carlo Dolci, Andrea del Sarto, &c.

The adoration of the Magi, by Lippi, is a very beautiful piece; many of these are painted on wood; there is an excellent painting of Cosimo the aged*,

* Cosmo di Medici, called the ancient, was born in September, 1389. He was the son of John, who was founder of the family; in private life he enjoyed a more brilliant fortune than the greatest sovereign, being so fortunate in commerce, that few princes equalled him in opulence. He encouraged the sciences and learned men, and collected a large library full of the scarcest and most valuable books and manuscripts. Owing to envy and intrigue, he was banished his country, but recalled with honour, after residing some time at Venice, where he was received with princely honours; for thirty-four years he was the arbiter of the republic, deciding the fate of the cities and sovereigns of Italy. He died in 1464, aged 75, on his tomb is inscribed, "Pater Patriæ."

Catharine, daughter of Lorenzo, was grand-daughter of Lorenzo, surnamed the *Great*, and *Father of Letters*, who was grandson of Cosmo Pater Patriæ, Lorenzo died in 1519, and was the last of that branch.—*Dictionnaire Historique*, par CHAUDON et DELAUDINE.

by Caracci, and Lorenzo the magnificent, by Vasari. We were next introduced into the cabinet of the Hermaphrodite, as it is called, which has the famous recumbent statue of the Hermaphrodite, and a bust of Alexander the Great, so much celebrated, in which he seems, in a fit of despondency, to wish for new worlds to conquer*; this room is full of alto and basso relievoes.

The Venetian school is next, consisting of two rooms, in which the painters are Bassano, Tiziano di Cadori, Tinelli, Savoldo, &c.

You next enter the Scuola Francese, and here Poussin, Flamanc, Mignavi, Gagneraux, &c., occupy all your attention. In the Flemish and German schools, the two Teniers, Dennek of Hamburg, Vandyke and Rubens are the painters who have principally enriched this collection; the former in particular afforded great pleasure in so finely delineating the familiar scenes of life.

In the Dutch school, you have Hemskirch, Kendrick and Van Mieris, the former of whom in particular is an excellent painter.

In the Scuola Lombarda, there is a collection of almost unequalled painters, as Salvator Rosa, Coreggio, Guido Reni, and Lodovico Caracci: there is here also the Rape of Europa, by Albano, which is truly beautiful; St. John the Baptist in the wilderness, by Dominichino, admirably done. These rooms, in

* ——— Lectos inter flevisse sodales
Nil sibi vincendum patris virtute relinqui.
CLAUD. *de 4, Con. Hon. 376.*

short, afford a rich feast to a judge of painting, and ought to be visited several times, in order to inspect their beauties.

June 17th.—The octave of the Féte Dieu was celebrated by a remarkably grand procession, and various ceremonies. The Duomo was splendidly lighted up, and had a beautiful appearance; there were many hundred lights, particularly round the high altar, which presented a scene of blazing magnificence seldom seen.

The procession passed between two rows of men holding torches. There were banners, as usual, and under the canopy the archbishop, with supporters, holding the Bon Dieu. These ceremonies are very well conducted, there are two rows of military, and the utmost quiet and decency prevail. On the elevation of the host, the people fall on their knees, and the soldiers join in the devotion in the prescribed military way; but no violence is used to make the stranger join in this adoration, or any one whose tenets are different. Not a cough is heard, and the ceremony, from the perfect stillness which prevails, is most impressive; in truth, however we may differ in all the essential points of religious worship with these our brethren, and differ we must, whilst we keep to the doctrine delivered to us in the holy scriptures, still we must be edified at the decency and propriety of their conduct, as proceeding from piety, and religious, though mistaken, motives.

The Italians, indeed, uniformly appeared to us to be duly impressed with a sense of the religion which they profess, and it is at all times most gratifying to ob-

serve with what attention they exercise their devotional duties.

Equally decent is their behaviour in the streets; when a stranger, or indeed, one of their own nation, sneezes, you hear *viva** uttered in a mild quiet voice; the females in this are particularly attentive, and their manner is pleasing and at the same time affecting.

You also frequently see the men and women as they walk in the streets, especially the latter, kiss the images of our Saviour and the Madonna, paying their adorations with humility and unaffected piety, and in this occupation they are so intent as to be almost melted to tears; the children are likewise brought up to pay their homage at these shrines †.

One cannot help being affected at these artless, though mistaken, acts of devotion; and at the sight of the frequent crosses, which are in almost every corner, kissed with veneration by the numerous passengers ‡, we are disposed to hail with joy these signs of piety, wherever, and in whomsoever they are found; for to the decay of religion is to be ascribed every moral and political evil, and from this the late horrors and anarchy of a neighbouring nation took their rise.

In the violent storms of thunder and lightning which are frequent in this hot country, they make the

* God preserve you.

† In one of the streets are five immense lamps *constantly* burning before an image of the Virgin with these words:

"Tota pulchra es, Maria, et macula non est in te."

‡ There are favourite images of the Madonna likewise; we observed one in Via Palazzuola so much resorted to, that numbers of the devotees were obliged to wait their turn till they could bestow *kisses* on it, of which they were not sparing.

sign of the cross on every flash. Equally conspicuous is their charity; there are six hundred persons of distinction, voluntarily enrolled to assist at the hospitals, and on the average, sixty are employed every day in this pious work.

June 23.—Went in the evening to Piazza Sta. Maria Novella, to see the annual chariot-race. There were seven rows of benches round the square in the manner of an amphitheatre; in front, were seats elegantly fitted up, for the grand duke, family, and suite. There were military, horse and foot, stationed round to prevent disturbances, and the whole was well conducted. About half-past seven the space was cleared for the cars, and marked out with a line; the four cars with their charioteers then made the circuit, in order to shew themselves to the spectators; the chariots were elegant four-wheeled vehicles, ornamented with the Roman costume, giving the spectator a lively idea of the ancient cars; the drivers had a flowing robe carelessly thrown over one shoulder, and arms apparently bare; the colours were red, yellow, white and blue, at half-past seven, the trumpets sounded, and they started amidst the shouts of the spectators "rapit ungula currum." They went three times round the *meta** with great swiftness, and performed the course in about five minutes. The victor, it is true, was not crowned, as at the Olympic games, with bay or parsley, but had a flag in his car as a trophy of victory.

* Sunt quos curriculo pulverem olympicum
Collegisse juvat, metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis.—Hor.

On the whole, though we had not* *quadrijugos currus*†, but only humble *bigas*, yet we were well pleased, and fancied ourselves for the time, at the Olympic games, looking at the stadia. This race is for honour only; the city finds chariots and horses. There were numbers of spectators, (and places provided for the sovereign and family,) but no accident.

June 24th, being St. John's Day, the tutelar saint of Florence, was observed as a great festival; in the morning high mass was celebrated with great pomp at St. John's, by the archbishop in person; the music was fine and the gallery crowded with persons of distinction.

In the evening was the annual race of horses *without riders*. There were twelve entered and numbered on the back, but only eleven started: they were much ornamented and had spurs and pieces of tin on their backs in order to quicken their pace. They started from Porta al Prato, and ran to Porta Santa Croce, but how they performed their task, or whether any did, we know not; they passed the windows where we were, rapidly, and we saw and heard no more of them. The day, however, was fine, and the number of splendid equipages was astonishing; the Florentines almost outdoing themselves. The Grand Duke was there in his state carriage, and horses with superb trappings, ther were not fewer than seven carriages belonging to this court.

* "Centum quadrijunos agitabo ad flumina Currus."—VIRG. GEOR.

† The Romans, who imitated the Greeks in these races, had often sejuges, septemjuges &c., and Nero had in the Olympic games decemjugem.—SUETONIUS.

The military paraded and kept good order in the streets, and a line was made in the middle for the horses to pass, which was strewed with gravel, and the numerous foot passengers received no injury. The windows of Borgo Ogni Santi, which was the scene of action, were as usual hung with silk and satin of different colours, and had a most gay appearance. On the whole, though far inferior to the exhibition of the preceding evening, yet we were much gratified with the gaiety and cheerfulness which every where prevailed.

June 28.—Went to the theatre called the Arena, near Porta di Roma, where they act Goldoni's plays three times a week. The stage is not large, but elevated: under it is the arena in the *open air*, with benches for the spectators like the pit in an English house; next were seven rows of stone benches one above the other, like an amphitheatre, and above a corridor, supported with light handsome pillars, for spectators who pay a higher price; above is an open gallery, the same price as for the amphitheatre and arena. In front of the stage, is a very good orchestra. The performers acted very decently, and we were much pleased with the exhibition, which certainly conveyed no bad idea of a Roman amphitheatre, while the arena was much better filled than with the cruel and savage exhibitions of the former masters of the world. This is capable of containing 4,000 persons: the representation began at five, and ended at eight. On each side, on a terrace, were orange and lemon trees, and the whole was very well conducted.

June 29.—Went to the Belle Arti*, formerly the Dominican convent. We were first introduced into the Hall of Declamation, in which were busts of the ancients as well as moderns, Homer, Demosthenes, Pindar, Cicero, *&c.* Next, the Gallery of Antiquity, in which are many curious pictures on boards, chiefly by Giotto; many of them 500 years old. Among the painters of old pictures on boards, we particularly admired Barthelemat and Landaro. We saw also many very curious models, which do credit to the mechanical powers, and on the whole, this exhibition fully answered our expectation.

July 1st proving cool, we took advantage of it, and hiring a carriage to Fiesole, went in it about two miles, leaving it at the foot of the hill. The view of the environs of Florence and the winding of the hill were particularly beautiful, the country being studded with villas. In about an hour we came to Fiesole, to which the noble city of Florence owes its existence. The cathedral is a Gothic building with a wooden roof. The church consists of a choir, nave, and aisles; the choir is elevated, and ascended by a flight of steps on each side; there are six light and elegant Grecian pillars on each side, partly composed of marble. The high altar is a half dome painted in fresco, by Ferrugei of Fiesole, and there are also several other paintings by his brother. The tower is very high, and of the same architecture as

* Some days afterwards we went to the annual distribution of the prizes. The judges were in full costume; there were six or eight rooms of sculpture and painting, chiefly copies. The whole concluded with a concert. Many persons of rank were present, and among them the Emperor of Austria.

that of the Palazzo Vecchio. In a chapel is a beautiful bust of Leonardo Salutafi, a former bishop, who died in 1466. S. Romulus was the first bishop, and there are two old pictures of him and his martyrdom, opposite each other, painted on wood; in the first the following inscription, "S. Romulus Epis. Fesulanus cum suis sociis *Dulcissimo Carissima Crescentio et Marechiano.*" Opposite, is his martyrdom, by Ferracci of Fiesole.

Farther on, we toiled up a steep hill, enlivened, however, by various interesting views, to the convent of the Franciscans, near which is the ancient Temple of Bacchus, which is a very curious Heathen temple, converted into a Christian place of worship, and dedicated to S. Alessandro; the pillars are marble, and of Grecian architecture. We were shewn a very curious altar, dug up 400 years ago, which our conductor told us, was more than 2000 years old, which it probably was.

Although our expedition was fatiguing, owing to the length and steepness of the hill, yet we were fully gratified by the many turns of a road which presented a variety of views in a rich country. Florence with its numerous buildings, the Arno winding at a great distance, many villages, villas, vineyards, and corn-fields in a high state of cultivation, formed this beautiful landscape; even among the rocks which seemed incapable of cultivation, there were small patches of corn, sown with great care and much trouble; they were then harvesting the corn*, which

* Vegetation is so rapid in this country, that semele or small rolls are

though not thick, seemed of an excellent quality. A distant view of the Apennines crowned this rich view. Fiesole, though only a scattered village, is a bishopric, and the bishop has about 1000*l.* a-year, and resides chiefly at Florence; he has, however, a good house opposite the cathedral; there are also twelve canons, who have houses and 50*l.* a-year.

Before the cathedral is a pretty green, having a respectable appearance, and which was formerly, probably, a piazza. It is now called La Piazza del Duomo. It has a fine terrace, commanding an extensive view. Fiesole bears every mark of having been formerly an important place, and Matteo Bosso, superior of the monastery, had the honour of putting the purple on the young Cardinal Medicis, afterwards Pope Leo X*.

July 10.—We went to the Laurentian Library, which for manuscripts is only inferior to the Vatican: it is sixty-four yards in length, has a flat roof, and very curious pavement, by Michael Angelo, in high preservation; the staircase by the same architect is reckoned also very curious, but the internal part is most worthy of observation. This noble library was founded by Pope Clement VII., and contains 8000 manuscripts; of these the most curious is one of Virgil †, in the third century, by the Consul Turcius

presented to the Grand Duke on St. John's day, (June 24,) made of wheat, sown in April.

* Vie de Leon X. par Roscoe.

† This is shewn, kept in a glass case with great care; a page of it has notwithstanding been lost, which the Vatican has recovered, and keeps with great care.

Rufus, in the reign of Justin; there is a great difference in many parts between this and the printed editions, it is all in great letters, there is no punctuation, and among other words *set* is used constantly for *sed.*

There is also a curious book on surgery, with fine plates emblazoned, 1000 years old, and a beautiful one of Aristotle, "done into" Latin in the fifteenth century, many years *after the invention of printing*, and many paintings, the colour of which is fresh and beautiful. Also Justinian's Pandect in the sixth century; Petrarch's works 300 years old, with beautiful heads in front of both of them emblazoned.

At the bottom of the staircase, in the cloisters, is a monument and statue of Paul Jovius * recumbent, having on his mitre and episcopal robes, with this inscription:—

Paulo Jovio Novocomen. Episc. Nucerino
Historiarum sui temporis scriptori,
Sepulcrum quod sibi testimento decreverat
Posteri ejus integra fide posuerant
Indulgentia maximorum optimorumque
Cosmi et Francisci, Hetruriæ Ducum
An. 1574.

July 27.—At the palace of Corsini, the staircase is

* This historian was born at Como in 1483, and having early in life lost his father, was brought up by his elder brother. He pursued his studies with success at Padua, Milan, and Pavia, at the last of which, he was made Doctor of Physic, he was patronized by Popes Leo X. and Adrian VI., but promoted by Clement VII. to the bishopric of Nocera. This Pope distinguished him much, and gave him apartments in the Vatican. Under the pontificate of Paul III., he wished to exchange Nocera for Como, his native city, and was much hurt at the refusal he experienced. There was great levity in his conduct and character.—ROSCOE.

Paul Jovius wrote the history of his own times with more eloquence than veracity.—DENINA.

a noble one with two separate flights, as most of the palaces have. On the landing-place is a fine statue of Pope Clement XII. (Corsini) 1732*.

The collection of paintings is not large, but well chosen. In the first room, among several, is Diogenes, by Pignolli; the Deity, by Lanfranco, Scuola Veneziana; next a landscape, by Salvator Rosa, and two of the siege of Barcelona, by Pandolfo; there are also some beautiful ones by Carlo Dolce. Gallery.—The grand picture here is the Last Night of Troy, a bad subject, but finely done, by Benvenuti; the savage countenance of Pyrrhus in the act of slaying Priam, is admirably delineated. Cassandra, Helenus, *&c. &c.*, are leading figures in this fine picture, for which the proprietor has been offered 1,500 sequins (the sequin is worth about 9*s.*) In the next room are five beautiful pictures, by Carlo Dolce; Poetry, Hope, our Saviour, the Baptist, and St. Sebastian. Julius II. (drawing), by Raphael, asn the tribune; Lucretia, by Guido Reni, *&c.* In the whole, though there are several pictures by the best masters, the collection is small, and neither the palace nor furniture much worth seeing.

Went afterwards to the Chiesa del Carmine, which has a beautiful dome, painted by Giordano. Inscription:—

D. O. M.
In honorem B. M. V. de Monte Carme.

The church is modern and was beautified about fifty

* Of this family was Pope Nicolas III., who died in 1281. This Pope began the practice of enriching his family, and conferred great dignities on his nephew. From him this was called nepotism.—DENINA.

years ago; there are five small cupolas finely painted; in a small chapel is S. Andrea Corsini, bishop of Fiesole, in alto relievo, and many figures in basso relievo, much admired. This church, the upper part of which is in the form of a cross, is extremely beautiful: in the Chapel of the Virgin are the paintings of Maraccio, much esteemed.

July 28.—At the Magliabechi* library, which is a very good one and contains a valuable collection; it is open to everybody five days in the week, when they may take notes and write as long as they choose; the utmost attention and liberality are experienced.

The following inscription is seen over the great window:—

Quidni Dicaris
Studiorum appetens, literarumque cultrix
Florentia?
Theatrum jamdiu Histrioniæ, et Risui dicatur
Nunc meliore futo conversum est
In publicum Domicilium Eruditionis.
Atque Musarum?†.

Who will deny, Florence, that you are learned and an encourager of literature? when they are informed, that this room, formerly a playhouse, is now the seat of the Muses?

August 1.—At the Palazzo Vecchio, which now is chiefly used for offices, but has several curious rooms in it. It was built by Arnolfo di Lapo in 1300, who

* This library was founded by Magliabechi in the reign of Cosmo III., and his bust is seen on entering the room, with a long appropriate inscription.

† The writer avails himself of this opportunity of expressing his obligations to the librarians for their uniform and obliging attention, by which he obtained access to many scarce books not to be found among the Florence booksellers, and passed many pleasing hours in this valuable library.

was a restorer of the architecture of Italy, and this and Sta. Maria del Fiore were his first attempts. You enter into a large court, with a fountain in the centre, and piazzas all round, with views of different towns in Germany, painted in fresco; in front are long inscriptions, one of which was in honour of the marriage of the Grand Duke Francis of Medicis with Joan of Austria. On ascending several flights of stairs, you come to the Sala di S. Bernardo, the sides of which are painted in fresco, representing the history of Porsenna, King of Etruria. There are here three curious cabinets, inlaid with ivory, pietra-dura, lapis lazuli, ebony and ivory, and a small statue of Cosimo I., in bronze, gilt, and pietra-dura, as our conductor told us, but by the dress, and peruke, we rather differed from him, and concluded it to be a statue of John Gaston, the last Duke. Next is a small chapel, converted to that use ever since the time of Cosimo the Ancient. The day was so fine that we were tempted to ascend the tower, reckoned the highest in Italy except La Torre degli Asinelli at Bologna; from hence is a noble view of the town and environs; descending, we came to the grand hall*, 600 feet in length, the sides of which are painted in fresco, representing events passed at Sienna, Livorno, *&c.*, in the time of Cosimo I., painted by Vasari. There are various statues here, Hercules, Leo X., *&c.*, the chief of them by Michael Angelo, John of Bologna, and Bandinelli. In another room are paintings of

* This was under repair, but has been used occasionally as a theatre, and was to be converted, as we were told, into a ball-room.

Pope Julius II., Tarquin and Lucretia, *&c.* Fatiguing as the ascent to the tower had been, we were not sorry to have indulged our curiosity, and returned much pleased with the Palazzo Vecchio.

CHAPTER LVII.

Road to Pistoia—Poggia da Cajano—Straw Manufactory—Pistoia—Borgo a Buggiano—Pescia—Ponte di Abate—Lucca—Baths of Lucca—Departure from Lucca—Ripa Fratta—Baths of Pisa—Pisa—Duomo—Arrival at Leghorn.

August 6.—SET out on an excursion to Leghorn, by Pistoia, Lucca, and Pisa. Quitting Florence by Porta al Prato, we soon came to Lastracigna, a village in which is a great straw manufactory; three more, S. Donino; one more, S. Corioja-Campi. All these villages are active and populous, and vast numbers are employed in this manufactory, which is of great service to the poor.

Three miles more brought us to Poggia Cajano, in which is a royal villa, most beautifully situated on an eminence, commanding a noble view of a lovely country, terminated by the Apennines; before we came to this place, we passed the little river Ombrone on a bridge.

Poggia Cajano we ascended by a noble flight of steps; the first room is a large servants' hall, with fine painting in fresco; next, a billiard-room, with beautiful ceiling, carved, embossed, and gilt, with the

arms of Medicis in various places. The walls painted in fresco, by Andrea del Sarto; the inscription, in Latin, mentions that the different rooms were improved and ornamented by Leo X*. Dining-room. —Ceiling richly painted, likewise by Andrea del Sarto; the floor is of beautiful porcelain The other rooms in this villa are not only handsome, but fitted up with costly, and at the same time comfortable furniture, which are not often united, and the mansion has every requisite to induce the family to make it their summer residence. The bed-rooms in particular are very elegant, and there is much painting, by Catane. Eleven miles farther brought us to *Pistoia* †.

Nothing could be more beautiful than this day's journey; on each side of the road were vines in festoons, winding luxuriantly in a variety of forms; peach-trees, *&c.* Among the vineyards, which were very extensive, were corn-fields, meadows, *&c.*; and in other places, the stately reeds with bushy tops, with which they make the brooms in this country, and much fine flax. Of the two last there were large

* The following trait in the character of this Pope, who has been the subject of so many histories, is related by an eminent historian. He required of his servants not only fidelity and silence, but likewise quick and regular habits of obedience.

Exigebat autem a ministris non modo taciturnitatem et fidem, sed obediendi extemploque parendi expeditum et vehemens studium.—PAUL JOV. *Vit. Pap. Leon X.*

† The citadel of Pistoia was enlarged by Cosimo I. in 1538; it was famous in old times for factions and popular commotions.—AMMIRATO.

fields, and also much Indian corn; the road from Florence to Pistoia is a perfect garden.

Pistoia* is situated in a fine plain, not far from the Apennines, and near the little river Ombrone, in a most plentiful country. The city, however, is dull and badly peopled, and though the streets are broad and handsome, and there are many handsome palaces, there are not more than 10,000 inhabitants. The Duomo is a fine building, the outside of it incrusted with marble, with a handsome cupola, built about 1200 years ago; there is a bishop, who has 1000*l.* a-year, and twenty-five canons with moderate stipends. The prelate is bishop of Pistoia and Prato. The treasures at the altar of S. Jacobo are very fine, in basso relievo, of silver, and the subject is taken from the Old and New Testament, done by Andrea Ogni Bene. They are rich, and valued at a vast sum; they were finished in 1316. On each side of the altar is a colossal statue of St. James, and a former bishop of Pistoia. At the other end of the church are two curious old tombs of Cino Singiboldi, an eminent lawyer, and Cardinal Forteguerri.

We next went to Santo Spirito; over the high altar is a painting of Ignatius Loyola, the celebrated founder of the Jesuits, in a group. In this church is one of the finest organs in Europe; the high altar, which is very rich, is supported by four verd-antique pillars, of the Doric order. The altar is of pietra

* Pistoia was subject to Florence as early as the thirteenth century.—DENINA.

dura in its unpolished state, and the balustrades of variegated marble.

The Palazzo della Giustizia is a fine old building, with the arms of the different avocats and procureurs carved in stone, with the respective dates. Near this is the baptistery, a venerable octagon, with a statue of the Baptist, of marble, in the centre, but this is much inferior to those of Parma and Florence. The market at Pistoia is plentiful, and the country most productive; there are also many noble and respectable families reside here, which is the cause of its being esteemed one of the most agreeable towns in Tuscany for residence. It has a very good play-house, consisting of four tiers of boxes, and a large pit. We were present at a representation, and found the acting very respectable. There is likewise a very good assembly-house, consisting of twelve rooms, which makes the carnival pass off in a very agreeable manner; also a square called Il Corso, in which the races take place as at Florence, and it is well adapted to the purpose. We returned to our inn fatigued, though gratified, by our peregrination.

August 7.—Left Pistoia at eight in the morning. Three miles, La Fornace alle Quartieri, a small village in a beautiful situation; one mile farther a beautiful hanging wood on the right, with chestnut-trees, walnut, oak, *&c.*

Half-way to Lucca, is Borgo à Buggiano, a small village in a plentiful country, abounding in fruits of various kinds; two miles farther, Pescia, a small

city*, and containing about 3000 people: the bishopric is small and the Duomo nothing remarkable; it has a nave only, and several monuments. Opposite is the beautiful little church of the Magdalen, the roof and cupola painted in fresco. Three miles from Pescia we entered the state of Lucca, and were visited, though slightly, our baggage being scarcely examined; and passing over Ponte di Abate, a bridge over a bed of stones only at this season, though in winter a deep and rapid river, we saw an inscription on a stone:

Maria Aloysia Borbonia regnante.

From hence to Lucca, about five miles, the road was even and excellent, between two rows of poplar trees, having very long views, which at length terminated in Lucca †.

When we entered the state of Lucca, we observed vineyards and oliveyards ‡ in abundance; but though the former were full of weeds, and much neglected, their natural luxuriance was so great, that vast clusters of

* Pescia re[illegible]ed, in 1554, Piero Strozzi, commanding the French troops.—Amm[illegible]ato.

Pescia has always been famous for its mulberry-trees, and in 1300 each individual was obliged to plant a certain number in his garden and orchard, here and at Modena.—Denina.

† Lucca dates its liberty as early as 1013; it afterwards belonged to Florence for some time, at one time being bought by them, at others the inhabitants *offering* themselves to the Florentines, and assisting them against the Pisans their neighbours; sometimes they were likewise subject to the Pisans, and at other times their allies.—Ammirato.

——— Tarde[a] crescentis olivæ.

Vir. 2. *Georg.*

* This tree is said to be 200 years growing.

grapes hung quite to the ground, bearing down the branches. Farm-houses were very frequent in this flourishing state, and every thing had the appearance of plenty. In the farm-yards all was activity and bustle, and according to the custom of the country they were threshing their corn in the open air.

We entered Lucca by two gates; it was formerly strong, but is by no means so at present.

Lucca* is an ancient city in a fertile plain, through which runs the river Serchio. It is supposed to have been built by Lucumo, King of the Tuscans, and celebrated in history from being the place in which Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus established the first iniquitous triumvirate. It was afterwards subject to various powers, and the government at last became republican; it at present belongs to Spain, and from having been one of the staunchest republics in Europe, is obliged now to submit to the times, and is become monarchical.

This little state, though surrounded by its more powerful neighbours, Tuscany, the state of Pisa, *&c.*, long preserved its government and independence to the admiration of Europe; and from its successful struggles was particularly interesting to us. The present Duchess Aloysia was formerly Queen of Etruria, and is sister to the late King of Spain, and aunt to the present; her residence is constantly at Lucca.

* The Lucchese have always been famous for their industry, and they were the first people who introduced the trade of silk into Italy by means of the silk-worm. As early as 1319 this trade flourished much among them, and about this time the mulberry-tree began to be an object of public care.—DENINA.

The first place, a stranger visits in the Italian towns, is usually the Duomo, which seldom fails paying him for his trouble; and this is the case here. It is a fine Gothic building of the eleventh century, and lined with marble. You ascend by a small flight of steps into the portico, which is painted in fresco; the pavement of the portico is marble. In front of the church are a variety of figures in basso relievo, and there are three colonnades with light pillars, above each other, (and all different) on the outside of the church. The cathedral is built in form of a cross, affording a rich display of fine painted windows. In the sanctuary is a picture of the Madonna, by Frate Bartolomeo da S. Marco. Here the *famous martyrs*, Jason, Maura, and St. Hilarius, are buried.

The pavement of the Duomo* is in many parts Mosaic; in one part is the judgment of Solomon, on a flat stone curiously inlaid. In this church, is a curious building, called Volto Santo, very rich, containing a crucifix. There are also several good pictures, by Zuccheri, Tintoreto, *&c.*

The church of Santa Maria has several good pictures, by eminent masters; among others, by Guido Reni, one of these is a Madonna ad Nives, another our Saviour, St. Julius, St. Catharine, *&c.*; the roof, representing Paradise, is painted in fresco. There

* This church was built, as appears by a Latin inscription in front, in 1006, under the Popé Alexander II. There is here a statue of St. Martin on horseback, the tutelar saint of the church, giving part of his cloak to the poor.

are several good squares in this town*, as those of the Duomo, St. Michael, the Grande Place, &c., but the great convenience, as well as ornament of this place is a broad and handsome drive for carriages on the ramparts quite round the city, having a beautiful view of the environs and mountains. The Duchess† has a handsome palace, but it is said to contain nothing remarkable.

As we were so near the celebrated baths, we determined to bend our course to them, and accordingly, August 8th, we left our coach and mules, and set off post, for the baths, at eight in the morning. Nothing can be more lovely than this drive. On quitting Lucca, we had a high causeway on our left, and a stream on the right; afterwards the road, which is like a bowling-green the whole way, followed the course of the Serchio for some time, and afterwards of the little river Lima, which empties itself into the former; but the whole of it is most beautiful and romantic, perfectly level, though winding among rocks and mountains, chiefly covered with trees and verdure. There was, as usual, abundance of fruit, peaches, grapes, and olives‡; the vines wound round the lofty poplars, almost reaching the top, and in fes-

*Lucca as well as Milan, Pavia, Parma, Modena, and Reggio, acknowledged John King of Bohemia for their Sovereign in 1330, but his sovereignty was of short duration, being lost almost as soon as gained.—DENINA.

†This sovereign's dominions are 100 miles in circumference, containing, as computed, 120,000 souls; the government is absolute, as may be known from the circumstance of our being *obliged* to go post.

‡ The Lucca oil is reckoned the best in Europe.

toons from tree to tree; the luxuriant fruit in some places weighing them down to the ground. Villages and houses, however, were wanting to enliven the scene in this beautiful road.

The Baths are fifteen miles from Lucca, and have long been famous; the water is warm and chalybeate, and there are great numbers of them of different temperature; some so hot that you can scarcely bear your hand in them, others only blood-warm. They are divided into two parts, about a mile and a quarter asunder, Ponte Seraglio, and Bagni Caldi, both small villages: at each of these, as well as on the declivities of the neighbouring hills, are lodging-houses. There are also a ball-room, Ristoratoris, *&c.*, but an inn is wanting, which defect will be soon supplied, as one is to be built, as is said, by government, on a grand scale, to contain sixty beds. In short, there is almost every requisite to make this delicious retreat desirable for two months in the year, and to induce people to quit for it the sultry towns of Florence, Rome, &c., to recruit their strength. The season lasts from the middle of July to the middle of September; still it must be confessed there is not that external elegance, and more particularly internal convenience, so much admired in an English watering-place, although nature certainly has been lavish in her favours to this lovely spot. The houses are chiefly scattered on the hills, and you ascend by roads, made easy for carriages as well as pedestrians, by gradual windings, and there are sedan chairs for the use of the company. There are at these baths romantic hills, a beautiful stream,

rocks, forests, scattered houses, churches, and convents, and everything necessary to constitute fine scenery. The high road is excellent, though narrow, winding among the hills on each side.

The Duchess of Lucca has a good house, in which she resides during the season, and the Princess B—, sister of Bonaparte, one likewise.

The *liberal* laws of this country do not suffer any voitures to go from Lucca to the baths; so we were obliged to leave our coach at Lucca, and take a coach and four horses, and two postilions, at an additional expense. The road was so fine*, that we performed the journey in little more than two hours each way, and returned much pleased with our excursion.

August 9.—Set off at nine from Lucca†. Five miles from Lucca, we once more entered Tuscany at Cerresona, where our baggage was slightly visited. Soon after came to Ripa Fratta, now only a small village, but formerly strong, and a place of consequence, as its venerable castle, built on a fine eminence, and proudly looking down on the village, *Campos ubi Troja fuit*‡, plainly testifies. Near the

* All this road which we found so fine, is impassable great part of the winter from the mountain flood, especially at the baths.

† Lucca was the principal quarters of the Guelfs in 1260; but in 1262, by an agreement with Conte Guido, the men, women, and children of that party were banished, the Ghibelline having got the upper hand. Old men, women, and helpless children, and pregnant females, were all driven away like wild beasts, and it was most distressing to witness the misery of these poor creatures, some of them were taken in labour in the Apennines, between Lucca and Modena, without assistance, nor did any of these unfortunate people think themselves safe even in the Castle of Montecatini, which was the only Tuscan fortress offering itself to receive them.—Ammirato. Such are the evils brought on under the pretext of religion.

‡ Virgil.

castle is a lofty tower, and on the other side, at some distance, another. This village, or rather borg, is on the Serchio, along the banks of which we went for some time; at other times there were hanging hills covered with forests of olive and chestnut-trees, which made the road beautiful. What made it still more so in our eyes was its evenness and excellence, not having a rut.

Five miles farther brought us to the Baths† of Pisa; this is a small square, with good houses built round it for the company which frequent these baths, of which there are thirty-six of different kinds, hot, tepid, and cold, with every comfort and convenience for the bathers and drinkers of the waters, adapted to the different disorders. There are excellent dressing-rooms, and one, eighty feet in length, for the patients to take exercise in.

The baths are in the highest style of elegance, and do great credit to the government, whose property they are. They are frequented from May till August. Although in point of situation and surrounding scenery the baths of Pisa must yield to those of Lucca, yet the grand advantage of having a large town only four miles distant, which the latter do not possess, must make the former a most desirable residence several months in the year. The river Serchio runs along the road, and there is a large and handsome pleasure-boat on it for the company at the baths, rather too large, indeed, for the river, which is but narrow.

† The spring rises on the spot in which are the baths.

Four miles through a fine country brought us to Pisa, which we entered by two strong gates.

Pisa* has formerly been very strong, as was shewn by the long siege it sustained against the forces of Florence, but is not so now, since by its annexation to this city it has lost its consequence and its population. Instead of 150,000†, which historians say was at one time the number of its inhabitants, it has now only 18,000.

The city, however, claims attention from its situation and beauty. The streets are in general remarkably wide and handsome, the houses well built, and there are many noble palaces; but a great air of dulness pervades the town, and in many of the streets we observed grass growing. There are three bridges over the Arno, which is here pretty wide, the centre one, having three arches, is of marble, and very handsome. The quays are very wide and beautiful. We availed ourselves of the time for refreshment, for a cursory view of this city, intending on our return to take a fuller, and went by the Piazza dei Cavalieri to the Duomo: the former has a large house belonging to the Knights of St. Stephen, with six Princes of the House of Medicis in front, carved in stone. In this square is a pedestrian statue of Cosimo I., the founder of the order, making the number of these Princes complete. Inscription:—

* Pisa, Genoa, and Lucca, in the dark period of the eleventh century appear to have been the most forward in asserting their liberties.—DENINA, *Rivoluzioni d'Italia.*

† This account is probably greatly exaggerated,

Ordin Eq. S. Stephan.
Cosmo Medici M. Duci Etr.
Conditori et Parenti
Suo Gloriosiss. perp.
Mem. C. statuam
E. Marmore Collocavit.*

Opposite, is an inscription to Ferdinand III., the present sovereign.

About five minutes' hot walk, exposed to the fierce rays of the meridian sun, brought us to the square containing the Duomo, the famous leaning-tower, the baptistery, and Campo Santo. The tower called the Leaning-tower, containing the bells of the Duomo, is about thirteen feet out of the perpendicular, supposed to be occasioned by the sinking of the foundation, though others ascribe it to art. This famous tower, is round and built of marble, and 194 feet high. There are 153 steps, and it is said that you may ascend on horseback. It is certainly a handsome structure, incrusted with marble, having eight stories, seven of them with colonnades, with light elegant pillars, and the bottom one having pilasters. The cathedral is a fine Gothic building 700 years old, lined with marble of different colours; the roof is flat, and of wood; gilt; it has seventy-two pillars, sixty of which are of granite. It has a choir, nave, and two aisles; at the end of the former is an immense figure of the Deity and two Angels, in glass painted and gilt; part of the pavement is beautiful Mosaic. The cupola was painted by Horatio Rimi-

* The Knights of St. Stephen erected this statue to Cosmo Medici, the founder of the order, &c.

naldi, and the subject is the Creation; the high altar is very rich, having the Assumption in agate and lapis lazuli; the principal altar was consecrated by Pope Gelasio II. in 1119, as appears by the Latin inscription.

There are in the choir four fine pictures by Andrea del Sarto, and in the body of the church is one of St. Naize, by the same painter, reckoned the chef-d'œuvre; there is also a handsome pulpit, carved by John Pisano, supported by two pillars of Spanish marble and porphyry.

The Duomo has four fine double doors of Bronze, with basso relievo of the old and new Testament, by Bonanno, and several painted windows below; those which were above were destroyed in the contest between Florence and Pisa. The church is built, as most of them are, in form of a cross; it was nearly consumed by fire in 1602, and rebuilt by Ferdinand I., as is mentioned in a Latin inscription. Pisa is divided by the Arno into two nearly equal parts.

Set off from Pisa* in the afternoon for Leghorn, distant fifteen miles. Three miles from the former place is an old church just by the road, called S. Pietro in Grado, about which there are various traditions, one of which is this; that though now situated at the entrance of the wood of Leghorn, it formerly stood on the sea-side, and was built on the spot where it is said St. Peter was driven by a storm, when unable to enter the mouth of the Tiber. The fifteen miles from Pisa

* Hinc Tyrrhena vado frangentis æquora *Pisæ*.—Luc. Lib. 2.

to Livorno is an open country, rich, and full of large arm-houses, abounding in stacks of hay and corn; men, women, and children were employed in threshing it *out of doors*, on a large area †, with English flails. The fields were full of cattle of all kinds, and the whole presented a scene of life and activity highly gratifying to those who had been accustomed to English agriculture; nor did this please us less than the romantic views we had in the morning. The peasants were cutting fern, which is much sown in this country for the cattle in the winter. At a small distance was the noble wood of Leghorn, well timbered, and exhibiting the appearance of a fine English wood. There were also many beautiful villas of the Leghorn merchants scattered among the distant hills.

Three miles from Leghorn, we crossed the Pisa canal on a bridge, and soon arrived at Leghorn, which we entered through two strong gates, and having undergone the necessary forms of having our passports examined, drove through many crowded streets to the Black Eagle, on the other side of the Place d'Armes, where we took up our lodging for the night.

† Et medio tostas æstu terit *area* fruges.—VIR. *Georg.* I.

CHAP. LVIII.

Leghorn—Extent—Population—Mixture of Inhabitants—Statue of Ferdinand—Pleasure Boats—Hackney Coaches—Harbour—Light-house—Galley-Slaves—Grande Piazza—Principal Church—S. Ferdinando—Church of Dominicans—English Burying Ground—Greek Catholic Church—Greek Protestant Church—Jews' Synagogue—Aqueduct—New Baths—Departure from Leghorn—Second Visit to Pisa—Colleges—Campo Santo—Aqueduct—Archiepiscopal Celebration of Mass—New Road to Lucca—St. Frediano—Santa Maria—Pistoia Prato—Porcelain Manufactory—Il Castello—Return to Florence.

August 11.—LIVORNO, called by the French Livourne, and by the English Leghorn, is a modern commercial sea-port, about two miles in circumference, built chiefly by Ferdinand I., and improved by Cosimo II. It contains about sixty thousand persons, of whom an unusually large portion are Jews, and the quarter in which they are is the most populous in the town, and they are like a swarm of bees. The traveller coming from Pisa, Florence, *&c.*, cities abounding in works of art and elegance, must not expect to find them here, but the change for a few days from the former, to a lively and commercial city, is by no means unpleasant; the life and bustle, indeed, in this small place, are wonderful; and the streets, especially la Via Grande, are so crowded that you can scarcely pass, being as full of passengers as the busiest streets in London; and Turks, Jews, Armenians, *&c.*, are every where to be seen, either walking, or sitting at the coffee-

house doors, and smoking, with English, French, Spaniards, and Dutch. There is a fine canal which comes from Pisa, and is a great convenience to the inhabitants, as the embouchure of the Arno is about nine miles from Leghorn.

On this canal, which passes through the town, there are pleasure-boats *, with an awning, curtains, &c,, continually passing, so that you may in many parts row to your own door, and the fares are very moderate. The canal is a great acquisition to Leghorn, both as to provisions and transportation of merchandise, as barges of a considerable size can go to Pisa.

The only thing which merits attention, in regard to sculpture, is the famous pedestrian statue of Ferdinand I. in marble, with the four Turkish slaves in bronze chained to the pedestal, who, attempting to steal a Tuscan vessel, were executed by order of this Prince; they are all larger than life, and remarkably well done, particularly the slaves, whose countenances are marked with a savage ferocity: Tacca was the sculptor; this statue is on the quay. The harbour of Leghorn is not so good as those of Genoa or Marseilles, but is capable of containing vessels of three hundred tons burden. There is an outer and inner harbour; on the right is la Forterezza Vecchia, in which the galley slaves are lodged, these men are

* Of these there are more than two hundred, constantly plying in different parts of the canal, harbour, mole, &c. There are also in this town many hackney coaches, neat and convenient, drawn by one horse, and the fares are very reasonable.

harbour; on the right is La Forterezza Vecchia, in which the galley slaves are lodged: these men are employed in the harbour or on shore, as occasion requires, with a chain to their legs, and sometimes two are chained together; when their crimes are heinous they are chained to the vessel in which they work. We saw one of them in this manner, who they told us had committed a murder; as we rowed by the vessel he bawled after us for charity, which we incautiously gave him, not knowing his crime at the time. It is very disgusting to meet these men continually in the streets: we saw several afterwards at Pisa, chained two and two*. On the left of the harbour is the famous mole built by Cosimo II., and called the Cosimo Mole, projecting into the sea as a bulwark or jetty, forming one side of the harbour, and making a pleasant walk for the inhabitants of Leghorn. The day being fine, we took a pleasure boat, and rowed into the bay. On our right were two towers of defence, and on the left the noble light-house; we steered to the latter, intending to inspect it, and in about half an hour's tight rowing, as the tide was contrary, we reached it; it stands on a ridge of rocks about a mile from the shore, and was built by Cosimo I., and is kept in excellent repair; there are two men to attend to the lights, which are put up every night, and they and their families live constantly in it: the base of this building is considerable; we ascended the lantern which is one hundred and seventy-six feet

* They are dressed as at Genoa, Alessandria, &c., in red caps, and appear cheerful, though their fare is very hard.

from the sea, the circumference of it is about thirty-six feet, and oil is made use of for the lights; the stairs are excellent and low, and we ascended without fatigue: there are comfortable apartments for the two families, and the building is in admirable state of repair: as might be expected, we had an extensive view, but were disappointed in not seeing Corsica and Elba, which we were led to think would be in our view; we were indeed shewn what our guide said was the latter, but it was not clearly discernible even through a glass: it is sixty miles from Leghorn.

On our return we passed near the ships which were performing quarantine, about a mile from the harbour, and were hailed by a large boat with many Turks and a Moor in it, the latter was steersman, and asked our waterman if we would buy him, jocularly offering himself for a thousand piastres*; one of our company offered one hundred, and the joke was carried on some time with the tawny steersman; we returned much pleased with our little row.

August 12.—We traversed La Piazza Grande (which is large and very handsome,) to the great church, on the outside of which is the following inscription:

Ferdinandus Med. Mag. Dux
Etruriæ, fundamenta erexit.

It consists of a nave and choir, and is built in form of a cross: the roof is painted and gilt, the high altar is very handsome; on the right and left of the choir are two cupolas richly painted, and the roof over the high

* About two hundred and thirty pounds.

altar is also finely painted, and in the form of a half cupola. There are in this church, several monuments and pictures, and the marble pillars claimed our attention as being very fine.

In the church of St. Ferdinando, there are four fine marble statues, two on each side: on the right are the following inscriptions:

S. Ferdinandus Rex Castiliæ,
S. Ludovicus nonus Galliarum Rex *,

on the left,

S. Edwardus Angliæ Rex †,
S. Henricus Cogn. Pius,
Rom. Imp. et Germ. rex.

There are no dates, but the different times in which these sovereigns lived is obvious.

The church of the Dominicans, has a large dome and cupola in the centre, formerly painted, but now plain. Over the high altar is the history of St. Catharine, painted by a Livornese. In a chapel on the left, is a curious recess, containing a representation of the stable in which Christ was born, with the Virgin and many figures: in the stable were cows, *&c.*, and the whole was very natural. In this church are likewise many recesses, each containing a figure of the Redeemer in various stages of his passion.

We next bent our steps to the English burying ground. This spot, rendered sacred by the remains of so many of our countrymen, claimed much of our

* St. Lewis so much distinguished in the crusade.
† Edward the Confessor.

attention; it is about half a mile from the town, and enclosed with a handsome balustrade and railing, and no spot of its size can contain a greater number of elegant monuments and tombstones. We entered the hallowed ground which is called *Il Cimeterio Inglese*, and remained in it some time, indulging the melancholy pleasure of reading the inscriptions, which are in various languages, as the subjects are of various nations, English, Germans, Swedes, Danes, *&c.*, so that it may with more propriety be called the Protestant, than the English burying-ground: among other inscriptions, is a curious one, all *in Greek*, on James Partridge; it is very prolix, giving a long account of his many virtues; another in *Italian*, on Margaret Rolle, Countess of Orford, and Baroness of Clinton; this illustrious female died at Pisa, January 13th, 1781. Here, in short, were confounded in one common mass the nobleman and the merchant, mechanic and artist, husband and wife, father and child*. Here, were inhabitants of Smyrna, Aleppo, Constantinople, &c., arrested in their trading career by the cold and unsparing hand of death; hither were brought from Rome, Naples, Pisa, Lucca, &c., those of our countrymen whom the thirst of curiosity or the attractions of pleasure had induced to quit their native land, doomed to revisit it no more, but to lay up their bones in a

* Quos circum, limus niger et deformis arundo —VIRGIL, Lib. 6.

Some meek inglorious Hampden here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.
GRAY'S *Elegy*.

foreign clime. We quitted this interesting spot* in the melancholy frame of mind naturally suggested by the place; and we were much hurt at finding it much neglected, and in many parts choked up with weeds and long grass, a circumstance which does not reflect much credit on the factory, in the eyes of strangers.

A family lives opposite the gate which has the keys, and shews the ground, and which, as our conductor told us, has had this place for *three generations.*

We next went to the Greek *Catholic* church†, which is small, consisting of a nave and very small choir, the roof flat and gilt. There were not more than three or four present, who were chanting St. Luke's Gospel in Greek; they had full black gowns, and very long beards, and the priest when he officiated at the altar had very rich vestments like the Roman catholic priests. The choir was not open like the Roman Catholic churches, but nearly closed up, leaving only small doors for entrance; they do not admit females into the choir. We would not omit visiting the Jews' synagogue, which is reckoned one of the largest and handsomest in Europe. There is a long inscription in Latin, mentioning that Francis II., Emperor of Germany, and his consort Maria Theresa honoured it with their presence, March 3, 1739.

Among the useful works at Leghorn, the aqueduct

* Probably the monument to the memory of Dr. Smollet is in this extensive cemetery, as in his Life it is said to be erected *near Leghorn.*

† Called the church of *Græci Uniti.*

may be reckoned the first, which brings the water from the mountain Colognole, distant twelve miles; the inhabitants are now supplied with good water, which before was wanting. The aqueduct is about three miles from Leghorn, and from that the water is conducted under ground, covered over with arched brick-work. The new baths of Leghorn, also lately finished very highly with marble, at a great expense, are well worth seeing; they are between twenty and thirty in number. Near them is the newly finished gate of St. Mark, which is very handsome. We finished our inspection, with the Greek *Protestant* church: it consists of a nave and small choir enclosed as in that of Græci Uniti; neither do they admit females into the choir. The roof is painted, and there is much painting in wood gilt, and many of the Madonna and Christ. The sacramental vessels are very rich, some of which were given by Catharine, Empress of Russia, as her subjects attend this church: the dress is nearly the same as that of the other Greek church, and they chant select parts of the Bible and Testament *in Greek*.

We were much pleased with our visit to this lively town, and retired to our inn to make preparations for our departure, though with regret.

August 14.—Left Leghorn for Pisa. The only new thing we observed was *horses treading out the corn* in some places on the road. The ox and heifer were formerly made use of for this purpose*.

Second visit to Pisa. We first went into the church

* Deut. xxv. 4.—Hos. x. 11.

of St. Stephen, which is a fine building of marble, with marble steps; the chaplains, or rather canons, partly dressed like the knights, were ranged in order on each side in the choir, and were chanting vespers. The church consists of a nave and *open choir*, roof flat and richly gilt; on each side were large flags and trophies taken from the Saracens, and Turks. Just by is the venerable house of the knights; the building is old and large, but the rooms all unfurnished; all round were various arms in stone, basso relievo.

The Campo Santo, was formerly the burying-ground of the city, and is said to be covered with earth brought from the Holy Land*.

The cloisters are a fine piece of antiquity, above six hundred years old; there are four sides, and they are thirty feet wide; the whole is curiously painted in fresco, by Giotto, with the history of Job and the last Judgment†; the pavement is almost wholly of grave-stones, and there are several small chapels in different parts of the cloisters with various paintings; the roof of the cloisters is of wood, with joists and rafters, like a barn, and very old. In the centre is the green formerly used as a burying-ground; all round the cloisters are Greek and Roman antiquities ranged on one side, the most curious of which is the tomb of Beatrix, mother of the Countess Mathilda, with much basso relievo representing the hunt of Meleager; on the whole this may be esteemed one of the most interesting spots of Pisa.

We next went to the University, consisting of many

* 2 Kings, v. 17.

† Oraagna and Memmi also have enriched this building with their paintings.

colleges, and entered that of Sapienza, which is reckoned one of the best, but were much disappointed, as it was the vacation, and we saw nothing but empty rooms. In this college and that of St. Ferdinando, the students board and sleep, but in the others they come only for lectures, boarding at their own houses. These colleges have lectures in divinity, physic, law, *&c.* There are many professors, but they have not large salaries. This university has been very famous, but like most of the others in Europe, is much dwindled.

We concluded our walk with going to the Aqueduct, distant about two miles, which brings water into the city from a mountain about six miles distant. It consists of five thousand arches, as we were informed. On conversing with a gentleman who was (as it appeared afterwards) a native of France, on the utility of this work, he said "In the hands of the French it would be useful, but in those of the Italians it is worth little; it is a noble aqueduct in appearance, but ineffective, from want of management, losing half the water before it arrives at its destined course:" and on inquiry, we found that though his speech partook of national vanity, there was some truth in his remark.

Pisa * though much fallen from its former proud

* Pisa surrendered to Florence on honourable terms June 18, 1509, after a noble struggle of fifteen years, and sustaining, with unexampled firmness, the greatest hardships and deprivations. The Florentines used their victory however with moderation, and treated the Pisans with kindness.—Roscoe.

Pisa is said to have lost in the siege and troubles, twenty-five thousand persons.—Denina.

state, has many things to claim a stranger's attention; and we were by no means sorry at this second visit, but retired to our evening quarters, to prepare for going to the Duomo on the following day, when high mass was to be administered by the archbishop in person.

August 15.—Our party went to the Duomo, which was very full, in expectation of the archbishop; he entered the church about ten, and his entry was announced by the striking up of the organ: the train of his grace was held up by four men full-dressed; he had many canons who attended him, gentlemen ushers, *&c.*, in full-dress with swords, and seven servants in rich liveries; his robe was chiefly scarlet. He first went to an altar, where he knelt and made a short prayer, and afterwards to a throne and canopy prepared for him, where he read the service. He changed his dress * several times, or rather the priests in attendance, who were numerous, did it for him; there were two rich mitres likewise, which were put on at different times: opposite were his seven servants, trainbearers, *&c.*, ranged in respectful silence. Nothing could be richer than the robes and mitres of this prelate. Every thing was conducted with great order, and though there was such a crowd, no noise was heard. We next went into the baptistery, which is a round building with a plain cupola, built about fifty years after the Duomo. In the centre is the font of marble, pulpit of the same, supported by several

* Nothing could give us a stronger idea of the vain ceremonies and pageantry of this religion, than the ceremony which we here witnessed.

beautiful marble pillars, and much basso relievo on the pulpit; in the baptistery is a beautiful mosaic pavement.

In the afternoon we set off for Lucca, changing the road, and leaving the baths of Pisa on the right, and regained the high road at Ripa Tratta; having had a beautiful drive through a sweet country, among corn-fields, fruit-trees, and forests of olives, growing from the bottom to the top of the rocks. In our second visit to Lucca* we visited the churches of St. Frediano and Santa Maria dell Umilta; the former has a fine marble tower, but we looked in vain for the tomb of *Sanctus Ricardus Rex Angliæ,* mentioned by many travellers, and the sexton was unfortunately absent. In the latter church is the *body* of St. Silao, in his mitre and episcopal robes, in a glass case, conspicuously placed in front of the high altar: his sister it seems was superior of a convent at Lucca.

August 16.—Set off for Pistoia, distant twenty-two miles from Lucca: nothing occurred in this second journey but a charming view of the baths of Montecatini, situated on the top of two romantic hills on the left, near Borgo a Buggiano, in the midst of forests of vines and fruit-trees; these baths are much frequented, and the village in which they are is most beautiful. We went to the play at Pistoia, and were well amused for an hour or two; the house is very good for a provincial one, but dark, and in a bad situation;

* To so low an ebb was Lucca reduced at one time, that the sovereignty of it was put up to auction by a troop of German deserters, and bought by Ghe. ardino Spinola, of Genoa, in the fourteenth century.—DENINA.

there are four rows of boxes, and in front, as usual, a very large one for the sovereign. The actors were tolerable, and the house crowded.

August 11.—We set out on our return to Florence, changing our route, and taking Prato in our way; the country as usual was full of corn-fields and vineyards; the Indian corn in many parts was so forward, that they were preparing to cut it. Prato is ten miles from Pistoia, in the midst of a fertile and plentiful country, taking its name probably from the meadows in its neighbourhood. The city* is on the little river Bizentio; it is not large, but the inhabitants, of whom there are ten thousand, are reckoned very industrious.

In the chapel of the Madonna, in the Duomo, is the Cintola della Virgine, which is an object of great veneration. There is much basso relievo in silver, containing its history. On the outside of the cathedral is a pulpit† fixed very high, from which the bishop or the grand vicaire blesses this cintola three times a year. La Chiesa delle Carceri is a handsome church, built in the form of a cross, of the architecture of Brunellesco. That of St. Vincenzo is small but very elegant, roof stucco, and painted in fresco; there is also much gilding. There are several detached pieces in basso relievo of marble. The church of St.

* Prato was taken and sacked by the Spaniards under Don Raymond de Cardonne, 1512; its walls and fortifications were completely repaired in 1738, by Cosimo I.—Roscoe.

† The two pulpits were by Michael Angelo.

Francesco has a very large nave, and a large sarcophagus on a high pedestal fixed in the centre, with this inscription:

Pulvis es, et in pulverem redibis *.

In this town is the noble and extensive college Cicognini for the education of young men, which does honour to the founder. As they were at dinner, we could only take a cursory view of it, but it is on a large plan, and has a large hall, kitchen, chapel, &c. It was founded by a person of the name of Cicognini. The Piazza Mercantile in this town is remarkably large, but very dull; that of Duomo is more lively; in the whole, Prato has sufficient to employ a traveller for two or three hours.

We left Prato † in the afternoon, and passed through a fine fertile and pleasant country, full of gardens stocked with the choicest fruit, even to the foot of the mountains, and having on all sides pretty villas, white houses, &c., of various forms. In about five miles, leaving our coach, we walked to Doccia, about two miles from the high road, where is the extensive porcelain manufactory of Ginori. This we examined in all its stages: it is conducted at a great expense, and much of the earth which makes the ware is brought from France: what pleased us most, was to hear that one hundred and fifty persons are employed in this work: the proprietor is reaping

* Of dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.—Ed.

† Pisa, Lucca, Leghorn, and Pistoia, are all paved with broad flat stone, much the same as Florence.

the reward of his useful labours, and has a princely house just by. In one of the rooms, called the great room, is the following line:

Concurrunt operi, Tellus, Neptunus et Ignis*.

Two miles more brought us to Il Castello, a royal villa, on our left, and three more to Florence. Thus finished our little interesting excursion, in which we saw much fine country and fertile fields†; and although it gave us temporary uneasiness to see such a want of population in Pistoia, Pisa‡, &c., yet it was soon made amends for by the scene of bustle and activity which presented itself on all sides in Leghorn; and on the whole we were much pleased with our tour, which lasted eleven days, our three mules having performed it with pleasure and ease, going about four miles and a half an hour, but the road is so good, that you may go with ease, post, in one day to Leghorn.

CHAPTER LIX.

Spedale degli Innocenti—Marucellian Library—Palazzo Gerini—Santo Spirito and del Carmine—Observations on the manners of the Florentines — Farewell visit to the Gallery — Seminary — Departure from Florence.

August 21.—WENT to Lo Spedale degli Innocenti in Piazza Annunziata. This is a noble foundation for

* Earth, fire, and water, all assist the work.—ED.

† The wheat is so forward in Tuscany, that the Grand Duke has a roll of new wheat made into bread on the 24th of June, and the wheat is sowed late in the spring.

‡ It is remarked that Pisa, Sienna, &c., have gradually declined in population ever since they have been annexed to Florence.

helpless and exposed infants, founded above four hundred years, by a private person: there are not many in the hospital at a time, as they are sent to nurse in the country, and kept there for some time: the boys are kept till eighteen, and the girls till they are married, or put out to service, or apprenticed: the rooms are large and well adapted to the purpose, but one thing pained and disgusted us much: in one room were the infants supposed to be born of diseased mothers; and they were left to have the precarious nourishment of goats' milk, as no nurse would supply them; the consequence of which was, that they were suffered to die by inches, and their cries were most distressing; some of these poor little objects seemed *actually dying*, *famished*, with their bones almost coming through their skin. We turned away with pain from this scene of misery, and soon left the house. There are ten or twelve female accoucheurs, and more in training, lectures being regularly given, as this is also a lying-in hospital. In front of the Spedale are children carved in basso relievo, the whole breadth of it.

Sept. 9.—Went to the Libreria Marucelliana in Via Larga. This library was founded by Francesco Marucelli, a patrician of Florence in 1752, and contains 40,000 volumes; although unequal in number of books to the Magliabechian library, which contains 100,000; yet it possesses many valuable ones, particularly admirable editions of the Greek classics, and many good atlasses. It consists of one large room and two small ones, and has a statue of the founder

at the upper end of the room; but what adds to the comfort of this library, is the politeness and attention of the librarian, who is a man of science and learning, and ready to explain any thing to his visitants. This library is open to the public on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from nine till half-past twelve, and has been considerably augmented since its institution.

Sept. 14.—At Palazzo Gerini near the Duomo. This is a handsome house, with nine rooms, which are shewn to strangers; the collection is large, but many of the best pictures have been sold to the Grand Duke; the Florentine nobles, and indeed those of many other cities likewise, living beyond their income, are gradually lessening their noble collections of paintings. There are in the Gerini Palace 300 pictures, but many of them by inferior masters.

First room. The roof was painted by Giuseppe Zocchi; among the pictures in this room, is one of Tancred and Clorinda, by Biliverti; the other painters are Luti, Zuccharelli, *&c.*

Second room. Madonna, by Pontelino; a Dominican, by Vignolli, *&c.*; the masters here are also Salvator Rosa, Borgognone, *&c.*

Third room. A beautiful one of the Three Graces and Venus, by Vasari; opposite is its companion, Triumph of Bacchus, *&c.*

Fourth room. A fine picture of Prometheus, by S. Rosa; Landscape, by Bassano; a Dead Christ, by Marinati; Battle-piece, by Borgognone; and a beautiful Madonnina, by Corregio.

Fifth room. Much painting in fresco in this small room, by Tocchi, and some figures painted on glass.

Sixth room. The painters in this are Cortona, Borgognone, Pandolfo, and though last, not least, Salvator Rosa.

Seventh room. Belisarius, by Lanfranco*; an Old Man's Head, by Paul Veronese; a beautiful St. Francis, by Cigoli; Bronzino and Salvator Rosa have likewise enriched this room with their paintings.

Eighth room. This is the state gallery, and is rich in paintings, by the first masters; among them a beautiful portrait, by Bronzino; Marriage of St. Catharine, by Paul Veronese; Madonna, by Perrugino; Holy Family, by Raphael; many by Albano and Bronzino; beautiful View of Shipping, &c., by Salvator Rosa; portrait by the incomparable Carlo Dolci; St. Joseph, by Guido; two fine portraits by Titian; Holy Family, by Fra. Bartolomeo; for this excellent painting 1800 sequins have been refused by the family. A Madonna, by Hannibal Caracci; a portrait of Masaniello, by Bronzino. Caravaggio has also adorned this room with his labours: the ceiling was painted in fresco, by Bilberti. In the whole this palace has a large collection, and though in the first rooms several are by painters not much known, yet are you made ample amends by the great gallery, which contains many pictures by the first masters.

Sept. 16.—We saw two churches which we had too long neglected seeing, and both of them elegant;

* He is more known by the name of Parmigiani. This painter was born in 1581, and died in 1647.

those of Santo Spirito and Del Carmine. The former is of the architecture of Brunellesco, and of the Corinthian order; it consists of a nave, small choir, and two aisles, but what attracts the attention principally, is the magnificent high altar, by Michelozzi; the sides are inlaid with most costly materials, pietra dura, lapis lazuli, &c. It is surrounded by a beautiful octangular gallery of marble, and the altar is supported by double rows of marble pillars: it is valued at 100,000 crowns. Before the altar are two very large candlesticks of solid silver. Santo Spirito belongs to the Convent of Augustins, of whom there are but twenty-four, there is a handsome plain dome to the church, and the roof is flat and painted. The church of the Carmes is an elegant modern building, consisting of a nave and small choir. There are several handsome domes; the ceiling is beautifully painted in fresco. There are also several paintings by Vasari; but what attracts most attention is the chapel, in which is buried S. Andrew Corsini, bishop of Fiesole. His figure is in alto relievo and white marble; underneath is much basso relievo in silver, by Foggini, representing the transfer of his body (when he was canonized by Pope Urban VIII.) from Fiesole to his chapel, in 1683. There is a long inscription celebrating his virtues; he died in 1374. On the right and left are monuments of two of the Corsini family; that on the former, of Cardinal Corsini, who was employed in many embassies; there is much carving in, alto relievo,

representing a battle, in which St. Andrew is seen sword in hand doing wonders against the enemies of the church. The cupola in this chapel is painted by Lucca Giordano; in the chapel of the Madonna are also some good pictures of Masaccio. This church which was built about fifty years ago, is exactly in the form of a cross. The inscription is,

D. O. M.
In Honorem B. M. V.
De Monte Carme.

As we were making preparations for leaving Florence after a very agreeable residence in it of nearly six months, it may not be amiss to insert some observations on the Florentine and Tuscan manners, which may be depended upon, as communicated by a respectable native and inhabitant of Florence.

The Florentines are naturally gay and lively, very fond of dancing, and in the winter there are many balls; the dances most in fashion are waltzes and quadrilles.

Although it is very hot* three months in the summer, June, July, and August†, yet the inhabitants contrive, with large rooms and different aspects, and Venetian blinds close shut, to keep themselves tolerably cool. They take great quantities of ices, and have the water and wine which they use, regu-

* The dress of the inhabitants is so slight, particularly the females, as almost to approach a state of nudity; and indeed many of both sexes of the lower orders sleep without linen in the hot weather.

† The stranger coming from a northern climate is much struck in his evening walks at the *fire-fly*; the air is entirely illuminated with these little insects, resembling so many sparks of fire.

larly cooled with ice, which you find at all the coffee-houses and restaurateurs, and is to be bought very reasonably by a private family. There is likewise in the hottest weather usually a fine breeze, which tempers the heat. The winters are generally mild, but they have sometimes snow and frost*, which lasts a short time, when the ice is two or three inches thick. The concourse of foreigners at Florence is very great, particularly English, who make it a favourite place of residence; there are frequently also many Russians.

Besides dancing, the Florentines are very fond of theatrical amusements, hunting, and making parties into the country: their equipages are very pompous, and they strain every nerve to procure them. Music also is a favourite amusement; but learning, the belles lettres, sciences, the history of their country, geography, mathematics, *&c.*, are too much neglected among them, and even the most distinguished of their nobility are sadly defective in these essentials.

The education of the Florentine females is also much neglected; they know nothing of arithmetic, and it is even said that many of them can scarcely write their names. The farmers in the neighbourhood of Florence are often men of great substance†, and the

* Cœlum est hyeme frigidum et gelidum.
PLIN. EPIS. *lib. 5. epis. 6.*
The winters are cold and chilly

† The civility and even urbanity of the Tuscan peasants are such as to merit general approbation. *Felicissima sera*, and *Felicissima notte*, are heard by the stranger on all sides in his walks.
——— Sic fortis Etruria crevit.
VIR. GEORG.

dress of their wives ridiculously expensive; many of them wearing pearl necklaces, which are worth 100 guineas*, and gowns trimmed with gold tissue which cost 50*l.* Many Tuscan families trust the education of their sons to women of an inferior class till they are twelve years old, and then to ignorant priests of no education, so that their pupils make a very indifferent figure. The Florentines, and indeed the Italians in general, travel but little, but pass their time in the amusements of their own country.

The citizens are usually more instructed and more polite than the nobles, and their conversation more animated and pleasing; the latter, as they are badly educated, so are they proportionably fierce and haughty; the priests, who have the care of the education of their sons, being often the sons of low farmers, are ill calculated to instil proper notions into the minds of their pupils; the consequence of which is, that they often are not well enough acquainted with their own language to speak it, much less to write it, with propriety. Music, dancing, and a little drawing are held in greater esteem by them than learning.

The ladies of Tuscany think it beneath them to interfere with domestic concerns; the stewards manage every thing, and are consequently very rich when their principals are poor. The husbands amuse themselves with hunting, riding, or taking airings in car-

* The wardrobe of a rich farmer's bride, necklaces, watch, *&c.*, is often estimated at 600 guineas, and one of their weddings is very curious; there is frequently a procession of twenty-five or thirty chairs and light carts.

riages, hardly ever walking. The ladies when they are married are at perfect liberty to do as they please without consulting their husbands; they may go out alone or in company from morning till night, and amuse themselves as they choose*.

The first week after marriage is usually passed in the country, with much company and in all sorts of amusements. Many relations and friends of the new-married couple are assembled at their house in order to do them honour; one of the first steps of the bride is to take a cavaliere servente or cicisbeo, who comes in and goes out at all hours to her toilet or any part of the house, without being accountable to the husband or any one, and this disgraceful custom is in as great force as ever; nay, if the husband endeavoured to put a stop to it, he would be the laughing-stock of his friends, and not able to go into company.

The nobles of Florence and Tuscany lead, in short, a completely lounging life, sleeping much, eating often, and playing much at billiards and cards; they are much addicted to sensual pleasures, and look with contempt on foreigners, and citizens. At Florence, as in many other cities, strangers are so imposed on, that they hardly know what to offer for goods. Even in the great shops, they frequently take half what they ask. In the conversaziones even of persons of rank, there are often many present, who privately laugh at strangers; the Florentine ladies in particular, who

* The writer of this hopes that this account will not be thought severe or overcharged; having it from most respectable persons, natives of the country, he has not hesitated to insert it.

have a turn for satire, turn into ridicule their dress, and manners.

There are many clergy, and numbers of monks*, though not so many as formerly: although there are still fifteen convents of men in Florence. The former are in general men of low birth, and ignorant and uneducated men, in spite of the celebrated university of Pisa. Some of the canons are an exception; they are sometimes men of family, and of course ashamed of being ignorant of that knowledge so essential to a clergyman†. The manners of the farmers are much more simple and natural: they cultivate their land, and are very attentive to agriculture and gain. The peasants are early risers, and very frugal livers, and their wives fond of dress.

Criminal processes.—It is very difficult, as with us, to recover stolen goods; it is necessary to have strong proof, and much time and patience of course. When a thief is taken in the very act of robbing, for the first offence, he is committed to prison for a few days, and then set at liberty; the second offence he is imprisoned for some months; and the third time, sent to the galleys for a term of years; so that under these circumstances, a man may commit depredations twice

* The monks of the thirteenth century did not only contribute to the cultivation and progress of the liberal arts and sciences, but were also very active in promoting manufactories and mechanics, which was the foundation of the lucrative commerce of the Italians. The *Umiliati* were the fabricators of woollen cloth, and silver and gold tissue; the latter for the use of churches.—DENINA, *lib.*12. *cap.*6.

† The income of the canons is about £100 a-year; that of the Grand Vicar £200, and the inferior clergy from £40 to £50.

almost with impunity, and the proceedings are more favourable always to the robber than the robbed; and when the things lost are trifling they pay but little attention to the report in the court. It is by no means uncommon to see fellows who have been *twice* committed to the galleys, walking about the streets at full liberty to pursue their old courses. Murder is not often punished with death, but the criminal is sent to the galleys.

Owing to the laxity of the laws, in no towns are there greater numbers of idle bad characters, lounging about, and having no visible means of sustenance, than at Florence and Leghorn; a stranger is accosted by them, under pretence of shewing them the way to the place where they are going; but he should be cautious in general not to accept their services. These men are suffered to go about for some time, and then taken up by the police many at a time.

Wine.—Authors seem divided about the strength of ancient and modern wine*. The modern Italians must be confessed to be very sober and temperate, like the French; but if we are to believe the accounts of the ancient writers, particularly Horace†, their wines had the intoxicating or rather exhilarating quality

* The good table wine is about threepence an English bottle; Aleatico, which is a superior sort and excellent, eleven-pence a bottle; these are the wines chiefly drank.

† Nunc vino pellite curas.—

Lib. 1. *od.* 7. *v.* 31.

Illic omne malum *vino* cantisque levato.

Epod. *lib. od.* 13. *v.* 25.

which we do not find at present, and yet the vine, particularly in Tuscany, is cultivated with the most assiduous care; the difference, therefore, can only be imputed to two causes, the different position of the vineyards, or different heat of the sun.

Mechanics.—As much as the Italians excel in the elegant arts of life, so much are they defective and behindhand in common mechanics; and to find a drawer, bolt, or lock perform its functions properly, is rare and almost impossible. In this, indeed, they are much behind even the French.

Taxes.—The taxes are very high in Florence and Tuscany. Shopkeepers pay five per cent. upon their goods, but the private individuals much more; indeed in some cases, enormously. A gentleman of high respectability and a Knight of St. Stephen, on whose veracity we can rely, assured us, that he pays twenty per cent. on his income, in the different articles of taxation*.

They are now employed in equalizing them, as at present they act partially high, and in many cases oppressively. In Bonaparte's usurped reign, the taxes are said to have been much higher. With regard to the air of Florence, it is indisputably very healthy †, as appears from the countenance of the inhabitants, and from the great age of many of them.

* All are obliged to the go to Pelazzio Vecchio four times a-year, and pay their taxes at the office.

† Pliny says that the Tuscan air on the *coast* is not only heavy, but *pestilential*; and adds, that the country bordering on the Appenine, the *healthiest of mountains*, is sound.—PLIN. *Epis. lib.* 5. *epis.* 6.

The Countess of A——y*, is an instance of this among many others; this venerable female is 70, and enjoys very good health, having regular parties at her house without appearing to feel the infirmities of age. Any one may kill game in this country, but it is scarce and dear† compared with France.

The festivals and half festivals are numerous, to the great injury of trade, as the shops are shut up, and every thing but pleasure is neglected. It is the duty of all to go to mass every festival; the theatres on these days are crowded; but in the minor ones, the plays are often stupid and uninteresting. In the whole there are seven theatres, which in the Carnival are usually full.

After paying a farewell visit to the gallery, (that noble repository of the arts, and fashionable resort at Florence, where, sheltered from the heat in summer and the cold in winter, the stranger can please his eye and instruct his mind); we went to the seminary which is a large and very convenient building, with broad covered corridors, in which are the different apartments. There are at present but eighty boys, but it is capable of containing many hundreds, and there are sixteen professors. It was formerly a Convent of Carmelites, and here S. Maria Maddalena di Pazzi died, who is almost adored; they shew you the room in which she died; her statue, as well as that of St. Bernardo, are in the courts, and there is a

* This lady is sister to the late Cardinal York, and the last of the Pretender's family.

† A small hare is 2s., and partridges 2s. 6d. a brace, and woodcocks in proportion.

curious inscription, mentioning a celebrated vision which the former had. The expense for each boy at this seminary is only five crowns a month. The garden is large and convenient; the church has a remarkably large and handsome cupola, with paintings representing Paradise. All the chapels on each side have likewise painted cupolas. This church is a handsome modern building about 150 years old.

Oct. 5.—Left Florence, (after six months' residence), with great regret; there is no town in which a family may pass some time with greater pleasure than this, whether the cleanliness of the place be considered, its regular amusements, the beauty of the environs, or the numerous promenades: it must, in fact, be confessed to be one of the most agreeable Cisalpine towns, and the best calculated for a long residence; and we accordingly bade it adieu in the words of an unfortunate queen*, "Non adeunda vale."

CHAPTER IX.

La Croce—Torre Rapoglia—Banks of the Arno—Montevarchi—Levane—Arezzo—Country rich and Views interesting—Montaign—Departure from Montaign—Camuccia—Pomegranate Hedge—Cortona—Ossaia—Vestiges of the Battle of Thrasymene—Lake of Perugia—Farewell to Tuscany—Sanguinetti—Torricella—Exercise of two Virtues—Reflections caused by the Lake—View of, and arrival at, Perugia—Citadel—Duomo—Collegio del Gambio—St. Peter—Piazza del Duomo.

Oct. 5.—We set off from Florence at six in the morning. The first part of the road the country is hilly,

* Mary, Queen of Scots.

Buxtona quæ calidæ, *&c.*
Non adeunda vale.

and full of olive trees, vineyards, and all kinds of fruit, and the white houses interspersed make the landscape interesting and beautiful.

Four miles from Florence, La Croce, a small village. The face of the country now soon changes, being rocky and the soil not so good. Nine miles from Florence we came to a beautiful winding hill, on the top of which to the left is a tower, called Torre Rapoglia, and five farther, Piano della Fonte, where we dined. The situation of this place is very romantic, being almost surrounded with hills; near it is Incisa, two posts* from Florence. We had just before passed a little way on the banks of the Arno, which is here shallow and formed into a cascade quite across it, which has a pretty effect, and is done to supply some mills with water: from the road which is elevated, we had a good view of it. Three miles farther, Ponte Rosso, over a branch of the Arno, and near it Figlino, which appears to have been a place of some consequence formerly, by its gates, walls, *&c.* We had for some time, on our left, the mountains of Terra Nuova, and we had shortly a distant view of the Apennines; the road now was even, and we passed within a few miles of Valombrosa, so much resorted to by the curious traveller.

The road still continuing fine, we passed through a delicious country to S. Giovanni, a small market town, with gates, good arcades, and the remains of walls, having still a distant view of the Apennines

* The posts vary, but are here about seven miles.

and Valombrosa*, and soon came to Montevarchi, where we took up our quarters for the night at Locanda Maggiore, an excellent inn. Montevarchi is a small but populous town, containing 8,000 persons, and is in a beautiful situation.

This day's journey was through a fine plain called, from the river Arno, *Valdarno*, of which Montevarchi is the capital, and which has one of the best corn-markets in Tuscany. The country, though populous and fruitful, is in some parts rocky; men, women, and children were employed in the vintage, and every thing exhibited the appearance of industry and comfort. The peasants were very civil, bringing in their grapes, for which they would receive nothing. The source of the Arno is not far from Valombrosa. In this neighbourhood have been found at different times elephant bones, supposed to have been those of the elephants of Hannibal. This day we went about twenty-six miles.

Oct. 6.—Leaving Montevarchi, we proceeded through a level road to Levane, the next post, four miles distant, and ascending a long hill, had a fine view of the rich and extensive vale through which we had passed. The face of the country now changed;

* There are three sanctuaries, each very curious: the first, the Monastery of Valombrosa, twenty miles from Florence, celebrated for being the cradle of the order of the monks so called. In a solitary place, twenty-five miles N. E. of Valombrosa, near the source of the Arno, in Cassentino, is the other sanctuary of Camaldoli, and at twenty miles E. from Camaldoli is Calvernia, distant thirty miles from Arezzo, which is the third sanctuary, and served as a retreat for St. Francis. It was formerly in possession of the reformed Franciscans. In the neighbourhood of Camaldoli the top of the Apennines is so elevated, that the two seas may be seen from it.—Itinerario Italiano.

it became bold and rocky, and the soil in many parts sandy: there were also forests of large oaks and various other trees. Turnips were plentiful, and numbers of fine pigs *, which would not disgrace an English farm-yard, were feeding on acorns †, while the road was scented ‡ with the wild thyme growing in the woods. Twenty miles from Montevarchi is Arezzo, at which city we arrived between rows of mulberry and fruit-trees.

Arezzo is a fine old town, the Aretium § of the Romans, situated partly in a bottom, and partly on the declivity of a hill, containing ten thousand people; it is celebrated for being the birth-place of Mecænas ||, the patron of learning in the Augustan age.

Just by the duomo in the public walk is a fine pedestrian statue of this distinguished man, on a high pedestal, with the following inscription; he is dressed

* They have a singular custom of *shaving* their hogs in this country; it is presumed that the grunting race is more quiet than ours, or they would not submit to the operation.

† Glande sues læti redeunt.(a)
VIR. II. *Georg. V.* 520.

‡ ——— Redolentque thymo fragrantia mella.
VIR. *Georg.*

§ Aretium, Perasia, and Cortona, which were at that time esteemed the chief cities of Etruria sent ambassadors to Rome to ask for peace and alliance; they obtained a truce for thirty years.—LIV. dec. 1. lib. 9. cap. 25.

‖ This illustrious statesman appears to have been a man of peculiar sweetness of disposition, and to have had the art of tempering dignity with ease; the poets and learned men lived with him in the greatest freedom and familiarity.—HOR. Sat. lib. 1, Sat. 5. Sat. lib. 2. Sat. 6. v. 40.

(a) With acorns fed, the grunting tribe returns,
And other food, though more nutritious, spurns.—ED.

in the Roman costume, holding in his hand a crown of laurel:

C. Clinio
Mecænati Arclino
Concives
Tanto nomine decorati
C.
Prid. Idus Maii
CIↃIↃCCXIX
L. D. S. C.*

This does great honour to the Aretinians. Arezzo also gave birth to Aretino, the satirical poet. Here too George Vasari was born; we passed his house, but saw no paintings in fresco, which we were led to expect.

The duomo is a fine rich specimen of Gothic architecture with many painted windows; the church is thirteen hundred years old, and has a painted roof: Marsaritone was the architect.

There is a beautiful monument of Guido Tarlati, Bishop of Arezzo, ornamented with much basso relievo in marble, representing the battles between the Aretines and Florentines. The grand altar, by G. Pisani, is a very fine specimen of basso relievo, in marble, representing the miracles of S. Donato, second bishop of Arezzo, who is their tutelar saint and honoured and worshipped almost as a deity. In the sacristy are three fine pictures of Vasari, and in the chapel of the Madonna are many paintings, and much basso relievo made of the earth of the country, which was much celebrated in the time of the

* Proud of their fellow-citizen, the Arezzians have erected this statue to Mecænas, &c. &c.

Romans; it much resembles porcelain. There are also two fine pulpits sculptured in basso relievo, by Pisani; and in the whole, this cathedral contains much to attract the stranger's attention.

At Arezzo are the remains of an amphitheatre, and *remains* only; it is a neat town, well paved, but not very populous; some of the streets are on a remarkably sharp ascent. The public walk is broad and very handsome, and in a most elevated situation. Near the cathedral is the bishop's palace, whose revenues are not large, but his house is good, and had the honour of being occupied some time by the emperor; he is a prince of the holy Roman empire *.

Leaving Arezzo we proceeded by an excellent road, through a plain for two or three miles, and then gradually ascended, till we arrived at a fine country full of fruit-trees, and live hedges of Juniper, Privet, *&c.*, which continued to Montaign, an inn so called, where we passed the night. Just by, on the left, is a royal village, with a tower and house of the Grand Duke. We passed near several venerable towers built on the top of the hills; and our journey this day was thirty miles, the road very pleasant with gentle ascents and descents.

Oct. 7.—At five weleft Montaign, and at three miles distance we beheld romantic hills studded with white houses, with churches and towers in abundance;

* Arezzo capitulated to Cæsar Borgia in 1501.—Roscoe.

It came to terms with the Prince of Orange, the imperial general, in 1529, and a new citadel was built in 1538, by Cosimo I. This town is also famous for the progress which the Ghibellins made in it in 1288 under its Bishop Guglielmino.—Ammirato.

five miles farther was Camuccia: we had now hedges of pomegranate loaded with fruit, and the country was most lovely. A little farther on we passed near the ancient town of Cortona *, and near this, Ossaia, the confines of Tuscany, where our passports were examined. On an adjoining house is the following inscription:

Nomen habet locus hic Ossaia ab ossibus istis †
Quæ dolus Annibalis fudit et hasta simul.
Eques Johannes Pancratius
Pancrati redegit.
A. D. 1784.

A human skeleton was dug up last year, and we were shewn many bones; and were told that in ploughing and digging, many vestiges of the battle of Thrasymene, so fatal to the Romans, and disgraceful to the consul, are frequently found.

On passing this interesting classic spot, we could not help making reflections upon the present pacific state of the Roman government, and the turbulent one of the former tyrannical masters of the world; though it must be confessed that we were reaping the benefit of their plans and improvements in those noble roads, which have been the admiration of ages, and have lasted even to our own times. In the account of this battle we find that Hannibal, having taken possession of the heights, attacked the consul in front, and cut off his retreat ‡, opposing to him in front a strong

* Cortona was formerly one of the chief towns of Etruria.—Vid. Liv.

† From Roman bones Ossaia takes its name,
Affording trophies of the Punics fame.—Ed.

‡ It appears that this battle was lost by an ambush contrived by the Carthaginian chief.

corps at the straight passage of Papignano; it is said that ten thousand were buried at Ossaia, and it is certain that human bones are continually found there *. Ascending a short hill, we soon came in view of the beautiful and interesting lake of Thrasymene †, now called the Lake of Perugia, which is about thirty

* Livy gives this account of the battle, "Annibal quod agri est inter Cortonam urbem, Thrasymenumque lacum omni clade belli pervastat quo magis iram hosti ad vindicandas sociorum injurias acuat:" and the *spot* is thus described, "et jam pervenerunt ad loca insidiis nata (*a*) ubi maxime montes Cortonenses Thrasymenus subit."

The confusion arising from the unexpected attack is described in the following animated terms by the historian, "vix ad arma capienda aptandaque pugna competeret animus;" they could scarcely compose their minds sufficiently to take their arms, and put on their armour; there were slain in this engagement forty thousand Romans. As we were detained to pay our fees at the Dogana, we could not help making some reflections on the difference of the times. The ground formerly trodden by the Punic chief with his army and elephants, was now occupied by the officers of the papal Dogana; but the former were influenced by the same motives as the latter, though proceeding by different means to attain their end; and avarice was one cause of the proceedings of Hannibal as it is of the latter in their extortions on the public; as indeed most of the actions of mankind may be ascribed either to avarice or ambition. We left the place heaving a sigh to the memory of the illustrious chief, who was so nearly ruining the Roman empire, and who must have ruined it, had he been properly supported; nor could we think on these masters of the world without contempt and indignation, when we reflected on their mean conduct in pursuing this commander to his death, whom they so much feared when he was alive (*b*).

† ——— ac sua largo
Stagna reformidet Thrasymenus turbida tabo.
Sil. Ital. lib. 1. v. 48.

(*a*) Calculated for an ambush.

(*b*) When we consider the bold attempt of Hannibal, the disadvantages under which he laboured, his want of resources, his fertile invention in supplying this want, the number of enemies which laboured to ruin him, and the seemingly insurmountable obstacles which he overcame; bringing a mighty kingdom to the brink of ruin, by his courage, boldness, and perseverance; he must be considered as one of the greatest generals to be met with in ancient history.—Ed.

miles in circumference, and in some places four miles across; the sides are hilly, and full of olive-trees, oaks, &c.

At Spelonca we entered the papal state, and as usual were visited, at Casa del Piano; shortly after we came to the bridge called Sanguinetti, supposed to have been the place in which the before-mentioned celebrated battle was fought, on the left of which is an old Roman fort; three miles from hence was a hill highly cultivated, and full of olive and oak-trees. In the lake of Perugia so interesting to the traveller, are several islands, and much traffic on it with fishing-boats.

Seven miles from the Dogana, we left the lake and ascended the hill of Torricella, which is about a mile in height; from the top of it is a noble view of the lake and country; this hill was so steep that our vetturino took two oxen. On the top is a venerable Roman tower, crowned with ivy, which gives name to the hill. We soon came to Torricella, a mean mountain village, full of beggars; here we had occasion to exercise our patience, and found temperance a necessary virtue, as with great difficulty, and after remaining three hours, we obtained a wretched dinner, and wine completely sour.

The church is small, with a painted roof, and statues of various saints over the altars, one of which was dressed in a fine silk green Spanish cloak. The village, however, poor and mean as it is, made us some amends for the inconvenience we suffered, by a noble and extensive view over a fine country.

Descending a beautiful winding hill we had a forest of oaks on the right, and hills covered with olive-trees, white houses, towers, and every picturesque object necessary to constitute fine scenery; on the left the country is most plentiful, abounding in pigs, turkeys, and all kinds of poultry, but the wine of the country, which is white, is sour and scarcely drinkable. Seven miles more brought us to the foot of a long hill, two miles in length, on the top of which Perugia is built in a most commanding situation, and the view of its churches and buildings is very striking. Taking two oxen, we ascended the hill, to the Crown, where we took up our lodging for the night. In this day's journey, which was thirty-six miles, we passed at Camuccia, a road on the right leading by Monte Palisiano to Chianciano and Chiusi, the former of which is famous for its baths, and the latter, formerly Clusium, was the residence of Porsenna, the celebrated King of Etruria.

Oct. 8.—We set out on a perambulation through the town, which is interesting, from its antiquity and situation; it was called by the Romans *Augusta Petrusia*, and is now the capital of the Perugino, and is esteemed a town of great consequence in the papal states: it is situated on a very high hill, having a most commanding view of a beautiful and romantic country. The walls and citadel are remarkably high, and the prospect from the latter is very fine; there are now in it only four cannon, and some ragged soldiers, who are paid the starving sum of three halfpence a day English money. The citadel was built by Pope

Paul III., to curb the factious citizens, and certainly completely commands the city, which contains now but ten thousand persons, and is so badly peopled that grass grows in many of the streets; it has a strong resemblance in situation to Angoulême in France.

The first thing which merits observation is the duomo, which is a fine gothic building with octagon pillars, stuccoed in imitation of marble; the church is six hundred years old. The best picture is the descent of the cross by Bairocci, lately brought back from Paris: the altar in this chapel is very rich; and the ceiling is painted by many artists.

The chapel of the marriage of the Madonna also is very rich, and *twice a year* a ring is solemnly deposited in a small elevated room with great pomp.

Collegio del Gambio, chapel, &c. Here are various specimens of Perrugino's * art, the first efforts of his genius; first a head of himself, wall and ceiling also by him, which contain some of the Greek and Roman philosophers, four cardinal virtues, &c., and over the former, among other verses are the following:

Si tribus his Cunctos, si miles pia numina gignant
Nil toto sceleris, nil sit in orbe mali;
Me Culta Angentur populi bellisque togaque
Et sine me fuerant quæ modo magna ruunt.

On the walls is the history of John the Baptist, and on the ceiling various figures, as the Deity, the Sibyls, the Evangelists, &c. &c., all by Perrugino, as is every painting in the Collegio.

c

* This celebrated painter was born in this city.

In the chapel of St. Peter the Martyr, is a beautiful picture of a Madonna by Perrugino, the child remarkably well done; the emperor in his late visit to the town was so pleased with it, that he had a copy taken of it.

The church of St. Peter of the Black Benedictines is rich in pictures, by the best masters. In the sacristy are five small pictures of different saints, by Perrugino, carefully glazed; Our Saviour and St. John the Baptist, (infants), by Raphael; many paintings by Guido Reni, Albano, Vasari, Michael Angelo, Caracci, &c. The walls of the sacristy are painted by Gierolimo Dante; the grand altar and tabernacle of this church are most splendid and costly, of marble, lapis lazuli, &c., and some figures of bronze and pietra di paragone, (a kind of marble); the sides of the choir of carved wood were designed by Raphael.

In the Piazza del Duomo is a fine fountain with many figures, and much basso relievo, which is said to have cost 150,000 crowns; in the time of the French government the lead was stolen, and the fountain rendered useless, but it is now under repair; near this is a recumbent statue of that restless and turbulent Pope Julius II., in bronze, by Dante, which was hidden eighteen years from the rapacious hands of the French, (as appears from the Latin inscription), and lately replaced.

There is here a university, but not to be compared with that at Bologna, and much diminished in the number of students; the Universita Nuova, however, is a handsome building, containing many schools, for

anatomy, law, physic, moral philosophy &c., and about one hundred students. Besides this, there is the college of Sapienza, &c.* In the whole one may pass two or three days here very agreeably, the town is well regulated, has watchmen, and the police appears very repectable.

From the situation of Perugia †, walking is very fatiguing, some of the streets being very steep, and of course, in winter, must be very dangerous for carriages.

* These colleges are as at Pisa, chiefly for boys and lads growing up, who in general are boarded at the houses of their friends.

† Perugia having rebelled against the Romans A. U. C. 439, Fabius was sent to reduce it to its duty, and slew five hundred inhabitants, the rest were obliged to pay a heavy fine, to save their lives and property.—Liv. Dec. 1, lib. 10, cap. 22.

Perugia with many other towns was reduced by Pope Martin V., and annexed to the ecclesiastical state.—Platina, de vit. Pont.

Cæsar Borgia entered triumphantly into Perugia in 1503; and September 12, 1506, Pope Julius II. made his triumphant entry, having dispossessed the Baglioni, who had been sovereigns of it some time.—Roscoe.

Perugia was taken from the Florentines, who were ordered by Cardinal di Medicis to defend it, by the Duc d'Urbino, in 1522; and by the Prince of Orange by capitulation, in 1529.

Le Duc d'Urbino was much interested in recovering his states, and the two Baglioni, Malatesta, and Orazio, sons of George Paul, were also eager to return to Perugia, from which they had been banished by the late Pope.—Ammirato.

The costume of the women in the neighbourhood of Perugia is very singular; they wear a towel made in a square form, on their heads, and often edged with lace, hanging down on their shoulders.

CHAPTER LXI.

Departure from Perugia—Face of the Country—Peasants—Agriculture—Tiber—Tescia—Madonna degli Angeli—Assisi—Spella—Antiquities and Ruins—Foligno—Clitumnus—Spoleto—Leave Spoleto—La Somna—Terni—Fall of Terni—Narni—Ottricoli—Tiber—Roman Bridge—Change of Province—Unexpected Fracture—Civita Castellana—Fortress—Cathedral—Singular Costume—Loracle Nepi—View of Rome—Ideas excited by it—Storta—Disgusting sight—Ponte Molle—Rome.

Oct. 9.—DESCENDING a long steep hill above two miles in length, we left Perugia. Nothing can be more lovely than the surrounding country, though it did not appear to advantage, as the weather was damp and hazy, and the morning very cold; but the sun at length broke through the clouds, and it turned out very fine. Perugia seen on this side has a remarkable romantic appearance, being situated on a very lofty hill, or rather mountain, suspended as it were in the air, and looking down on a valley full of houses and villas, bounded by the mountains. We met vast numbers of peasants and their wives coming to market; the latter ride *en homme*. Oxen are almost solely used for agriculture in this country; they are chiefly mouse-coloured with black faces, and are strong beautiful animals.

Three miles from Perugia we passed the Tiber*

* Huic Deus ipse loci fluvio Tiberinus amœno
Populeas *(a)* inter senior se allollere frondes
Visus, cum tenuis glauco velabat amictu
Carbasus et crines umbrosa tegebat arundo.
VIR. *Æneid. lib.* 8. *v.* 31.

(a) This beautiful description even now holds good, as there were many poplar trees near the river.

Cuique fuit rerum promissa potentia, Tibrim.
OV. *Met. lib.* 2.

on a steep narrow *Roman* bridge of five arches, and hailed this truly classic river, the theme of school-boys and the delight of the scholar. The Tiber is here not very broad, but has a large bed of stones; it turns several mills, and for that purpose is formed into a cascade, which is quite across the river. Ponte St. Giovanne is a post, and the village where we passed it. Four miles farther, crossed the little river Tescia, (which goes into the Tiber) on a narrow bridge, the country now is flat but rich, and full of fruit-trees.

At Madonna degli Angeli, a post, on the right is a noble church, the architecture of which, by Vignola, is much esteemed, and there is a large convent annexed: it is celebrated for the indulgence granted by Pope Onorio. About a mile on the left is Assisi, a fine old town in a singularly beautiful situation, on the declivity of a mountain; its numerous churches and convents have a fine appearance. We regretted much not being able to go to it, as there are many interesting things to be seen; among others, the *sacred convent* in which is buried St. Francis the founder of the order. There are also, as we have been informed, many paintings by Giotto, Giottino, &c., and the indulgence of the second of August, called the pardon of Assisi, and painted by Barocci, is highly spoken of as a good picture. We saw, at a distance, the portico of the Temple of Diana. We now came to a noble road, with fruit-trees on the sides, winding among high hills, covered with olive trees, oaks, *&c.*, with Spella on our right, the *Hispellum* of the ancients,

which is the foot of the Apennines, and exhibits a noble shew of venerable buildings. We passed by the ruins of the amphitheatre on our right, and nearly opposite was the following inscription:—

Rudera
Amphitheatri
Spil C. Juliæ Hispelli
Ubis Fl. Constantis
Municipes
M. Hanc. P. Curarunt.
CIↃ IↃCCLXXXIII.
V. K. Jun.
Rerum tempus edax nihil hic durabile gaudet
Quæ circumspectas sat monimenta probant.

There were many ruins of halls, &c., and along the road which passes under an arch, is the following inscription:—

Romano Callimacho,
En ubi Scandentes arces, ubi vertice murus
Murus ab ingenio notior ille tuo
Eleg. Lib. 4.
Porta Consolare della Colonia Julia.

A little farther by the road side is an old pillar with three figures in bas-relief; the inscription is long, beginning

Ad Gladiatores et Viatores.

Having taken a cursory view of these venerable remains, in about four miles we arrived at Foligno, where we dined. The town is old, containing about 8,000 persons. The cathedral is modernized and spoiled; there is, however, a handsome dome with four statues, and eight more in the church, for poor indeed is the church in Italy without statues or paintings. Over the choir is a handsome canopy, and

under it a chapel. About four miles from Foligno, on our right, was Bevania, the birth-place of the celebrated Propertius. Five miles farther Trava, in a most romantic situation, built upon a rock, and resembling a ladder, one house above the other. We now soon came to the classic river Clitumnus, celebrated by the poet* ; and about four miles farther, passed the head of it, and inspected an old building, called "The Temple of Diana." Proceeding along a level road and beautiful country, rich and cultivated, with the mountains on our left, to Spoleto† we passed near its noble and venerable aqueduct to our inn, L'Ancora della Speranza, where, after a fatiguing day, we were glad to take up our nightly quarters, though our hopes were not realized (as we expected from the sign), by good entertainment; for though the house is large and roomy, we were obliged to retire with empty stomachs, for nothing did it afford in the eatable way but bread, though its wine was formerly famous. We had this day a long journey of forty-five miles, but the fatigue was amply compensated for by the fine views and interesting objects we had met with.

Oct. 10.—Left Spoleto‡ at half-past five. On the

* The Clitumnus is celebrated by Virgil, for fertilizing the country.

Hinc albi Clitumne greges et maxima taurus
Victima sæpe tuo perfusi flumine sacro
Romanos ad templa Deum duxere triumphos.
VIR. *Georg. lib.* 2.

Clitumni sacras victoribus undas.
CLAUD. *Car.* 28. *v.* 506.

De Spolentinis quæ sunt cariosa lagenis
Malueris, quam si musta Falerna bibas.
MART. *lib.* 13. *epig.* 115.

Spoleto was formerly a Roman colony.—Vid. LIV. *lib.* 20.

left is the castle, the road as usual was even, winding between hills, cultivated, and covered with olive-trees, and oaks. Seven miles from Spoleto, we ascend a long mountain, called La Somma, one of the Apennines. Part of the mountain was steep, but the road winds beautifully, as on Mont Cenis, and the sides are woody and grand. The descent was rapid; on the left we passed by some ruins apparently of a chapel, and then descended gradually ten miles as far as Terni, into a fine and fertile vale. Taking a barouche and four horses we immediately went post* to the celebrated cascade, distant about six miles. The road at first winds by a gentle ascent through olive, orchards, and then becomes steep, adorned with all the grandeur of the finest mountain scenery. On the right were rocks hanging over us, and on the left tremendous precipices with the Nera running rapidly in the bottom, and at a distance a fine view of Terni completed this beautiful scene.

Passing by a romantic village, suspended as it were on a rock, we soon came to this cascade, distant about half a mile from the road; and, taking a guide, we immediately proceeded to view it in its different directions. This cascade is reckoned one of the finest in Europe, and formed by the fall of the Velino † into the Nera,

* Travellers are obliged to go post by an ordonnance of government, and the road is now made very good for that purpose, it was formerly scarcely passable at certain times of the year.

† ——————— Audiit amnis
Sulphureâ Nar *(a)* albus aqua, fontesque Velini.
Æn. 7, v. 516.

(a) Nar in the Sabine language signifies sulphur, as the water has a sulphureous smell.

from a height of 1063 Roman feet; it was done by Marcus Antonius Curius Dentatus so far back as the year of Rome 480, in order to give course to the water of the lake of Luco, through which the Velino passes, which was apt to overflow the neighbouring valleys*.

The different views of this cascade are grand and interesting. The guide first conducted us to the top, and then to three others gradually lower. The most interesting view is the lowest; from hence you see the cascade in all its awful grandeur, and are covered with its foam at above a hundred yards distance; the rays of the sun reflected on it, constitute not the least part of its beauty, giving it the appearance of a rainbow. The first part of the cascade falls three hundred feet perpendicularly, with such force that great part of the water seems reduced as it were into vapour and froth; there are three cascades, though not distinctly visible, the two last of which are formed by the redundancy of the first. There are very good paths made, and a convenient room, at the expense of the pope, on which is an appropriate inscription.

Terni † is a fine old Roman town, called *Interamna*, between the Nera and Velino; it is neat and populous, containing five hundred people. We passed the

* It appears from Tacitus that there was a contention between the Interamnates and Reatini (the inhabitants of Terni and Rieti) about the plan of carrying off the water, each fearing that their own country would be the sufferer.—Tac. *Annal. lib.* 1.

† The vale of Terni is celebrated by historians for its fertility, so that hay was formerly made four times a year; there are two ancient aqueducts, used for watering the land, still in use for that purpose.

Nera, which is a beautiful river, on an old Roman bridge, and went to Narni on an excellent road, distant nine miles from Terni. We gratified our curiosity by visiting the remains of the fine Roman bridge*, half a mile from the town; it had four arches, one of which only is entire, and is built of immense blocks of marble *without cement*; the largest arch is said to have been one hundred and fifty feet high, which is probably much exaggerated; but the bridge† is certainly very lofty. Narni‡ is a very old Roman town on the Nera, formerly Nar, built on a very steep rocky hill; it is paved in the middle with brick in various parts; the streets are usually narrow, and the town is badly built and disagreeable; the cathedral is old, and under the choir is a chapel.

Narni is said to have been the birth-place of the Emperor Nerva. The head-dress of the women resembles that of Perugia, a large piece of cloth in the form of a towel put square on the head, and falling full on the shoulders. The town§ itself gives you the idea of fallen greatness, and is very poor; one of the things which struck us most in passing through the

* The following lines are from Martial, relating to this bridge:

Sed jam parce mihi, nec abutere Narnia Quinto
Perpetuo liceat sic tibi ponte frui.—*Lib. 7. Ep.* 92.

† This bridge formerly joined two steep hills, to which Martial alludes when he speaks of *ancipiti jugo*.

‡ The situation of Nari is thus beautifully described by the poet:

Narnia sulphureo quam guargite candidus amnis
Circuit, ancipiti vix adeunda jugo.

MART. *lib. 7. ep.* 92.

§ Narni was sacked by the Venetians in their way to join the Emperor Charles V., who was besieging the castle S. Angelo.

streets was a number of goats' heads with their *long beards*, hanging out for sale. Here is an aqueduct, as in most of these Roman towns, bringing the water fifteen miles from the mountains. From Narni you go on the Via Flaminia, and the road in some places is cut out of the rock. Taking oxen, we ascended some time, the road still winding among rocky hills covered with wood; near Ottricoli at nine miles distance it changes, and the country is barren, open, and wild, with much heath: we met large flocks of very fine sheep and lambs, which are folded as in England.

Ottricoli* is a small mean town and post; near it are several ruins, the remains of the old Roman town, and on the left, we passed by the venerable castle.

Instead of a rough stony road, it now changes and becomes excellent, and we had a fine view of the river running in the bottom among meadows, and the country for some time becomes a complete sheep walk; there were also flocks of goats. Three miles farther we passed, on the right, a pillar, witha long inscription mentioning improvements made in the road, by Pope Urban VIII., and soon crossed the Tiber on an old *Roman bridge*† of four arches; there are inscriptions on each side, but we had not time to read them.

* The country about Otriculum, Narni, and Perugia, is honourably mentioned by Pliny. Quantum Copiatim in Otriculano, in Narniensi, in Perusino tuo sed.—PLIN. *lib.* 1. *epis.* 4.

† This bridge was built by Sixtus V., and Clement VIII., out of the ruins of a magnificent bridge built here by Augustus, by which the Via Flaminia was continued.—NUGENT.

We here left the province of Umbria, and entered that of Sabina, and on the left had a fine view of Magnino, a small town. Ascending a very high hill, with oxen to assist us as usual, we came into a very rough rocky road, of which we soon experienced the ill effects by breaking the springs of our coach*, which not only retarded us some time, but we had the mortification of a hot and fatiguing walk to Civita Castellana; the road was besides very dusty, and we were not sorry to get to this town, which was three miles from the spot in which the accident took place. Crossing a branch of the Nera hemmed in with rocks, on a stone bridge, we immediately came to Civita Castellana. There is a Latin inscription on this bridge, mentioning that it was built by Pope Clement XI., who also improved the road, making it shorter, and introducing the Flaminian way into the town, in 1712, and the 12th of his pontificate.

Civita Castellana is a small town and post, built as all these Roman towns are, on a rock; the fortress, which we ascended in spite of our fatigue, in order to enjoy a fine view, is an octagon, and was built by that turbulent and warlike Pope Julius II., and improved by Clement I. There are two hundred criminals confined in it, and chained two and two when they go out to work. Civita Castellana is particularly interesting to the classic reader, as being Falerii, the

† This accident added to a very fatiguing journey, and several unpleasant circumstances almost induced us to exclaim in the words of the poet,

Et quæ tanta fuit Romam tibi causa videndi?

Perhaps the answer of Titurus would here hold good;

Libertas, quæ *sera* tamen respexit inertem.—VIR. *Bucol.*

supposed seat of the Falisci, which was besieged by Camillus, and the story of the schoolmaster being punished for his treachery, is well known to every one, having his hands tied behind him, and brought back to Falerii by his own boys *. The cathedral is modern, having been built in 1740; it has a choir and nave, the former of which is elevated, and ascended by a fine flight of steps. In the middle of the church was a corpse on a bier, without a coffin, as they make no use of them in this country; this unexpected sight had such an effect upon some of our party as to prevent their seeing so much of the church as they wished. In front of the church is an ancient portico with many old figures and inscriptions, and in the town are many antiquities; there is in the church some beautiful Mosaic pavement, and a very handsome dome.

We observed this day, in many of the rocks, small caverns, inhabited by the cottagers, as in the neighbourhood of Tours in France.

* Vide Liv. *lib.* 5. *cap.* 15.

† ——— Et refentum signa Camillum.—*Æn.* 6. *v.* 825.

Camillus, who experienced such ingratitude from his countrymen, was one of the greatest and best men among the Romans, moderate in prosperity, and calm in adversity; his sole aim was the good of his country. This great man was five times dictator, four times triumphed over the Visentos and Volci, and delivered his country from the Gauls twice *(a)*, the last time when he was eighty years old. He died at Rome of a pestilence at a very advanced age.— ——— *cap.* 389.

Vir unicus in omni fortunâ, a singular character, both in prosperity and adversity; and he was justly called the second founder of Rome.—Liv. Dec. 1. *lib.* 7. *cap.* 1.

(a) Gallisque genus fatrole Camillos.

Claud.

The women in Civita Castellana* confine their hair with a long silver skewer, ten inches or a foot in length, with a handle in the form of a hand, which has a singular appearance. Eight miles more on a fine road (fortunately for our weak springs,) brought us to Nepi; the road was a new one, winding among woods of oak, &c. We left the Via Flaminia at Civita Castellana.

Nepi is a mean dirty town, but situated beautifully on a hill, and has a stream running rapidly in a deep dell, shut in by steep hills, clothed with thick trees; there is a noble old Roman aqueduct, which *now* conveys the water from a mountain, five miles off, into the town, to the fountain in the Piazza Grande, where the inhabitants go to fill their vessels. Il Palazzo Publico is a large building, having many antiquities in front. Great part of this town and the cathedral, which was very handsome, was burnt by the French twenty years ago, and several of the houses remain in their ruined state; the population is 2,500. We came this day twenty-nine miles.

Utilem bello tulit et camillum
Sæva paupertas, et avitus apto
Cum lare fundus.
HOR. CAR. *lib.* 1. *Od.* 12. *v.* 42.

—— Quamvis iratus et exul
Pro patriæ flammis non distulit arma Camillus.
CLAUD. IN EUTROP.

——— Quid rebus in arctis
Dux gerat, ostendat Gallorum strage Camillus.
CLAUD.

* At Civita Castellana we had a fine view of Mount Soracte *(a)*, now called St. Oreste, famed of old for its cold situation. There is a convent of men on it.

(a) Vides ut altâ stet nive candidum, &c.—HORACE.

Oct. 12.—Left Nepi* at six, passing by the remains of its venerable castle, with round towers. For six or seven miles the country is open and bad, land indifferent, with scarcely any cultivation. When they do plough, which seems but seldom, they use the light plough without wheels, and four *strong oxen abreast.* The land is remarkably light and sandy; one man stands behind to guide the oxen, with a spud to throw away the weeds: the country for some time continued the same. Ronciglione one post, Monterosi another, and Baccano one; all small places of no consequence. Near the last is a lake, the poisonous exhalation of which makes the local situation very unhealthy.

Fifteen miles from Rome, we had the first view of this celebrated city; Rome, the mistress of the world, and centre of arts and learning; Rome, which we are taught from school-boys to look up to with reverence, and lisp its praises even from infancy; to see which we had ascended many mountains and traversed many plains, neither regarding early rising, fatiguing days, nor *broken springs;* and we were now repaid for all our fatigues with the sight of this celebrated city. The ideas which its view excited were awfully grand, and the more so as it was not interrupted by any object to call off our attention. The country soon changed rather for the better, but was still wild and uncultivated; we had now a view of Rome in front, and

* Nepi is famous in history for Jean de St. Vit, uncle of Cardinal Colonna, having defended it gallantly against a powerful army of Crusaders, sent by Pope Boniface, the end of the thirteenth century.—Dobson's *Petrarch.*

the Appenines on our left. We dined at Storta, a post, nine miles from Rome, a very indifferent and dear house, which, however, has a good terrace. A mile from it, on our right, we passed by an old tower. Four or five miles from Rome, on the right, a wood serves to vary the scene, as before hardly a tree was to be seen; one mile farther an old building, said to be the sepulchre of Nero, and there is on it much rude sculpture in basso relievo.

There were arms and legs of malefactors* nailed to high posts along the road in different places, which was very painful and disgusting, particularly to the weaker sex, who, however, congratulated themselves at thus providentially having escaped the robbers, which they had thought on, and almost dreamed of the whole way, and the fear of which had much impaired the pleasure of their journey. The robbers are beheaded in the Piazza del Popolo, and their limbs or heads, and sometimes their bodies, are exposed in this disgusting way, close to the high-road.

Three miles from Rome, descending a long-winding hill, the country is more varied, and we had a pretty view of the mountains Pinciano and Maria. Two miles from Rome, Ponte Molle†, anciently Ponte Emilia. Here the roads of Perugia and Foligno join.

* The *refined* ancient Romans excelled in *variety of punishments*(a), but we do not find that the mangled remains of the malefactors were exposed to view in the public roads, to the great annoyance of the passing stranger, as is done by the modern Romans.

† At Ponte Molle we came on the Via Flaminia, and soon came to Rotonda di S. Andrea, a modern building.

(a) Vid. KENNET'S *Antiq.* chap. 20.

Here we crossed the Tiber * on a stone bridge, which is here pretty broad. The following inscription is on the tower:

Pius Sept. Pont. Max.
Pontem et Turrim
Operibus Amphatis
Restituit.
1805.

The entrance into Rome by the beautiful Porta del Popolo † is grand and impressive, and we pursued our course along the noble street Del Corso, which is long and handsome, to the Dogana or custom-house, where we underwent a trifling examination of our trunks, and then to the Piazza di Spagna, where we took up our lodgings for the night at L'Hotel de l'Europe, an excellent but dear inn. We came this day thirty miles; in all, 200 from Florence; and had an uninterrupted series of fine days for our journey, finding the inns much better than we were induced to expect.

We were agreeably disappointed in our opinion of Rome, being led to expect that it was only curious from its antiquities, and that modern Rome was void of comfort, and those conveniences which make the residence of a stranger desirable; on the contrary, many of the streets are very good, especially that of Il Corso, and it appeared to us by no means deficient either in comforts or conveniences. October 13th, we

* Cæruleus Tibris cœlo gratissimus amnis.
VIR. *Æneid*, 8. *v.* 64.

† There is a fine column with Egyptian characters, and four inscriptions on the sides, by one of which we learn that Augustus Cæsar put up this column on account of the subjection of Egypt. It was restored from its ruins by Sixtus V.

took our first view of St. Peter's, crossing the Tiber* upon the Ponte di S. Angelo, consisting of four arches, and leaving the celebrated castle of that name†, which is a noble building with a fine round

* Vidimus flavum *(a)* Tiberim retortis
Littore Etrusco violenter undis, *&c.*
HOR. *lib.* 1. *od.* 2.

† This castle afforded refuge to the popes from the violence of their enemies, as Alexander VI. from Charles VIII. of France, Clement VII. *(b)* from the Emperor Charles V., *&c.*; the latter, however, was taken prisoner in it by the Prince of Orange, commander of the Imperialists for that Emperor after the death of the Constable de Bourbon. Here the Constable led his brave troops through fields of carnage to victory and pillage, gaining honour and subsistence for them; here, when his affairs were apparently in a state of desperation, he inspired his soldiers with hopes and courage, mixing with them, joining in their pursuits, and singing "Je suis pauvre cavalier, Je nai pas un sou, non plus que vous autres;" thus he rendered them, by his own example and self-deprivation, capable of any attempt, and ready to encounter every danger, and they unanimously declared that they would never forsake him, *quelque part qu'il voulut aller fut ce, á tous les Diables.*—DAN. *Hist. de France*, vol. 7. p. 638.

As this distinguished chief, and after him, the Prince of Orange, were chiefly indepted to the *Condottieri* for their wonderful success, who took so active a part in the awful events of that memorable period, it may not be amiss to give a short account of these distinguished soldiers. The Condottieri, or mercenaries, of the fifteenth and sixteenth century, were soldiers of all nations, collected under different standards, many of them of a good family, but desperate fortunes; fighting was their trade, pillage their object, and firmness, perseverance, and consummate bravery, leading traits in their character; although often badly paid, and worse clothed, yet did they submit cheerfully to the greatest deprivations, when their commander was popular, or shared these deprivations with them, as appears from their attachment to the Constable. Their numbers, strength,

(a) This is peculiarly applicable to the river, which is of a muddy colour.

(b) Clement VII. had the mortification of seeing his own palace *twice* sacked, as well as the churches of Rome and the houses of his courtiers and cardinals, and was *twice* obliged to take refuge in the Castle of S. Angelo, and the *second time* to surrender himself prisoner to the Imperialists.—DENINA. *lib.* 21 *cap.* 4. In the reign of Jane II. Queen of Naples, Braccio, a soldier of fortune, besieged this castle, which was in possession of the Queen's party. —BIANCARDI, p. 233.

tower, and memorable for the sieges it has sustained, and the refuge it has afforded the popes at different times, and especially in the reign of Charles V.

The Tiber* was then pretty quiet, though, if we may credit the poet †, it was at times very violent.

The Piazza S. Pietro is truly noble, and must strike every stranger; on each side is a peristyle or piazza of a circular form, with four rows of pillars under which carriages go, but it is a great pity that these piazzas are disgraced with such dirt and filth: on the top of each is a regular continuation of statues. On each side of the piazza is a fine fountain, and in front is a noble portico, to which you ascend by a fine flight of steps, and enter this truly grand building, which is one of the finest in the world, was 100 years building, and cost more than fifty millions of crowns. It was begun by Pope Julius II., and finished under Paul V.; the architects were Lazari and Michael Angelo.

This building has so often been described, that it is needless to do it here, but it presents a mass of

and influence, were so great, that they were dreaded and courted by all the potentates; and it was a long time before this formidable band of warriors was dispersed; not indeed till Europe, gradually losing its fierce and warlike aspect, civilization took place, and the way was paved for the introduction of science and the elegant arts, when the service of these brave but unprincipled warriors, these lawless invaders of states and kingdoms, was no longer necessary. But the cruelties and atrocities committed by these *dealers in human blood*, were long remembered by the suffering nations, and are a lasting stain upon the annals of Europe.

* Horace—vide former page.

† The inundations of the Tiber are mentioned here by Tacitus to have been frequent, and on this account there was a plan for turning the course of the river; the lakes which flowed into it were the cause of these inundations.—Tac. *Ann.* lib. 1.

modern magnificence and splendour, which astonishes the spectator; besides the grand cupola, there are eight small ones. There is no choir, no pillars, and the interior is as remarkable for lightness as for elegance and splendour. The superb canopy over the high altar, supported by four spiral pillars of bronze, is, perhaps, unequalled; there are many fine statues by the first masters, and several of the popes over their tombs, as Innocent XI., Urban VIII., Clement XI., &c. The pavement is of the finest marble. Contenting ourselves for the present with this superficial view of this noble building, we proceeded to other parts of the city, and in our way passed by La Fontana Trevi, which exhibits a beautiful display of cascades, playing in the most natural manner from rocks, in the midst of the city. We read the following inscription; by which we find, that this water was celebrated for its copiousness and salubrity, which encouraged Pope Clement XII. to undertake this elegant work:

Clemens XII. Pont. Max.
Aquam Virginem
Copiâ et salubritate commendatam
Cultis magnifice ornavit
Anno Domini, 1735.
Pont. 6.
Perfecit Benedictus XIV. Pont. Max.

In the neighbouring church of S. Vincenzo ed Anastazio a Trevi, are the hearts of the following popes:

Leo XI., Paulus V., Gregory XV., Innocent X., Alexander VII., Clement IX., Clement X., Innocent XI., Alexander VIII., Innocent XII., Clement XI., Innocent XIII., Clement XII., Benedict XIV., Clement

XIII., and Clement XIV. Sixtus V. was the first who established this custom, ordering part of his intestines to be interred there; and Clement XIV. as appears by the inscription, had them placed in a more honourable situation, and his own were interred in the same church: this custom with regard to the Papal remains seems now generally established.

CHAPTER LXII.

Departure from Rome—St. John Lateran—Coliseo—Country flat—Torre di Mezza Via—Appian Way—Marino—Albano—Tomb of Horatii, &c.—Genzano—Pleasing change of Country—Velletri—Departure from Velletri—Pontine Marshes—Cultivation of Land—Buffaloes—Protecting Soldiers—Cisterna—Torre de Tre Ponti—Exercise of Abstinence and Patience—Religious zeal—Terracina.

Oct. 15.—Leaving Rome by the Porta S. Giovanne* Laterano, we had on the left the Coliseo†, which we had an anxious wish to examine nearer, and on the right the noble church of St. John Lateran, and soon came into a flat country, interesting only from the ruins around us. On our left was a fine aqueduct‡, venerable from its antiquity. We soon came to Torre di Mezza Via, one post from Rome, seven miles. On the right is a large track of ruins and walls, called *Roma Vecchia*, belonging to the Duca Torlonia, which is thought to have been the Pagus Lemonius, inhabited by the former labourers of the land. In the excavations have been found many statues, &c. Proceeding along the famous Appian road§, in about

* Formerly called Celimontana, from being situated on Mount Celius.

† Thirty thousand Jewish captives were employed in erecting this building, which contained 85,000 *sitting* and 25,000 *standing*.

‡ The aqueduct of Claudius.

§ This road, which was made by blind Appius the senator, and is above 2,000 years old, is in excellent preservation.

thirteen miles on the left we saw Marino, belonging to the old family of Colonna; and ascending a long hill came to the second post, Albano*. This city succeeded the famous old city Alba Longa†, which was built between the mountain and lake by Ascanius, son of Æneas, 400 years before the foundation of Rome‡. It flourished about 500 years, and was destroyed by Tullus Hostilius, as being the rival of Rome. Whilst the dinner was preparing, we walked about half a mile to see an antique building, said to be the tomb of the Curatii §, but more generally thought to be a mausoleum erected to Pompey by his widow; it is an old square building, with only two out of five towers remaining. Just by, is a convent of Carmelite monks. From Albano is a fine view of the sea, about three miles off; the country near it, however, is flat and uninteresting; but now it begins to be very beautiful, and the situation of that town is very good.

Leaving Albano we ascended a lovely hill, well wooded, and descended by a pleasant winding road. Near this, Milo slew Clodius, tribune of the people, when he was coming from Aricia on horseback ‖; and

* Albano is near its lake.

† Albanique patres atque altu mœnia Romæ.

‡ Vide Liv. lib. 4. cap. 3.

§ For an account of this interesting combat, vide Liv. *lib.* 1. *cap.* 10. by which it appears that the surviving Horatius gained the victory by *flight*; and *cap.* 12, with his animated account of the horror of the Albanians at having their city destroyed.

‖ Whilst the Romans were employed in the famous siege of Veii, the waters of this lake overflowed so much as to threaten Rome with an inundation. A deputation was sent to consult the Oracle of Apollo, and it was answered, that the Romans should not conquer the inhabitants of Veii,

at no great distance is the Lake of Castello, formerly called the Lake of Albano, the circuit of which is five miles; and there was formerly a volcano. The outlet for the discharge of the water of the lake is said to be one of the finest works of the ancient Romans.

About four miles from Albano* is La Riccia, formerly Aricia†. Descending by a winding road, we soon came to Genzano; this is situated in a very beautiful country, and in the neighbourhood are many old buildings, and there was said to have been a grove dedicated to Diana, and a temple of the same goddess. Three miles off, as we were informed, was Civita Lavinia, on the site of the ancient city of Lanuvium, the country of the Emperor Antoninus Pius and Milo, and not far distant was the city Lavinia—the Lavinia Littora of Virgil.

till they procured a vent for the waters of the lake *(a)*; upon this, in the space of a year they made a channel, which effected this purpose, and overcame their enemies. The channel was two miles in length.

* The wine of Albano has not lost its celebrity.

> Cras bibet Albanis aliquid de montibus aut de
> Setinis, cujus patriam titulumque senectus
> Delevit multa veteris fuligine testæ.
>
> JUVENAL, as quoted by ADDISON.

> Perhaps to-morrow he may change his wine,
> And drink old sparkling Alban or Setine;
> Whose title and whose age with mould o'ergrown,
> The good old cask for ever keeps unknown.
>
> BOWLES.

† Egressum magnâ me accepit Aricia Româ.
HOR. *Sat. 5. l.* 1.

(*a*) Veii, the oracular answer is given, or rather the interpretation, by an ancient sage of Veii, in LIV. *lib.* 5. *cap.* 9. Veii cost the Romans a ten years' siege, and at last (fete opposing it) was taken more by labour than by force. LIV. *lib.* 5. *cap.* 12.

In about four miles farther we came to Velletri*, the country still being pleasing and beautiful. Velletri was the capital of the Volsci†. Augustus Cæsar's family was of this neighbourhood, and here that emperor was nursed. It is now an old dirty disagreeable town, chiefly built on a hill; on one side it commands a view of a fine country; and on the other towards the sea you look down on the Pontine Marshes. It contains about 10,000 inhabitants. We took up our quarters for the night at the ancient Palace of Ginetti, now converted into l'Albergo Reale; it might make an excellent palace, but it makes a wretched inn, and is a miserable specimen of fallen greatness.

There are eighteen windows in front, and one of the most beautiful staircases in Italy, leading to a noble corridor, but the corridor and apartments are full of *broken statues*, and you can scarcely find a whole one in the house; there are, however, some good busts. You have from hence a fine and extensive view of the country, which, indeed, was all that we had, for we got scarcely any refreshment or attendance in this *palace of an inn*, and if we had not the gnats and frogs which so much annoyed the poet‡ in his night's lodging, as the coldness of the night was a security against the first, and the local situation of the place against the second, yet were we kept from sleep in our *wretched magnificent apartments* from other

* Velletri on being conquered had a colony sent from Rome.—Liv. Dec. 1. *lib.* 2. *cap.* 16. On its rebellion it was afterwards taken by storm. —Liv. *lib.* 6. *cap.* 17.

† Known in history by Coriolanus revolting to them, and bringing his country to the brink of ruin.

‡ Horace, lib. 1. sat. 5. v. 14.

causes; and the wind beating against the tottering hinges of the old and decayed window-shutters of the Palazzo, put us in mind of the descriptions one has read of a night passed in an old baronial castle (from the howling of the wind and other incidental causes) said to be haunted; added to this, we had the constant noise of a cascade belonging to the house, so that passing the night unrefreshed with sleep, we were glad to mount our carriage in good time, to resume our journey to Naples. The first day's journey (the latter part at least) had been very pretty, with almost a constant view of the sea, though it must be confessed without a solitary cock-boat to enliven the scene; we had passed through several miles of the much dreaded Campagna di Roma *, and it far exceeded our expectations.

Oct. 17.—Descending a long steep hill from Velletri, we immediately plunged into the much-dreaded Pontine Marshes †, formerly full of villages, and

* The Campagna di Roma properly begins on leaving Rome, and ends at Terracina; of this the Marshes are a part, but travellers are wrong who make the whole Campagna a condemned country; part of it is very pretty and the views good, especially about Albano, and from thence to Velletri.

† Pontine takes its name from Suessa *Pometia (a)*, a city of the Volscians in the neighbourhood, formerly of eminence, but now no longer existing. These Marshes formerly contained twenty-three cities *(b)*, among which were *Sulmo Setia, Pipernum*, and *Forum Appii*, besides many villages and numerous villas.

The waters which descend from the neighbouring mountains, running on declivities, form lakes and ponds, producing exhalations in the summer, which are felt at Rome, though forty miles distant.

The Romans endeavoured to prevent this by giving free course to the waters. Appius Claudius was the first who attempted this, by making channels, bridges, *&c.*, and on this occasion made the famous Via Appia.

(*a*) Pometios castraque Jani, *&c.*—VIRGIL, ÆN. *lib.* 6. *v.* 775. Tarquinius Superbus took Pometium Suessum from the Volscians.—Vide LIV.

(*b*) Vid. PLIN.

studded with the villas of the Roman nobility, and the resort of elegance and splendour; now how fallen!—a dead flat without houses or villages. Contrary, however, to our expectation, the land was in some parts well cultivated; it is rich, and only wants industry to make it the best in Italy. They have here vast herds of cattle, particularly buffaloes. The land was drained by Pope Pius V., and carried into different channels, as appears by an inscription by the road side, and rendered useful: the same liberal pontiff made bridges where necessary, and was a great benefactor to his country. On first leaving Velletri, we had some vineyards, and some miles afterwards, forests, or else in general the country is barren of trees. Eight miles from Velletri, crossing the little river Astura*, we came to Cisterna, a small village and post, supposed by many to be the Three Taverns of St. Paul; other accounts place it at Sermoneta, eight miles farther. We now were soon in the midst of the Marshes, and a more disagreeable country cannot well be imagined†; the exhalations

* This is the original classical name of this river.

† Horace has given an admirable description of his journey to Brundusium, but we find the places much changed, and many gone. First, Appii Forum exists no more, and as the roads were bad in this part, they proceeded by water from Appii Forum to Feronia, and then pursued their journey by land to Anxur, (Terracina). Feronia *(a)* at present exists no more than Appii Forum.

(*a*) A Ferendis Arboribus, the goddess so called. It is doubtful who this goddess was; many of the ancients thought she was Juno (1), but there were various opinions; however, there was a grove sacred to her, with a fountain and temple, between Circello and Terracina.

——— Et viridi gaudens Feronia luco.

ÆNEID, *lib.* 7. *v.* 800.

(1) Vid. VIR. Cen. lib. 7.

were extremely offensive, especially as it rained hard the whole day. Eight miles farther, Torre de' Tre Ponti, a post and most wretched cabaret, where we arrived in a deluge of rain, about ten in the morning.

This house, which is miserable as to situation and want of conveniences, appeared even worse than it was, owing to the weather. It had apertures and broken shutters, but no glass was there in the house; bad, however, as it was, four different large parties in carriages met in it, glad to obtain shelter from the weather, as in this dangerous country they almost always contrive to go together. The first thing we did was to shut out the rain and noxious air by closing the windows with the broken shutters, and with the help of *candles and a good fire*, and our food, which we had brought with us, we made shift to pass two hours tolerably amidst the rage of the conflicting elements, and the inconvenience of a complete wintry day. We here declared, as the poet* did, against the water, which is reckoned very bad, but did not gain much by the sour wine. Strolling, however, through these miserable rooms whilst they were putting the horses to the coach, we were much edified at seeing two rows of peasants of both sexes on their knees, in a long gallery bounded by a little chapel, in which the priest was saying mass, as it was Sunday; and the perfect tranquillity and unaffected piety so striking in this little audience, made

* Hor. lib. 1. sat. 5. v. 8.

a great impression on us, the more so as the scene was unexpected.

At Torre de' Tre Ponti begins the famous Linea Pià, made upon the old Via Appia, and so called from Pope Pius VI., who made it across the Pontine Marshes for twenty-five miles, by which improvement the road is shorter and better.

They reckon these Marshes* to begin at this post, and they are called twenty-four miles in length, and six in general in breadth, though in some places they are twelve, but in fact they begin from Velletri.

Leaving Torre, for several miles we pursued our journey (on a noble road between two rows of fine elms meeting on the top, and a broad clear canal on each side of the road) to Terracina, where we were made ample amends for the fatigue of the day at l'Albergo Reale, an admirable inn, large, commodious, and comfortable in every sense of the word. We this day went nearly forty miles, the chief part in the Pontine Marshes, as the posts were very long. Cisterna, one post; Torre de 'Tre Ponti, one and a

* Julius Cæsar, and after him Augustus, endeavoured to drain these marshes, and to carry the water into the sea by different channels; the Emperor Trajan, as the inscription shews at Tre Ponti, made bridges, paved the road, &c., but after a time, from neglect, the inundation of the lakes got the better. Many popes in latter times attempted to drain the Marshes, as Boniface VIII., Martin V., and Sixtus V., particularly the latter, who thought nothing was beyond the reach of his enterprizing genius. He made use of the ancient channels and dykes with effect, but after his death they gave way for want of strength. But the last pope who laboured in this great work with effect, was Pius VI., who was as liberal as he was enterprising. There still remains much to be done, and it is to be hoped, now the din of arms has ceased, this work will be attended to, as well for the sake of the health of the country as to render the land useful and productive.

half*; Bocca di Fiume, one; Mezzo, one; Ponte Maggiore, one; Terracina, one.

The posts were single houses or small villages; there were soldiers† of the Pope stationed every three or four miles in this dangerous road to protect it, and they have small pyramidical cottages, made of straw or haulm.

This day we were not far off, as we were told, from Sermoneta, anciently called Sulmo, where are to be seen the remains of its former consequence in its ancient fortifications; and a few miles from it is Sezze, formerly Setia or Setinum, on a hill above the Pontine Marshes, in which are to be seen considerable remains of an ancient Temple of Saturn; and seven miles and a half from Sezze is Piperno, a small city, situated also upon a hill, which many think was the capital of the Volsci, and not Velletri, but this is only conjecture; the truth cannot at this distance of time be ascertained. Nine miles, however, from Velletri, in this day's journey, our coachman told us was Cora; this was an ancient city of the Latians, inhabited by the Volsci, and afterwards destroyed by the Romans. The walls which encompassed the city were made

* About three miles from this post are remains of ancient monuments, most beautiful, which served for an ornament to Forum Appium and Via Appia; and not far from this, was a small port where Cicero embarked the day he was assassinated, (to go to his Villa of Formia,) to the eternal disgrace of the Triumvirs. Here also was betrayed and seized the young Corradino, King of Naples, by Frangipani, Lord of Astura, to his dishonour, as the young Prince had taken refuge in his house, thus violating the laws of honour and hospitality.

† These soldiers from their sickly starved appearance, hardly able to carry their musket and crawl out of their huts, seem ill calculated to encounter robbers; and, in fact, no part of the road is so infested with them as this, which is *guarded by soldiers.*

with enormous pieces of stone, and we were told, the subterranean passages in the rocks are now to be seen, which served as a shelter to the besieged.

There are here remains of two temples, one dedicated to Hercules, and the other to Castor and Pollux, with legible inscriptions; but the day was so uncommonly bad, we were obliged to be contented with the account, not being able to diverge, but reserving it for a future day. Among other interesting places which we passed near in this day's journey, was Nettuno, so called from its temple, in which sacrifices were made for a prosperous voyage, and Capo d'Anzio, formerly Antium, the well-known city of the Volsci. In the western extremity of the Marshes is Monte Circello *, where is the promontory of the well-known Circe †. Here were the tremendous caves in which the companions of Ulysses were shut.

* Circæumque jugum.—VIRG. *Æneid, lib. 7. v. 779.*

‡ On the western extremity of the Pontine Marshes was the spot immortalized by the poet, in which dwelt the bewitching Circe, who was the cause of so much evil to Ulysses and his companions.

> Κίεκης δ' ἔνδον, ἄκουον ἀειδούσης ὀπί καλῆ
> Ιστὸν ἐποίχομενῆς μέγαν.—*Odyss.* lib. 10.

> Now on the threshold of the dome they stood,
> And heard a voice resounding through the wood;
> Plac'd at her loom, &c.—POPE's *Odyss.* book 10.

Here follows the catastrophe,

> Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δῶκέν τε, καὶ ἔκπιον ἀντὶκ επειτα
> Ράβδω ωεπληγυια κατα συτεοῖσιν ἐρεκνυ·

> Instant her circling wand the goddess waves,
> To hogs transforms them, and the sty receives.
> POPE's *Odyss.* book 10.

CHAPTER LXIII.

Terracina—Ancient Name—Cathedral—Departure—Escort—Passports—Fondi—Itri—Mamurræ—Military sometimes necessary—Mola di Gaieta—Mons Cæcubus—Vesuvius—Ciceronian Villa—Departure from Mola—Maritime Prospects—Instability of greatness—Garigliano—Campania Felix—St. Agatha—Country beautiful—Falernian Hills—Francolisi—Vulturnus—Capua—Old Capua, its ruins—Farewell view of an interesting Road—Aversa—Naples.

TERRACINA, a corruption of *Trachyna**, is an old Roman town in a very singular situation, built on a high rock, containing five thousand persons; it is the Anxur † of the ancients.

Impositum late saxis cadentibus Anxur ‡.

The town of course is very old, and the streets very narrow; some of our party literally *climbed* to the town§, whilst the dinner was preparing; the cathedral||, which is on the Piazza, has a very high steeple, and you ascend to it by a long flight of steps; it was built on the site of a temple of Jupiter: under the portico is much basso relievo of several beasts, and within, some mosaic and fine granite pillars. The

* Τραχυς, asper, (craggy.)

† In this city Jupiter was worshipped with peculiar solemnity (*a*).

‡ HORACE, Sat. 5, lib. 1. The ancient Anxur was built on the *top* of the mountain.

§ Tarracinam mœnibus situque magis quam ipsorum ingenio tutam—TAC. lib. 3, Hist.

Terracina depended more on its natural situation and the strength of its walls for security, than the energy of its inhabitants.

Pomptinasque obsessa palude.—OVID, *Metamor.* lib. 15.

|| The canopy over the high altar, and pillars which support it, are much admired, but the church is damp and dirty.

(*a*) ———— Queis Juppiter Anxurus arvis
Præsidet.—*Æneid.* lib. 7, v. 779.

façade of the Temple of Jupiter, sustained by large pillars of marble, is still to be seen. The famous Via Appia passed through Terracina, and the ancient Romans had a great many villas, it appears, scattered upon the mountain, as it was a favourite resort in the hot months.

In the rocks in the neighbourhood are many caverns in which the Corps de Garde * is lodged, and many other persons.

Oct. 18.—Left Terracina at five in the morning, in order to pass the dangerous parts of the road in good time; there were four carriages in our party, containing in the whole nearly thirty persons, so that we had not much reason to fear any attack from the thieves, but notwithstanding our strength, some of the party thought it adviseable to take an escort; an escort we accordingly took, of three horse soldiers: these soldiers riding backwards and forwards with a face of care and importance, and surveying the road, and the rising sun with his early rays glittering on their brass helmets, added to the romantic and picturesque country, afforded a novelty of scene which made a pleasing impression on our senses not easy to be described, and gave the whole a chivalric appearance, and the solemn stillness of a beautiful morning added not a little to this beautiful scene †.

* Going out of Terracina we saw 120 marked on the rock, probably to shew the number of steps to go up to the barracks built on the top.

† A Genoese marquis of fortune and distinction had a few days before been carried up into the mountains, and was kept there till his ransom was paid: when taken there, one of the robbers said, "We have no bed; I believe you have not been used to fare so badly, you shall have my great coat to lie on; but I will not deceive you, you shall pay for your *luxury*."

For two or three miles we went along the sea-shore, having a parapet-wall to protect the road, on the right, and on the left a high mountain hanging over the road, and afterwards came to a beautiful bay; there were myrtle* hedges, and shrubs of the same in abundance, growing wild and luxuriant, full of the most beautiful bloom. Four miles further, at Portello, separating the Papal from the Neapolitan states, we underwent the process of having our passports examined, which, with the visitation of baggage, is the bane of travelling abroad; we were detained more than half an hour in a dirty room, owing to some informality of a trifling nature, which we extricated ourselves from by spirit and resolution, and entered the Neapolitan territory. One mile farther on the left is an old mausoleum, not taken notice of by historians, and about seven further, Fondi; great part of this road is shaded by fine trees, which defend the traveller from the rays of the sun, which in this burning country would otherwise be intolerable in the summer.

Fondi is the Fundi of Horace, distinguished by him for being the residence of the Prætor Aufidius Luscus, laughed at for his ridiculous airs and self-consequence; it is now a wretched town with remarkably narrow streets, and noted for the unhealthiness of its air. Here we were detained half a day about passports and baggage, the rain the whole time pouring down in such torrents, that the middle of the streets was like a river, so that we did not look upon this as lost

* Et amantes litora myrtos.—VIR. *Geor.* lib. 4., v. 124.

time; only regretting that we could not visit the grotto in which Sejanus is said to have saved the life of that worthless emperor Tiberius Cæsar; and still more so the gardens said to have belonged to the immortal Cicero. Travellers, however, are subject to disappointments from weather, as well as other causes, and we bore this with tolerable patience. It grieved us not a little to see the pallid countenances of the half starved inhabitants of this wretched place, and we were anxious to quit it; the country for many miles round, indeed, seemed affected, and men, women, and children appeared in a dying state.

> Fundos Aufidio Lusco Prætore libenter
> Linquimus.—Hor. Sat. lib. 1. Sat. 5. v. 34.

We left it as eagerly as Horace did, for the reasons given above.

Near Fondi is a lake some miles in extent; this town is said to be famous for its wine, but as we only breakfasted there we could not judge of it. The Via Appia crosses Fondi, and in its ancient state makes the chief street of this wretched town. The weather also prevented our seeing St. Thomas's chamber, and a famous painting of the sacking of the town by Barbarossa, the distinguished Turkish captain, who endeavoured to take away Giulia Conzaga, Countess of Fondi, celebrated for her beauty. To our surprise, on leaving this wretched town we saw many orange and lemon-trees.

One post* or about seven miles from Fondi is Itri, a miserable town with narrow streets, but on the

* The posts vary here, and are from seven to nine miles.

right, the fine old town of Mamurræ* with its venerable castle, attracted our attention, and the classic reader will recollect that Mamurra, the friend of Augustus, was lord of this place.

We entered now on a road between orange and lemon orchards, some of the fruit ripe, and some green; soldiers the whole of the road were stationed every two or three miles, and if they did their duty there would be no danger in travelling, for it is a sad disgrace to the Papal as well as Neapolitan governments that strangers are prevented seeing, with comfort, the finest and most interesting country in Europe, owing to the dangerous interruptions which they often experience from the banditti.

The soldiers' huts were now more solid, built of stone, or lath and plaster, instead of straw, as in the Papal states.

One post from Itri is Mola di Gaieta, where we took up our quarters for the night at L'Albergo Reale, glad to find shelter from the heavy rain which had continued without intermission the whole day. The last six or seven miles were particularly beautiful: we ascended a hill about two miles in length, having much myrtle, box, &c., growing luxuriantly wild, and from the top of the hill had a beautiful view of Mola, Gaieta, &c., the latter on the opposite side of the Bay, and a most interesting place, which the weather as usual prevented our visiting, though we arrived at our quarters in good time. Not far from

* In Mamurrarum lassi deinde urbe manemus.—Hor. *Sat.* 5, lib. 1, v. 37.

hence are the hills mentioned by Horace as Mons Cæcubus*, and known by the bon vivans for its excellent wine: about a mile before we came to Mola we passed by a venerable building on the right, said to be the tomb of Cicero, and the principal inn is called Villa Cicerone †, from being the supposed site of his Villa.

Mola di Gaieta is a flourishing town, supposed to have been the ancient Formia, built along the sea, containing 5,500 inhabitants; the situation of it is most lovely, commanding a fine view of Gaieta‡ on the opposite of the Bay, Mount Vesuvius at a distance, *&c.* But what renders it interesting to the traveller is, that it was the favourite residence, or at least one of the residences of that ornament of literature, Cicero, and here, shame to his murderer, he was supposed to have been slain by the Centurion Popilius Lænus.

Flete Camœnæ, &c.

This town is also supposed to have been the seat of

* Cæcubum, et prælo domitam caleno
Tu bibes uvam.—Hor. *Car.* lib. I. od. 20, v. 9.

† Formianum, the favourite villa of Cicero, was afterwards much resorted to by Pliny.

Solicitas me in Formianum, veniam eâ conditione, ne quid contra commodum tuum facias.—Pliny. lib. 6, epis. 14.

"You give me an invitation to Formianum, I will accept it only on conditions of your putting yourself to no inconvenience on my account." But we find that the Romans were not inferior to us in politeness.

‡ Tum se ad Cajetæ recto fert litore portum.—Vir. *Æn.* lib. 6, v. 900.

Tu quoque litoribus nostris Æneia nutrix.
Æternam moriens famam Caieta dedisti.—*Æn.* lib. 7, v. 1 and 2.

Et quam tumulavit alumnus.—Ovid, *Metamor.* lib. 15.

the Lestrygones *: the situation of it must be confessed to be very beautiful, and must take the attention of every traveller. The wines of Mola, which have been celebrated of old, have not lost their quality, as we found them excellent.

October 19.—Left Mola † at six, and passed along the shore some time, with a long parapet-wall to protect the road from the sea: afterwards the road went

* Antiphatæque domus. OVID, *Metamor.* lib. 15.

Antiphatis, King of the Læstrigones, (*a*) reigned here.

† Gaieta, no less celebrated for its antiquity, than its elegance in modern times, is mentioned by an author of credit (*b*), as having been of old distinguished by the beauty and politeness of its females, which delighted the Empress of Germany, who saw them in her way to visit King Alphonso, when accompanying the Emperor her husband, in his journey in 1452.

At Gaieta, Margaret, widow of Charles of Durazzo took refuge, when forced to quit Naples by the Angevine party.—BIANCARDI, p. 203 (*c*).

(*a*) This lovely spot was of old distinguished by being the seat of the unnatural anthropophagi, or feeders on human flesh.

Φοιτων ριμοι Λαιστουγονες αλλθεν αλλος
Μυριοι, ουκ ανδρεσσιν εοικοτες, αλλα γινασι.—*Odyss.* lib. 10.

A ghastly band of giants hear the roar,
And, pouring down the mountain, crowd the shore.

POPE'S *Odyss.*

—αφαρ δε κακὸς κὸναβος κατα νῆας ὄρῶρει
Ανδρων, ολλυμενων, νηων θ' ἅμα ἀγνυμεναῶν
Ιχθῦς δ', ωσπείροντες ατερπέα δαιτα φέροντο.

The crackling vessels burst, hoarse groans arise,
And mingled horrors echo to the skies,
The men, like fish, they stuck upon the flood,
And cramm'd their filthy throats with human food.

Odyss. b. 10, 141,

(*b*) COSTANZO, lib. 19. p. 418.

(*c*) At Gaieta the young Ladislaus received his young bride, the daughter of Manfred of Chiaramonte, with an immense dowry, in 1390.—BIANCARDI.

Gaieta was taken easily by Don Pedro, brother of Alphonso King of Arragon, though that king was unable to take it. Alphonso thought the place of so much importance, that he built what was termed an impregnable castle.—BIANCARDI, p. 267.

between groves of olives reaching to the sea-shore; myrtle-hedges also were frequent.

Seven miles passed, on our left, an ancient aqueduct, an amphitheatre, and many ruins, supposed to be those of Minturnæ *: it was in these marshes, it will be recollected, that Marius was hidden several days.

Minturnæ, Sinuessa †, &c., cities celebrated of old, exist no longer, but in name, nor would their situation be known, but for the classic writers. Reflecting on this, though travelling in a most interesting country, we naturally were led into a train of serious and solemn ideas, when we considered the fate of those cities, and what will probably be the fate of those in which we at present take so much interest, and where our fondest and dearest hopes are now placed.

We here passed the Garigliano ‡, formerly the Liris §, on a bridge of ten boats, and left the Via

* Minturnæque graves.—OVID, *Metamor.* lib. 15.

† Niveisque frequens Sinuessa Colubris.—OVID *Metamor.* lib. 15.

‡ In 1391 the young King Ladislaus encamped on the banks of the Garigliano, with 3000 horse, and 1600 foot, opposing the Angevine party. —BIANCARDI.

§ Non rura quæ Liris *quietâ*
Mordet aquâ taciturnus amnis.—HOR. *Car.* lib. I. od. 31.
Flavæque terens querceta Maricæ *(a)*
Liris.—CAUDIAN.
Inter Minturnas sinuessanumque Petrinum.
HOR. Epis. lib. I, v. 5.

Crossing the Liris *(b)* we entered Campania Felix, now the province of Lavoro, the Liris separating the country of the Latins from Campania; it may properly be called *Felix* when contrasted with the Campagna of Rome, and is a fertile and abundant country, many parts as beautiful as fertile.

(*a*) Wife of Faunus.

(*b*) This river is famous in modern times for the decisive victory gained on its banks by the *Great Captain*, Gonsalva di Cordova, in 1503, which secured the kingdom of Naples to his ungrateful master, Ferdinand of Arragon. —*Istoria di Napoli.*

Appia, which continues to the embouchure of the river, and then begins Via Domitiana. This river, owing to the late heavy rains, seemed to have changed its character, and to be more violent than gentle: there is a Latin inscription on the gate, very long, of Q. Junius Severianus, formerly Decurio in Minturnæ; on the left was the village of Garigliano. The road for some time is near the river, and the country is flat and disagreeable; but near St. Agatha, it again changes, and the road is between forests of oaks and olives. The situation of this place is peculiarly lovely, but the rain continuing very violent, we could not go to the town, distant about a mile. The rock of St. Agatha was formerly very strong, but in spite of its strength was taken and retaken in the reign of Tancred *.

Leaving St. Agatha after breakfast, we proceeded through a pretty country, having, on our left, hills covered with vineyards, part of the chain of Falernian hills, so celebrated of old, by the poet, for its wine.

> ——Albanum Mæcenas sive Falernum
> Te magis appositis delectat, habemus utrumque †.

Sentry-boxes were frequent along the road, but the soldiers for the *protection* of the road were too often absent. We had passed by limbs of criminals on different parts of the road, but now saw a *human scull in a frame on a post*, which almost overset the nerves of our females, who shuddered, while they congratulated themselves at being so near the end of their journey,

* Biancardi. † Hor. lib. 2, Sat. 8, v. 16.

and having escaped the dangers of which they had so strong an apprehension.

About half way to Capua, on our left, Francolisi, a small place, which historians have celebrated for its springs, which have a taste of vinegar. Five or six miles from Capua*, the country is flat, rich, and well cultivated; we observed many neat farm-houses of stone, and many corn-stacks, shewing the plenty of the country. Just before we entered Capua†, we crossed the Voltorno, formerly Vulturnus, on an old stone bridge of four arches, and immediately entered the town by a strong gate.

The Vulturnus was famous of old for its violence.

> Vulturnusque rapax;
> Vulturnusque celer;
> Flactuque sonorum
> Vulturnum ‡.

> Multamque trahens sub gurgite arenam
> Vulturnus.—OVID, *Metamor.* lib. 15.
>
> The rough Vulturnus, furious in its course §.

Oct. 20.—Taking the advantage of a fine day, we drove in an Italian chair || to old Capua, which is on

* Et Capys, hinc nomen Campanæ ducitur urbi.—*Æn.* 9, v. 145. It is thought also to have taken its name from being in an open country.—Vid. *Liv.* Dec. 1. lib. 4. cap. 9.

† In Capua died in 981 the famous Pandulfo, surnamed Capo di Ferro, who was one of the most powerful sovereigns of his time; he was Prince of Capua, Benevento, and Salerno, and Marquis of Spoleto and Camerino, possessing nearly half Italy.—GIANONE.

Capua was sacked by the French, July 24th, 1501, and every sort of cruelty and licentiousness committed.

‡ Lucan, Silius Italicus, &c., as quoted by Addison.

§ ADDISON.

|| These chairs, as well as cabriolets, are much used in this country, at Naples, Capua, &c., they contain two persons, though the vehicles are

the Via Appia continued by Trajan to Brundusium, and presents an interesting, but melancholy heap of ruins, most painful to the eyes of the spectator. We went under a venerable gateway, and at a little distance on the left are the regular remains of an amphitheatre *, an aqueduct, several temples, pillars, &c., the whole giving us the complete idea of the ancient splendid city; but having lately passed the remains of several cities †, and now viewing the mouldering walls of old Capua, we could not help thinking that these awful and melancholy spectacles should afford us a useful lesson, and humble the pride of man, teaching him to fix his hopes on a city which has firm and solid foundations.

At old Capua, we not only quitted the Via Appia, but the road which the poet and his friends had taken above 1800 years ago, the tracing which had long afforded us so much pleasure. The Romans, it appears, travelled much at their ease; for though they had such excellent roads, they went often but sixteen miles a day, especially in this journey, as they were five days getting to Capua; thence they went to Beneventum and Brundusium, leaving the road to Naples on the right. We may presume they performed this journey unmolested by the fear of robbers; whilst their representatives, the

small; one holds the reins, and the master of the chaise *stands* behind constantly whipping the horse, which goes at an amazing rate, and the price is very reasonable.

* The amphitheatre is 366 Roman palms long, and 221 broad, and most of it in high preservation.

† Forum Appii and Mamurræ, mentioned in this journey, likewise no longer exist.

Italians, having a feeble government, and that badly administered, impair the comforts and pleasures which travelling over a fine country would naturally afford, by suffering the traveller to be constantly in fear of having his property taken, even if his person should be safe.

Leaving old Capua* we returned to new Capua, which we would not quit without seeing the cathedral and Annunziata: the former is modernized, and has a plain roof, and handsome flight of steps leading to the choir, under which is a chapel, having much Mosaic, and a fine sepulchre and statue of a dead Christ, by Bernini, which are generally admired. The granite pillars in the cathedral are very handsome. The Annunziata has a nave and small choir, but the roof, which is flat, is beautifully painted and gilt: there are also in this church many pictures, and a gallery of fret-work, and a fine dome, though plain and without painting; before the cathedral are cloisters with several old tombs and figures in the wall.

Leaving Capua at eleven, we went through a rich and flat country, full of gardens well stocked with vegetables, to Naples, sixteen miles from Capua. At five miles' distance is a bridge over a canal, with, as usual, a long inscription mentioning by whom the

* Capua was of old famous for its fertility.

Talem dives arat Capua.—VIR. *Geor.* lib. 2, v. 229.

The luxury of old Capua was proverbial, and enervated Hannibal and his army so much, as to prevent his availing himself of his victories by taking Rome. Thus this great general sullied the glory of his conquests and ruined his renown, by not preserving that temperance and self-deprivation by which he had acquired it. Near Capua is the noble palace of Caserta, which we regretted much not having time to see.

work was done, and just by, another over a cut; it must be owned that these are necessary, as the country is very wet, and would be otherwise impassable. Half way to Naples is Aversa, near which our coach-springs broke again, and we were detained some time; but we had not much reason to complain, as in a journey of 4000 miles this was but the third accident we had experienced. Owing to this we did not get to Naples till three; we were, however, no more disgusted with the sight of sculls or limbs nailed along the road, but performed this journey (148 mile[illegible] in four days and a half, without any inconvenienc[illegible] but those which proceeded from the cause just me[illegible]tioned. We were much disappointed at finding this last stage not so beautiful as represented, being chiefly a flat, through a country so rich, that instead of ploughing, they only *turn up* the soil with a broad hoe. The country men and women were without stockings; and in Aversa*, which is a neat town, as in other places, the shops have no windows, but folding-doors only, for the display of their goods. Many of the cottages also have no windows, and one room below, and a flat roof on which they dry linen; which, indeed, is general in this country: there

* Aversa was built by the Normans in 1050, (and Rainulfo was the first count,) so called from being a check on Naples and Capua.—*Istoria di Napoli.*

The unfortunate Andrew, King of Hungary, and husband of Joan, Queen of Naples, was strangled in Aversa; this place was made a county in the eleventh century, and governed by Rainulfo. In 1425 it afforded refuge to Jo[illegible] II., from the arms of Alfonso, King of Sicily, and she kept her court here.—[illegible]ANCARDI, p. 247.

Aversa was so called from the Normans building it in 1026, and calling it *Aversa Normanna*, having begun to build at Ponte Felice, three miles

were several of these cottages together, and so thin, that they look like a wall. The first part of the road was bad, but the last two miles we had a good broad paved road and went into Naples by a gradual descent, and proceeding by the noble Deposito dei Poveri * into the fine Strada di Toledo, took up our quarters in l'Albergo Reale, which we changed next day for the Villa di Londra, much pleased with our interesting journey. The situation of this inn is remarkably fine; our rooms faced the beautiful Bay †; on the left was the lovely village of Portici, and above it Mount Ve-

off, but finding it a marshy place they gave it up. It was a place of great consequence under the Normans in the fifteenth century. Richard Giannone, its count, conquered and took Capua, and uniting it to Aversa, formed one great state, and was the first Norman prince *anointed with oil*, but this custom was followed by all his successors. Charles of Anjou destroyed Aversa on account of its rebellion, but it was afterwards rebuilt.—GIANNONE.

* This is a large and noble building, not yet quite finished, and a noble institution for *the poor* and *beggars* of the *whole kingdom*; but notwithstanding this, there are many beggars and wretched objects in Naples continually wounding your feelings, as indeed is too much the case in all large capitals.

† The bay of Naples, at least that part of it seen from Santa Lucia and Chiatamone, is bounded on one side by Pausilippo Point, and the other, Campanella Point. In the centre is the island of Capri *(a)*; on the left is the lovely village of Portici, built on the ruins of Herculaneum, and above it, Mount Vesuvius, (towering to the clouds) enveloped in smoke, the majestic Apennines forming the back-ground. On the right are the numerous white houses and buildings, from the bottom quite up to the top of the hill of Pausilipo, scattered in the most beautiful manner imaginable, forming, in the whole, a scene, perhaps unequalled in Europe. The Mole is remarkably fine, and the sea so deep there, that large ships may come close to it.

(*a*) Capreæ was the ancient name, not Caprea, as Addison calls it.—Vid. *Æn.* lib. 7, v. 735.

suvius *, proudly looking down from its fiery top on Naples; on the right, Procida, Ischia, and Capri, the last of infamous memory, for being the retreat of the wicked Tiberius, in his crimes and licentiousness.

CHAPTER LXIV.

Description of Naples—Parthenope—Lazzaroni—Cathedral—Archiepiscopal celebration of Mass—Annunziata—Church Rambles—Jesuit's Church—S. Domenico—S. Apostoli — S. Giovanni Carbonaro — Santa Maria Nuova—Mont Oliveti—St. Philip and St. James—S. Lorenzo—St. Philip Neri—Catacombs.

NAPLES † is a large and fine city, built on a declivity, and descending gradually to the sea and its beautiful bay; there is no beach, but the sand is firm and spotted like fine granite. The lower part of the town is built in form of a crescent along the sea. On a high rock, overlooking the town and bay, is the noble Castle of St. Ermo and Monastery of St. Martino adjoining; the different hills and rocks are studded with white houses, hanging over the town, and having a delicious prospect of the sea.

* The country bordering on this celebrated mountain was noted for its fertility by the poet *(a)*, and the celebrated wine, the Lacryma Christi, made from a vine near it.

† Naples was built by the Cumani, who came from Eubœa 160 years after the destruction of Troy, 260 years before the building of Rome, and 1168 before Christ was born.—BIANCARDI.

(a) ——— Et *vicina* Vesevo
Orajugo.—VIR. *Geor.*

Naples is the ancient Parthenope*, so called from one of the Sirens, and so much the delight of the poet, who in his last illness is said to have made this epitaph on himself:

> Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc
> Parthenope †.

Naples ‡ is *said* to contain 400,000 persons, but its *exact* population is 322,662, as one of our party had it from the police; but from the vast crowds in the streets and height of the houses, which are nearly all flat roofs, and have almost all terraces, one would imagine the population greater than it actually is. It has the honour of being the third city in Europe; the harbour is convenient, and so deep, that large ships of war, with their guns on board, can enter it; and the anchorage is so fine in the bay, that the largest men of war ride within a mile of the shore.

In this city §, however, are the greatest incon-

* Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat Parthenope.
GEORG. *lib. 4. v. 563.*
Et *otiosa* credidit Neapolis.
EPOD. *v. 42.*

† Vita Virgilii.

‡ The Normans were founders of this kingdom, but it has had its share in the convulsions of Italy, alternately in subjection to the French and Spaniards; it was at length ceded to the Emperor in 1713.

The troubles and misfortunes caused by the ambition of Charles of Anjou, brother of St. Louis, involved him and the kingdom in continual wars, and was the source of much trouble to *both*. He died of a broken heart at Poggia in Calabria, leaving the kingdom a prey to every invader, though three of his descendants succeeded him.—Vide BIANCARDI.

The Neapolitans have always been famous for loving changes, and for a fickleness of disposition, and the confusion caused by Masaniello in 1647, had nearly overturned the government.—MEZERAI and DENINA.

§ Naples though an open city now, was formerly so strong and its walls

sistencies; grandeur and dirt are completely mixed, and it is by no means uncommon to go up dirty staircases two or three stories, in which you must use a smelling-bottle the whole way, into spacious and sumptuous apartments, furnished in the most elegant way, for which the proprietor will ask from 150*l.* to 200*l.* a-year. Some, indeed, let as high as 400*l.* Every thing in this opulent city is immoderately dear, at least to strangers. The bigotry of the people, which of old was their characteristic, is much passed away, and with it their religion. Most of the shops are open the chief part of Sunday: the Lazzaroni and Facchini, however, are as numerous as ever, to the great annoyance of the stranger, and disgrace of the police; and these troublesome fellows fleece the traveller, and know not how to ask enough for commissions, or for conveying his baggage, and are not to be soothed by mildness, or daunted by threats. These Lazzaroni amount to at least 40,000, and the troubles caused by these men, and in particular the revolution, which was the occasion of much bloodshed, though it lasted but a few days, of which Massaniello was the author, must be fresh in the remembrance of every one. The costume of these men is a woollen nightcap, jacket, and trowsers, and no shoes or stockings. You never take a coach, but

so high, that it resisted the attacks of Henry, Emperor of Germany, in 1194, and he was obliged to raise the siege with disgrace.—*Vivenzio Ist. di Napoli.*

Naples was taken twice by introducing soldiers into the *aqueduct*, once by Belisarius, general of the Emperor Justinian, and secondly, by Alfonso, King of Sicily, 1442.—BIANCARDI, *Vite de Re di Napoli*, p. 280.

one or two of them get up behind, acting as footmen. The greatest part of them have no home, and often no place but a shed to sleep under, which, indeed, in this mild climate, is no serious inconvenience. Government, whether from fear or some other cause, winks at this number of men in the state without employment, and it must be confessed on the whole they are tolerably quiet, and you never hear of material crimes being committed by them.

Oct. 31.—Went to the cathedral*, dedicated to St. Gennaro or Januarius, the titular saint of Naples. This is a beautiful Gothic building, about 600 years old; over the great western doors are three statues of Charles of Anjou, Charles Martel†, and Clementia of Austria, his wife; these statues are over their tombs, and at least fifty feet high. The choir is very handsome, under a half cupola; on each side of the nave are seven bishops of Naples in alto relievo.

Sacristy.—This is very old, with an ancient painting in fresco of a number of saints offering a crown to the Redeemer. In this church are the tombs of Pope Innocent IV. and Andrew, King of Hungary, who it is

* The cathedral with many other churches in Naples was built by Charles I. (of Anjou), but was chiefly destroyed by the terrible earthquake in 1456. It was restored to its original state by Ferdinand I., (sirnamed the Catholic,) King of Arragon and Naples.—*Angelo di Costanzo.*

Charles of Anjou ordered his bowels to be interred in Foggia and his body in Naples. The following was his epitaph:—

Conditur hac parva Carolus rex primus in urnâ
Partenopes Galli sanguinis altus honos.
Cui sceptrum et vitam sors abstulit invida quando
Illius famam perdere non potuit.—BIANCARDI.

† Son of Charles II., sirnamed *Il Zoppo* (the lame,) and grandson of Charles of Anjou.—BIANCARDI.

supposed fell a sacrifice to the cruelty and lust of his wife, Joan of Naples, of infamous memory, and this account is inscribed on his monument. On the left of the nave is the ancient church, or rather chapel, of St. Restituta, which was formerly the cathedral, but before that, a Temple of Neptune, and there are many pillars of granite, which belonged to it. Passing through St. Restituta, we came to the ancient chapel of St. Johannes ad Fontem, built by Constantine, A. C. 343, and consecrated by St. Silvester, who gave it its name, as appears from the Latin inscription. The roof is very curious in Mosaic, with two very large heads of our Saviour and the Madonna, opposite each other. Opposite St. Restituta is the famous chapel of the Treasury, or St. Januarius; on the high altar, which is very rich, is the head of the saint in bronze. The legendary tale of his congealed blood, in a glass, growing liquid at the approach of his head is well known, and deservedly laughed at. This saint is in high request at Naples, and the miracles he has performed are numerous. The inhabitants have always recourse to his powerful intercession, to avert any calamity or grant any favour; it is, therefore, almost criminal not to speak of him with respect at least, if not with reverence.

You enter this beautiful chapel by a noble gate of bronze of open work; on the right and left, are two fine statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, by Finelli: the interior is rich in pillars, statues, and paintings as well as marble; of the latter are seven altars, of the former above forty, of the Corinthian order; the

statues were by Finelli. The roof of the dome, which is beautiful, was painted in fresco by Lanfranco, Domenichino, Spagnoletto, and Stantione. The statue of St. Januarius, in bronze, cost 100,000 crowns. On the whole this chapel well merits attention.

There is a fine subterranean chapel under the choir*, in which is a statue of Cardinal Caraffi†, in the act of praying at the high altar, by M. Angelo Buonarotti. This is so admirably done, and the figure and position so natural, that too much praise cannot be bestowed on it; it is a beautiful piece of sculpture. The ceiling also has much basso relievo by the same fine architect. Under the altar is buried St. Januarius. We were not only gratified with the complete inspection of this interesting church, but had also the satisfaction of being witnesses to the ceremony of the cardinal archbishop assisting at high mass, and various forms observed on that occasion. His eminence also edified us with an extempore sermon, above half an hour long; his delivery was graceful, and his language correct, and his audience was very attentive. We returned much pleased with our morning excursion.

Nov. 4.—At La Chiesa della Nunziata, a handsome modern church, with a beautiful plain cupola; the church has a nave only. On entering, are two fine pillars of marble, and many beautiful marble

* The high altar here as in France is at the end of the choir; in Italy, in general, it is at the beginning.

† He was a great benefactor to this church.

pilasters. The church was built above fifty years ago. In the sacristy, which was the old church, is much curious basso relievo in wood gilt, containing the different miracles of our Lord, by Giovanne di Nola, above 400 years old; the roof is curiously painted in fresco, by Belizario Corenzio. In the church is a fine picture of the Madonna, lamenting a dead Christ, by Spagnoletto; near the high altar lies Joan II., Queen of the two Sicilies, Hungary, and Jerusalem, who was buried there by her own order, to avoid funeral pomp. In three glass cases are statues of St. Joseph, St. Peter, with his triple crown, and St. Ann; and in this church the *Tabula votiva* abounded; many, it appears, were the favours asked, and many received. On the whole, we were well paid for toiling, in a hot day, a mile and a half through some of the narrowest and dirtiest streets of Naples, and returned by Largo del Domenico Della Trinita and St. Oliveta: in the first is an obelisk with the statue of St. Dominic on the top; the second has a most beautiful column, of a very great height, with a statue of the immaculate Madonna on the top, and on this are several balustrades and various figures. On the last is a pedestrian statue of Philip V., King of Spain and Naples, in bronze, the first prince of the House of Bourbon.

Nov. 5.—We resumed our church rambles, and first went to the Jesuit's Church, which is a modern and most beautiful structure, containing a rich assemblage of marble; it has no pillars, and is built in form of a cross, having an elegant cupola. In a chapel on each side are several rows of busts of saints, of wood, richly

gilt, one above another to a great height, which has a singular appearance. Here also is the Tabula Votiva. The four Evangelists under the cupola are painted by Lanfranco, and there are also several paintings by Solymene.

St. Chiara.—This is a modern and most splendid building, having *a nave only, with chapels on each side,* through which you may pass from one end of the church to the other without going into the nave, which has a most pleasing effect; the roof is richly painted, and there are two rows of windows which make it very light. Behind the high altar is buried Robert I., King of Naples, the founder of this convent, who is said to have taken the habit of the order, according to the superstition of the times, only forty days before his death; such was the mode formerly adopted by princes to expiate their sins. There is a statue of this King, and of his grand-daughter Joan I., who was also buried here; she succeeded Robert, sirnamed the good*. This church† is the burial-place also of the royal family; and in a small chapel on the right, are buried Philip, who lost his reason, and his sisters,

* Joan was daughter of the Duke of Calabria, who died before his father; the Duke was buried on the left of the high altar.—COSTANZO.

† St. Chiara was built by king Robert, and the convent founded for monks of a noble family. The King was so pleased with the building, that he asked his son Robert, Duke of Calabria, how he liked it; he answered, "That it was like a stable, as it had *only a nave and chapels,* and seemed made after the model of a *manger.*" The King without being angry answered, "God grant, my son, that you may not be the first to eat in this manger." This prophecy was fatally verified by the Duke being the first prince who was buried there.—BIANCARDI.

who were uncle and aunts of the present King of Spain.

St. Domenico*.—This church, belonging to the convent, is particularly interesting, from four princes of the Arragonian race† being deposited there in chests in a gallery; against the wall are two rows of chests of nearly the same form thus placed, containing many of the relatives of these princes; among others, Antonello Petruco, minister of Ferdinand I., beheaded by his order, is deposited here. The monk shewed us his skeleton, with the same coat on which he wore when he was beheaded; the head is so artfully put near the body, that no one could know that it had been separated, the teeth were in a perfect state. One row of coffins contained cardinals only. The church is a plain Gothic building.

St. Apostoli.—In the chapel of the Nunziata, are pictures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and Good Works, in Mosaic, by Guido; a picture of Cardinal Filamarino‡, by Lanfranco, and the Sacrifice of Abraham, in basso relievo under the altar, in marble. The high altar is remarkably rich, with precious stones, lapis lazuli, *&c.* The four Evangelists under

* The heart of Charles II., sirnamed Il Zoppo, was deposited in this church by order of his son.—BIANCARDI.

† Alfonso I., Ferrante I., Alfonso II., Ferrante II.

‡ This cardinal was archbishop of Naples at the time of Massaniello's rebellion, and from that time to the conclusion of the peace, which took place after the imprisonment of the Duc de Guise, conducted himself with such wisdom and moderation, as to merit the approbation of all parties, and was an example to all ecclesiastics how to behave on the like trying occasion.—DENINA.

the dome were painted by Giordano, and the cupola, very finely, by Lanfranco.

St. Giovanni Carbonaro.—This is a very ancient church, there are several old paintings on the walls, with verses under each; there are also many paintings by Zuccharo. In the chapel of Collo are many monuments of that family, and in the chapel of Caracciolo, there is one of Galeatius, who filled an honourable office under the Arragonian kings. This chapel as well as the church is 500 years old; over the high altar are statues of Joan I., Joan II., and attendants. This church is in an elevated situation at one end of Largo del Carbonaro, and you ascend to it by several flights of steps.

Nov. 9.—Continuing our church perambulation, we went first to St. Maria Nuova*. The roof of this church is beautifully painted, and the cupola in the chapel of St. James is very rich. The monks of this convent gave us a wonderful account of the founder of the order, St. James, who is buried here, having his nails perfect, and much flesh on his fingers, though he has been buried more than 200 years. Among the monks was an Irish one, who was very civil to our party. The altar here is *before* the choir†.

Mont Oliveti.—The Sacristy, formerly the Refectory, is a most beautiful room, and the roof is richly painted by Vasari in fresco; round the room are many small figures of painted wood.

In the chapel of the sepulchre are seven statues of

* This church was built by Charles I.—Costanzo.

† This is very common in the Italian churches.

*earth of the country**, like bronze, done remarkably well. The Maries, St. Peter and St. John, *&c.*, weeping round the sepulchre of our Lord.

In the chapel called that of the Manger, is a manger, *&c.*, all in marble, in basso relievo, representing the birth of Christ. There is here an old monument of the daughter of Ferdinand of Arragon, who married Antonio Amelfa. Date 1470.

St. Philip and St. James.—This is a small but handsome church, the ceiling beautifully painted in fresco; the chapels are also richly painted, and there is much elegant marble, but the church is small.

St. Lorenzo.—In this church is an old monument of the Queen of Charles of Anjou; the church is old, and the roof flat. In the room, called the Royal School are heads painted all round, of monks, nuns, cardinals, *&c.*, and there are also some curious old monuments.

St. Filippo Neri.—This church abounds in fine paintings. Over the great door on entering, is our Lord cleansing the Temple, by Lucca Giordano; St. Francis, by Guido Reni; and a Madonna, by Giordano, above 200 years old, colours fresh and beautiful. This is a handsome church, and the pillars are of granite. There are also in the Sacristy several fine paintings by Domenechino, Spagnoletto, Pomerancia, *&c.*, St. Peter, St. Andrew, Ecce Homo, *&c.* There is a very fine picture of St. John the Baptist, and our Lord, by Guido Reni; the roof was painted in fresco

* Many figures of monks, nuns, *&c.*, of *this earth* are sold at Naples, and very well made, with much character.

by Giordano. In the whole this church is very beautiful.

From hence we went to the Deposito dei Poveri of St. Gennaro, for old men, women, and orphans; this was founded by Charles II., and is a most noble foundation, containing in all above 600. And afterwards going through the usual formalities of a guide, torches, *&c.*, we went into the Catacombs, which are just by; but were much disappointed in these, as they are greatly inferior to those in Paris. These Catacombs* are said to extend several miles under many of the streets of Naples, but this is not confirmed. There are various tiers above each other in which the bodies were formerly deposited in niches and recesses, and in some places we observed bones and sculls, but in general they are empty. There are various accounts of these Catacombs, but that which is generally credited is, that they were originally dug for sand, and afterwards used as oratories by the Christians in the times of the persecutions. There are remains of the altars, and various paintings on the walls, of our Saviour, the Virgin, various saints, *&c.* There were formerly many entrances into them, but as they were used by robbers and banditti, they have been all closed except one. We returned by a noble road made by the French, who demolished many houses without ceremony for this work.

* There are three stories in the Catacombs, and five or six tiers of niches of different sizes, one above the other; but the opinion of the subterranean streets forming here a communication with the city, is now pretty generally exploded.

CHAPTER LXV.

Funeral Procession—Thoughts on the Subject—Different Evening Scene—St. Giovanne Maggiore—Chapel of Sanseverino—St. Paolo Maggiore—Capo del Monte—Santa Maria della Sanita—Campo Santo—Santa Maria del Carmine—Theatre of St. Carlo—Ceremony of a Funeral—Santa Maria di Piedigrotta—Grotto of Pausilippo—Interesting Inscriptions—Hill of Posilipo—Virgil's Tomb—Santa Maria del Parto—Spiaggia Mergellina.

Nov. 13.—In our walks this day, we met the funeral procession of an infant a year and a half old. It was *dressed* and placed on a bier, covered with rich cloth, *&c.*, and without a coffin; the ribbon and head dress of the babe, and its little head moving backwards and forwards, for it was *scarcely cold*, having died but a few hours before, produced in us melancholy emotions, and pity for the feelings of its parents.

The evening produced a very different scene, at the public day of the British Envoy, where was an assembly of all ages and nations, Spanish, Portuguese, French, English, Italians, *&c.* Age was here entirely forgotton, and dress, though it could not entirely hide its furrows, yet by its pleasing effect prevented its being regarded. There was here seen the venerable matron of seventy, and the blushing maiden of fifteen. Pleasure was the grand object, all bowed to its shrine, all seemed to wish to please and to be pleased. There were apparently not fewer than 300. The noble suite of apartments, furnished in the handsomest manner, exhibited all the comforts of an English house; dancing,

cards, and conversation, filled up the time very pleasingly. Refreshments of the most costly and elegant kind abounded, and we went away not knowing which most to admire, the elegance of the entertainment, or the polite attentions of the host and charming hostess, who, without flattery, may be said to be fairest among the fair, and captivates her guests not more by her beauty than by her affability and pleasing manners; whilst her consort*, by his liberality and polite attention to his countrymen, shews himself well adapted to the important station, which he fills with such dignity. There were many soldiers on duty at the hotel, and the whole passed off without confusion. The weather now began to change, and the Scirocco winds prevailed, attended with much rain, and though the evenings and mornings were cool, the days were hot and sultry.

Amidst the rage for pleasure so prevalent among the English in this city, it must be said, to their honour, that it does not interfere with their religious duties. There are prayers and a sermon every Sunday, in a large room of the Consuls, appropriated to this purpose, and the service is performed in the most solemn and impressive manner, and the sacraments regularly administered at the prescribed times. We likewise observed with pleasure, that the clergy wore gowns, *&c.*, and the proper dress of an English clergyman, which had not always been the case in the cities in which we had attended divine service.

The congregation was highly respectable, and so

* Sir W. A. C.

large, that the overflowings were obliged to be in an ante-room. We were gratified as well as edified on this occasion, always fancying ourselves in England for the time, every allowance being made for the difference, external as well as internal, between a large room and an English church.

Nov. 15.—Went to the church of St. Giovanni Maggiore, now St. John the Baptist. One of the doors is old, with much sculpture; on the top is St. Michael, the archangel, and on each side a variety of other figures, a Madonna, *&c.* Within the church is the following inscription:

D. O. M.
Templum hoc ab Adriano Augusto extructum
A magno Constantino et Constantia filiâ Christiano cultu
Sylvestro Pontifice inaugarante.
Divis Johanni Baptistæ et Lucie Martyri
Dicatum
Antiquitate Semirutum
Martius S. R. C. Card. Ginettus Velliternus
Sanctimi D. N. Papæ in Urbe Vicarius
Ejusdem templi Commendatarius
Posteritati Instauravit
Anno Sal. MDCXXXX.

In this church is an old piece of sculpture in basso relievo, very well done—St. John baptizing Jesus Christ. The church itself is plain. From thence to the beautiful chapel of St. Severino, belonging to the ancient family of that name, in which are many of their monuments, and much fine sculpture; in particular, a net falling off from the Disingannato, which cannot be too much admired.

This is an ancient and distinguished family; that

powerful baron of Calabria, Sanseverino, was probably of it, who was treated in a barbarous manner by William I., King of Sicily, sirnamed *the bad*, having his eyes put out, and other acts of cruelty being exercised on him*. The House of Sanseverino was so powerful, that the head of it armed 1800 men at his own expense, in favour of Louis II. of Anjou, and in order to dethrone King Ladislaus†. Roger Sanseverino was of material assistance to Charles of Anjou, in mounting the throne of Naples, and much esteemed and trusted by that prince on a variety of occasions; and Lucca Sanseverino had the care of Alphonso, Duke of Calabria, son of Ferdinand, King of Naples in 1460; and the young prince, under his care, subdued the province of Calabria‡. Lastly, two princes of this family banished from Naples, and taking refuge in France, were the principal advisers of Charles VIII., King of France, in his expedition into Italy, an event which proved so disastrous to their country and France§.

* Giannoni Hist. di Napoli.—*Lib.* xii. *cap.* 3. *p.* 472. In 1386, Thomas Sanseverino, Grand Constable of Naples, espoused the cause of Louis of Anjou, against the young King Ladislaus, seconded by the anti-pope Clement, and getting possession of Naples, defied his Sovereign.—BIANCARDI, *p.* 203.

Remondello Orsino, Prince of Taranto, dying in 1404, his widow appointed her relation, Bernabo Sanseverino, to have the sole care of her dominions; and Ladislaus, King of Naples, dreading the power of the Sanseverinos, took the most effectual step of putting an end to it, by espousing the widow, by which also he had an addition to his kingdom of a powerful state.—BIANCARDI, *p.* 211.

† Denina.—*Lib.* 16. *cap.* 5. ‡ Biancardi.

§ Denina.

Over the high altar is Santa Maria della Pieta weeping over a dead Christ, much admired. In another part is a recumbent figure of a dead Christ, with the crown of thorns and other instruments of his passion: the drapery is remarkably well done. The roof of this elegant chapel is painted in fresco, by Francisco Rosso. The whole is well worth seeing.

Nov. 16.—At the ancient church of St. Paolo Maggiore, formerly a heathen temple, dedicated to Castor and Pollux.

You ascend by a noble flight of steps; there are now only two Corinthian pillars standing, and two pedestals, which formed a part of the ancient magnificent portico; the other part was destroyed by an earthquake in 1688. On each side of the church there appears to be a headless recumbent statue in a niche, and above on one side a colossal one of St. Peter, and the other of St. Paul. Under the latter the following lines:

Tyndaridas vox missa ferit, palma integra Petri est
Dividit at te cum Paule trophœa libens.

Under St. Peter,

Audit vel surdus Pollux cum Castore Petrum
Nec mora præcipiit marmore uterque ruit.

The interior of this church, which now belongs to the Monastery of the Theatins, is modernized, and presents a beautiful display of painting, marble, *&c.*

In the Chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul are small cases covered with crimson velvet, arranged on each side, containing the bones of different martyrs; the

church consists of a nave, choir, and two aisles. The last is a continuation of beautiful domes. The sacristy is very handsome, containing some historical paintings, by Solymene, as Simon Magus, the Judgment of Solomon, *&c.* The roof of the church and sacristy are painted in fresco. In the chapel of St. Andrew is the body of St. Andrew A. Vellino in a chest over the altar, to which they have annexed a gilt head. On one side of the chapel, is a basso relievo of his martyrdom, and the other represents his being seized with an apoplectic fit whilst saying mass. On the altar is a statue of the Saint's head and shoulders in silver*.

Nov. 16.—Went to Capo del Monte, which, as the name tells us, is the top of the mountain, and here is a royal residence. This was the favourite palace of Joseph Buonaparte and Murat; its situation is very fine, overlooking the city, bay, Mount Vesuvius, the Island of Ischia, *&c.*, and the country about it is romantic, and studded with villas. This palace is two miles from Naples, and you regularly ascend to it by a noble road called Strada Nuova, begun by Joseph Buonaparte, and finished by Murat, who, however, did not live† long enough to avail himself of this improvement; most necessary it must be owned, for formerly, in certain seasons, it was scarcely possible to get to this house. There was a royal palace, it is true,

* He was martyred at Naples.

† When we reflect on the uncertain tenor of the life and power of the great, we are forcibly reminded of these lines of the poet:

Absumet hæres Cæcuba dignior
Servata centum clavibus.

Hor. *Car. lib. 2. v.* 25.

but the road was so bad, that oxen were often made use of to drag the royal personages to their residence. The road is broad and handsome, and in one place cut through the solid rock at a great expense, and winds so regularly, that the hill is ascended without difficulty. In one part there is a communication between the streets on each side by a bridge, called Ponte di Sanita, and the road is supported in some places by a wall, between forty and fifty feet high. On the right as you ascend, are many houses built in and upon the rock, which is hollowed out with great labour. There were at least one hundred people thus employed, and improving the road, which does great honour to the projector and continuer. The palace appears to have been built at different times, as part of it is ancient, and part modern. This interesting walk paid us for the trouble of the ascent, and the view is varied and extensive; the gardens and shrubberies of the palace appear to be laid out in the English way.

Nov. 17.—At Santa Maria della Sanita situated in the suburbs near the bridge of Sanita. This church has a choir, nave, and double row of aisles with small cupolas, as the nave has a large one. In the chapels is a profusion of marble, and there is also a rich pulpit, beautifully inlaid with it. In the chapel of the Nunziata is a very fine picture of the Annunciation, by M. Angelo. The choir is ascended by a noble flight of steps on each side of fine marble, and the balustrades are of variegated marble, and have a magnificent appearance.

The tabernacle is very curious with much coral, the work of a monk; and under the altar is the old chapel, in which is the image of the Madonna, *so much the object of admiration and worship.* From thence, went by the House of Industry (which is a noble institution for *the poor of the whole kingdom;* and the building is so large, that we counted sixty-one windows in front) to the Campo Santo, which is the burying-ground for the poor, military, and those brought from the hospitals.

The Campo Santo is a square court of ninety-two yards, paved with broad stones, and there are 365 *stones,* which are taken up by a machine, *one* every day, for the corpses which are brought that day to be interred. The holes are sixteen feet deep, and *are separated from each other by walls.* Our conductor very officiously lifted up one of these stones, but the sight was so disgusting and painful, and the smell so offensive, that we besought him to close it immediately. The corpses are brought to the ground in slight cases, taken out and thrown into the grave like dogs, with scarcely any dress to cover them decently. Although those things are the terrors of the living, not the dead*, and prejudices of this kind may be thought vain and idle, yet when we reflected, that these bodies had been lately animated with a soul, the image of its Maker, we could not help involuntarily shuddering at the indecency of this proceeding, nor forbear congratulating ourselves on being natives of a country in which decency and propriety are more con-

* Young.

sulted; as, though there may be a reason why the dead should be soon interred in a hot country, there can be none why the coffin should be dispensed with. The ground was allotted for this purpose *fifty-eight years ago*, by the *present sovereign*, and is about two miles out of Naples, near the Capua road: there is a small chapel adjoining, with a picture of the Madonna over the altar, and Lazarus and St. Mitra on each side. We finished our day by going to Santa Maria del Carmine. This church is handsome, and the steeple reckoned the most beautiful in Naples. The high altar was made at the expense of the Duchess of Cellamar, who is interred near it. The tabernacle is made chiefly of porcelain. Walking about the choir, we saw in a nook on a brass-plate the following inscription:

Qui Giaccono
Corradino* di Stoffenio
Dell. Imperatrice Margarita &
Di Corrado Re di Napoli figlio,
Imo de Duchi dell' Imperia Casa
Di Suevia.
E. Frederico d'Asburgh
Ultimo de Duchi d'Austria
Anno 1269†.

This unfortunate Prince was son of the Empress Margaret of Austria, who came to Naples to redeem her son from captivity, but found that he had been

* He was last Duke of Allemania *(a)*.—WATTEVILLE, *vol.* 2. *p.* 223.

† Here lie Giaccono Corradino, of Stoffinio, son of the Empress Margaret and Corrado, King of Naples, last of the Dukes of the Imperial House of Suabia, and Frederic of Asburgh, last of the Dukes of Austria, 1269.

(*a*) Allemand comes from *all mann, all men*, viz., all warriors.—MALLET, *vol.* 1. *p.* 49.

beheaded* some days before, by order of Charles of Anjou: this unfortunate mother had no other consolation than to provide a sepulchre for her son, and to apply the money she had brought for his ransom to rebuild the church with magnificence. She caused the bodies of the two Princes† to be brought from Santa Croce, and interred in this church behind the high altar.

The church‡ of Carmine is small but elegant, and the walls are inlaid with beautiful marble. On each side are splendid chapels; the ceiling of the sacristy was painted in fresco, by John Sarnello. This convent was converted into barracks by the French, and we saw many workmen employed in restoring it to its former splendour. From the terrace is a beautiful view of the sea, Vesuvius, Ischia, *&c.*

Adjoining the convent is Il Castello del Car-

* They were beheaded in the Piazzo del Mercato (*a*) before the Church del Carmine: it has been remarked by the Italian historians, that this is the only instance of one sovereign being put to death by another publicly; but besides the instance of Mary, Queen of Scots, many other examples might be brought to invalidate this assertion.

† These two unfortunate Princes, after the loss of a battle, disguised with two attendants, got safe through many perils to Astura (*b*), and desired the landlord immediately to provide a boat to take them to Pisa, at the same time producing a ring of great value, as they had no money. This proved their ruin; the ring was shewn to the Seigneur of the place, Frangipano, who found the two young strangers were Germans, suspected the truth, and they were ruined; but this event was the foundation of the rise of his family, the Frangipani Romani.—COSTANZO, *lib.* 1. *p.* 27.

‡ Across the church is a gallery, containing the sanctuary, in which is a crucifix, an object of great devotion with bigotted and superstitious Neapolitans.

(*a*) The Piazza Del Mercato was also the principal scene of the revolt of Massaniello.

(*b*) Astura, disgraced by this act of treachery, which caused the death of these unfortunate princes, is now called *Astora*, and is situated near the river of the same name.

mine*, which was originally built by Ferdinand of Arragon in 1484; then altered into a square, and strengthened by a rampart in order to defend the city better. This was the principal fortress in the rebellion of Massaniello, and was altered to its present state.

Nov. 19.—At the Theatre of St. Carlo, the Opera-house of Naples, and most magnificent theatre in Europe. It was burnt down some years ago, and rebuilt, and completely finished within and without, in the space of nine months, by the exertions of the present government, as appears by the Latin inscription in front, two years ago; and what appears equally extraordinary, it was finished the first time it was built in the same time. The view on entering this magnificent theatre was striking and grand; being a gala night, the sovereign and royal family, and most of the company were in full dresses. The Princess P——e†, wife of the King, was in the opposite box to the King, with her daughter. The theatre is divided into small magnificent boxes of which there are five tiers, and is lighted up in a superb manner; besides the grand chandelier in the centre, there are 140 branches, containing the immense number of 700 candles, exhibiting a blaze of light and splendour perhaps unequalled in Europe.

* Besides this castle, there are three in Naples, Castel Nuovo, Castel dell' Ovo, and St. Ermo or Eremo, from which it is abbreviated. These castles have been much used for state prisons, especially the two first. Joan I. was imprisoned in Ovo, and put to death by Charles of Durazzo.

The amiable but unfortunate René was besieged in this castle, and surrendered it, and with it his last hopes, to his fortunate rival, Alfonso I.

These castles never were able long to defend the city, which was taken several times by the enemy getting into it through the aqueducts.

† Ducessa di Floridia.

The pit is large and convenient, the seats are all numbered, as indeed they are in other play-houses, and there are tickets for each seat, so that every one is placed at his ease without any confusion. The scenery was grand, the music good, and the dancers excellent. We retired at eleven when the piece finished, much gratified with our evening's entertainment.

Nov. 27.—Meeting a funeral in our strolls, we turned and followed it into the Church of Santa Maria di Verticella, where the corpse was deposited.

In the streets two rows of men, dressed in white, each having a candle, with their faces (except their eyes) covered as in Florence, preceded the corpse; the coffin as usual was large and rich, and there was a rich cloth on the bier. On arriving at the church, the bier was placed in the centre, and the two rows of Frate, who had accompanied the funeral, formed on each side of the corpse, alternately chaunting the service. The priest sprinkled the corpse with holy water, and sometimes with incense; when the service was ended, the body being *taken out of the coffin* was carried into a subterraneous chapel, and on the magical word *spogliate** being given, stript entirely of its slight covering, and deposited, or rather *thrown, into a grave.*

In the chapel were on each side different compartments like bins, filled up very high with a kind of light earth or sand, in which had been deposited different bodies, but the smell was so offensive, that

* Strip it.

we were glad to quit the spot: the deceased only died the night before.

Dec. 7.—The objects of this day were curious and interesting. Driving through Chiaia, we pursued our course along the sea-shore, and soon came to Santa Maria di Piedigrotta, which, as its name shews, is at the foot of the grotto, at least it is near it.

This is an old church* built in 1353; and there is nothing curious in it, but the image of the Madonna, to which the king, royal family, and court, pay their annual adorations on the 8th of September. We soon came, on leaving this church to the celebrated grotto of Posilipo †, which is more properly a noble arched subterraneous passage, or rather road from Naples to Pozzuoli, in order to avoid the hill, and at the same time make a better road; it was originally as supposed, hollowed out, either for sand or stone, and then converted by the Romans into a road for foot passengers, but made wide enough for carriages by Alfonso I. On the right, on entering, are the following words, said to be cut in the rock by the Romans:

Antrum Eratiss. Iter horribile ‡.

Opposite, are two inscriptions, carved on stone; the first very long, celebrating the sanative qualities of the waters of Baiæ, and the various disorders which they cure, exhorting natives of the country and

* In this church is a monument to the infant son of the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, who died above a century ago.

† Pausilippo, from παυω and λυπη rest from labour.

‡ A delightful cave. Dreadful road.

strangers to stop and read an account of these wonders. The second inscription is this:

Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc
Parthenope, cecini pascua, rura duces.
Ecce meos cineres tumulantia saxa coronat
Laurus rara solo vivida Pausilupi
Si tumulus ruat, ceterum hic monumenta Maronis
Servabunt laurus lauriferi Cineres.

Virgilii Maronis sponte enatis Lauris
Super hanc rupem coronato sic lusit
Superititi tumulo.

ARRAGO. Ther. Ang.

It is unnecessary, perhaps, to say, that this is the monument of Virgil; his sepulchre is above, which we inspected on our return.

We now entered the cave or grotto, which is well paved with *lava from Vesuvius;* the road is five yards broad, wide enough for two carriages, and 732 yards long. In most parts it is above thirty feet high, but the height is different; towards the middle is an aperture to admit the light. There is a hermitage about the middle, and chapel. On entering the grotto* we were struck with awe, not unmixed with the horrible; we could just see along the vaulted roof, the light glimmering at the end of the cave; but the hoofs of the horses and the noise of the wheels of the numerous carriages, passing along the cave and *resounding*, had a striking and horrid effect on the passing traveller: to this may be added the constant noise of the coachmen calling out in a loud and guttural tone to *take care*, and the nu-

* The grotto of Pausilippo was much enlarged by Alfonso I.; it was before this in utter darkness, on account of its low roof.—BIANCARDI.

merous horses and donkies passing with loads, which have a novel and picturesque appearance, the whole presenting a new and interesting scene. This noble and stupendous work, so worthy of the Roman genius, is in many parts lighted with lamps, which heightens the novelty of the scene. The smell, however, from the rock and earth is so offensive that we could not enjoy it as we otherwise should have done; but much as we have heard of this spot, it far exceeded our expectations.

Leaving this, we ascended the hill of Posilipo, by thirteen distinct winding roads, made in order to lessen the ascent to the tomb * of the distinguished poet, which we were all anxious to see. This amiable man, no less celebrated for the suavity of his manners than the sweetness of his poetry, is *supposed* to have been buried under a vaulted building, about sixteen feet square, which we entered.

There is a stone on the wall opposite the entrance, with an inscription.

The various beautiful lines and animated similies of this admirable poet rushed into our minds, and struck us so forcibly, that we could almost imagine him standing before us; and were so lost in reflection, that we could not enjoy, as we otherwise should have done, the noble view of Naples extending along the Mergelline shore, in the form of a crescent. On the left was the noble Castle St. Ermo on a mountain, proudly overlooking the town; in front, that of Ovo;

* It need not here, perhaps, be mentioned that the spots shewn as the villas or tombs of the ancients, (as the tombs of Virgil, Cicero, *&c.*), must at this distance of time be very uncertain.

and farther on, Vesuvius smoking and towering to the clouds, and bounding the view *.

We descended, and ascended again to S. Maria del Parto. The spot on which this church was built was given by Frederic II. of Arragon, King of Naples, to Sannazarius his secretary, a celebrated Latin poet, on the ruins of his villa, destroyed by Philibert, Prince of Orange, Viceroy of Naples. When Frederic lost his kingdom, Sannazarius caused this church to be built. Behind the high altar is his monument and bust, crowned with laurel, and on the sides are two statues of Apollo and Minerva, which are much esteemed; they are now called, from religious motives, David and Judith, and these names are inscribed on them. Upon the pedestal is a fine basso relievo with many good figures. The following inscription was by Cardinal Bembo:

Da sacro cineri flores, hic ille Maroni
Sincerus † musâ, proximus ut Tumulo.

We returned by the Spiaggia Mergellina, which is

* Before we left this spot, we had the painful satisfaction of visiting the romantic place in which are deposited the remains of two of our countrymen, and two others who died far from their native land (*a*). There are tablets against the bank, under which is their sepulchre, to the memory of the two Englishmen. It is understood that their remains were deposited by their express desire near those of Virgil.

† Sincerus was the pastoral name of Sannazarius; the following verses were composed by himself:

"Actius hic situs est, cineres gaudete sepulti
Nam vaga post obitum, umbra dolore caret."

Sannazarius, with great fidelity, followed his master's adverse fortunes into France, and after his death returned to his native country.

BIANCARDI, p. 393.

(*a*) Duræ rapit inclementia mortis.—VIRGIL.

a beautiful drive along the sea-shore, much gratified with our morning excursion, which furnished us with many interesting scenes.

CHAPTER LXVI.

King's Palace—Academia Reale Degli Studj.

Dec. 11.—WENT to the royal palace, which is a large and handsome building, fronting the Largo di Palazzo. There are forty-two windows in front, and a glazed corridor in the first story, which has a good effect, extending along the chief part of the length of the house. The principal part of this palace was built by the Count de Lemos, Viceroy of Naples, in the year 1600; Il Cavaliere Fontane was the architect, and it is much esteemed. It is adorned by Grecian pilasters. You ascend by a noble double staircase; on each side is a colossal statue of the Ebro and Tagus, with the following verses on each:

On the Tagus,

Nunquid abdis opes ripis has effero aperhsa
En Tagus Aurifluo, et prodigui ore vomo.

On the Ebro,

Sumeret Armipotens ut nomen Iberus ab amne
Obtinui rapidis magnus Iberus aquis.

A little higher on the landing-place, is a figure

of Neptune, in alto relievo, with the following verses:

> Det Tagus Aurivim, det nomen Hiberus Aragon,
> De regi et regno nomen et imperium.

In this palace is a fine suit of rooms.

Camera del Trono*.—The pavement is Mosaic, the ceiling has the fourteen Neapolitan provinces in emblematical figures, beautifully gilt.

Ante-Saloon.—In this is a fine painting of the Death of Cæsar, and opposite, its companion, the Death of Virginia, both by Langoncini; the figures in the last, particularly that of Appius, remarkably well done; 12,000† ducats have been offered for this picture. There is also a fine picture of Susanna and the two Elders, by Rosa. The roof of this room is painted in fresco.

Il Teatro.—This is a large handsome room, used for a concert-room and theatre; there is a good gallery round it, and in front seats for the royal family. Over the gallery in niches, are the nine Muses, Apollo, *&c.*

Second Saloon.—The ceiling is painted with various triumphal entries of the different kings into Naples; the painting is old but in high preservation, and round it is the historical account of each. There is in this room a very fine picture of an Old Man, by Francis, sirnamed Il Moro.

Gallery.—This is a very beautiful room, and among

* This room has a throne, and is used on state occasions.

† About 2000*l.*

other paintings has the four Seasons, by Guido Reni, and St. Francis, by Carlo Dolce, beautifully done.

Hall of Council.—Here is an admirable picture of Christ and the Doctors, by M. Angelo Caravaggio.

The next apartments which are shewn, are the drawing-room, library, *&c.*; these are as elegant in their furniture as comfortable in their appearance. There is a bath in every room, and all the requisites for comfort in dressing, annexed to the King's private apartments. But the great beauty of this palace is a noble terrace, which you enter from the King's room; this is 227 yards in length and seventeen wide, having several walks; that in the centre consists of an arbour of orange and lemon trees, regularly trained and kept in the highest order, and full of the choicest fruit. On each side are busts, *Bifrontes*, having one face towards the street and another towards the terrace, which has a singular appearance. Beyond the orange terrace is another, full of fine aromatic shrubs, such as geraniums, myrtles, *&c.*, but this is shut from strangers. From these terraces is a fine view of the sea and the different islands.

In the whole, though there are more magnificent palaces, and the collection of pictures is but small, yet were we much pleased with the rooms, and above all, with the terrace, which alone is worth coming to see.

Dec. 15.—At L'Accademia Reale Degli Studj, or the Museum.

This is a most noble building, erected in 1587, by the Duke D'Ossuna, viceroy of Naples, and the architect was Julius Cæsar Fontana. It was built for the use of the University, but in 1780 was converted by the present Sovereign into the Academy of Sciences and the Belle Arti. It is divided into many parts, for the reception of pictures, sculpture, architecture, *&c.* There is also a noble library of 4000 volumes, and 1000 manuscripts. This now is appropriated to the national use; not only containing various works of art and antiquities, but the interesting and valuable articles brought from Herculaneum and Pompeii*.

From Herculaneum were brought solid masses of burnt bread, oats, barley†, eggs, and various articles of clothes, such as shirts, &c.; from which may be collected, not only the mode of the Roman food, but that of their horses and other animals, and their manner of dressing also. On the other side are the various culinary articles brought from Pompeii, comprehending a complete Roman kitchen; such as plates, dishes, spoons, pans, &c., most of them of bronze.

Farther on, is a noble suite of rooms, containing jars, urns, amphoræ, *scales, weights, steel-yards,* &c., exhibiting the ingenuity and mechanics of this extra-

* The earthquakes and eruptions affected these places differently. Pompeii was chiefly destroyed by water, Herculaneum by fire; the inhabitants of the former are supposed chiefly to have escaped, but the latter to have perished.

† It appears by this that they cultivated the same kinds of corn as are cultivated by us.

ordinary people in the strongest light imaginable; the steel-yards in particular struck us, as being peculiarly useful, ingenious, and beautiful.

In another room are curious old paintings on a kind of cement, brought from Calabria, 2100 years old, with various subjects, such as the death of Patroclus, and many others, all in high preservation. There are also the curious Roman implements for painting; the brushes, and even the *paint itself;* also a Roman lady's toilet, such as combs and brushes; by which it appears, that articles of luxury and convenience were quite as much in use with those *matrons* as our modern fine ladies. There were also nets for fishing and other uses, of a most fine and delicate texture, various vessels for boiling water, urns with heaters for water, much like those used in England, *&c.*

But the Papyrus rooms are by no means the least curious; there are in all, 1800 rolls, many of which have been with great care and ingenuity unrolled, unravelled, and placed in frames in the room, and many are constantly employed in this most ingenious and arduous work. Greatly to the honour of the British Government, there are two gentlemen of science and learning now at this work, under the auspices of the Prince Regent*. In another set of rooms are various articles of beautiful Etruscan ware, for the use of families, both for ornament, and for sacrifice;

* This work was obliged (doubtlessly with reluctance) to be given up, as the writer of this article has since heard.

models of a coffin, a skeleton, and other articles, shewing their manner of interring the dead*.

We concluded by visiting the different schools of painting, in five or six large rooms, in which are several fine pictures, by the best masters of the different schools, such as Titian, Bellino, Annibale Caracci, M. Angelo Caravaggio, Guercino, Domenichino, Parmigiano, Guido Reni, &c. There are here also beautiful models in bark, of the theatre of Herculaneum, the antiquities of Pæstum, &c. We were much pleased with the various things we had seen in this noble museum, but were obliged to defer seeing the rest to another day.

CHAPTER LXVII.

Incoronata—St. Giacomo degli Spagnuoli.

Dec. 16.—WENT to the church of the Incoronata†, near the fine fountain di Medina, as we wished to see a curious picture, of which we had heard various accounts. After a narrow inspection, we found the picture in question: it is an old painting on the wall,

* All round were vessels for bread, drink, &c., in the coffin, plainly implying their idea of a resurrection.

† This was formerly a church of great consequence, and used on state-occasions and coronations as its name imports. Beatrice, daughter of Ferdinand the First, King of Naples, was crowned, with Matthew, King of Hungary, her husband, in front of the Incoronata in 1464.—BIANCARDI, p. 340.

Alfonso the First made splendid preparations to receive the Emperor Frederic on his marriage, in the Piazza Incoronata, which was decorated with theatres, rings for justs, &c., in 1452.—BIANCARDI.

of the marriage of the celebrated Joan Queen of Naples (by Giotto), with Andrew King of Hungary. The colours begin to be faint, but considering the age, it is an extraordinary picture ; opposite to it is a companion, of which we could not learn the subject.

From thence to St. Giacomo degli Spagnuoli, behind the high altar in this church, is a fine monument of Don Pedro di Toledo.

The tomb is square and large, on the top are the Duke and his wife kneeling, at the four corners are four figures as large as life, Wisdom, Prudence, *&c.*, and on the sides of the monument is much basso relievo, representing the different castles of Naples, &c. The whole is in marble, and in fine preservation, the sculptor was Nolano.

The following is the inscription:

Petrus Toletus*,
Frederici Ducis Alvæ filius,
Marchio Villæ Franciæ, Reg. Neapol. Prorex:
Turcarum Hostiumque omnium spe sublatâ,
Restitutâ justitiâ, urbe mœniis, arce, Foroque
Aucta, munita, et exornata, denique toto
Reg. divitiis et hilari securitate repleto
Monimentum vivens in Ecclesia dotata
Et a fundamento erecta Pon. Man.
Vixit annos 73. Rexit 21. ob. 1552.

* He was son of the cruel and tyrannical Duke of Alva, the favourite of Philip the Second, and terror of the Low Countries. Don Pedro also was highly in favour with his royal master.

Don Pedro Toledo, son of Frederic Duke of Alva, Marquis of Villa Franca, and Viceroy of the King of Naples, having subdued the Turks, he restored justice, fortified the city with walls, *&c.* ; he ordered this monument to be erected in his lifetime, in the church which he had founded and endowed. He lived seventy-three years, and governed this city twenty-one.

Maria Osorio Pimentel conjugis claris.
Imago. Garciæ Reg. Siciliæ Prorex
Marisque præfectus
Parent. opt. p. 1570.

This monument is a very fine one, and well worth seeing. This church and hospital were erected by Don Pedro di Toledo, in 1540, and the architect was Fernando Manlio; the latter was built for Spanish soldiers; it is richly endowed, and now used for infirm soldiers.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

Mount Vesuvius.

Dec. 18.—We put in execution a long-concerted plan, and set off with some friends on an excursion to Mount Vesuvius, at nine in the morning. The road to Portici (four miles) is broad and handsome, having the sea on the right and left, houses and gardens on the left. On the Ponte Maddalena, which we went over, are the statues of St. Giovanni Nepomuceno and St. Gennaro, erected on account of the dreadful eruption of Mount Vesuvius in 1767. Passing through the Strada Regia of Portici, and the court of the royal palace, which we deferred seeing for the present, we went to Resina, a village, under which and Portici was the ancient Herculaneum; and alighting from our coach, made our agreement with the Condottieri* for

* These Condottieri are six in number, and appointed by the police; they have strong staves, and girdles round their waist, which travellers, and particularly females, hold constantly, and are literally *drawn up*, or they could not perform the ascent.

their donkeys, to ascend the mountain; these long-eared animals are here in abundance, and *forced* upon the curious traveller; and the noise and confusion arising from the exorbitant demands of these people, resembled what we are led to believe of the Tower of Babel; but reducing their demands about one half, we set off, males and females, on donkeys and mules, accoutred in a heterogeneous manner, some with rope bridles, others with broken leathern ones. On our road up the mountain, (the base of which nearly extends to Resina,) passing by the square in which is the parish church, with a handsome dome, we soon came to close quarters, our road being enclosed between two walls, but winding among vineyards, producing the excellent wine known by the name of Lacryma Christi. Before us was Mount Vesuvius, smoking in terrific grandeur; on the right the sea; and behind us Naples.

The road soon began to be rocky, uneven, and bad, gradually ascending; but the animals kept their footing very firm, carrying their riders safe. In about two miles we had the first view of the lava, most of the walls having part of it in their composition. Two miles farther was a rocky defile, and the winding of our party on their long-eared steeds, up the hill, had a pretty and novel effect. We soon came to the hermitage, about three miles and an half, or four miles, from Resina, and three miles from the top of the mountain. This hermitage is in a beautiful situation, perfectly safe from the effects of the lava, being built on a ridge, with a valley on each side: it is an humble

building, having, as we were informed, only two rooms and a chapel. There are two hermits to inhabit it, of the order of St. Francis: one of them we found busy, like an English farmer, superintending and giving orders about the trees which were planting for the vines.

The neighbourhood of Vesuvius was formerly famous for vines and olive trees, as also good pasture and arable land.

> Talem dives arat Capua et *vicina Vesevo*
> Ora jugo*.

Vines we certainly saw, and a few straggling olive trees, near Resina, but no land fit for feeding cattle, and one little field of barley only near the hermitage, which, however, looked very flourishing. It is usual to stop here and rest some time in this mountain excursion, but the days were so short, that we only stopped to enjoy the view of Vesuvius †, and pushing on our steeds, soon got on an even causeway, composed of the ashes of the volcano, and from thence to a vast plain of lava, produced by the eruption of 1794, which overwhelmed houses, vineyards, and cultivated

* Virg. Georg. lib. 2, v. 224.

† Among the substances produced by Vesuvius, the *lava* and the *ashes* are *distinct matter*; the first is *liquid* and *burning*, having the consistence of *melted glass*, and proceeding from the *sides* of the mountain, and running down sometimes as far as the sea, and even forming small promontories; it runs slowly, and with a kind of gravity, being of a considerable depth and thickness, and forming itself into stones of a brown colour, sometimes twelve, and even fifteen feet high.

The violence of the eruptions may be imagined from the height of the columns of smoke; that of 1636 was estimated at 30 miles, that of 1779 6500 feet, and 140 feet in diameter.

fields, leaving in their room nothing but an immense dreary barren waste. Here the mountain was directly before us with its smoking summit, presenting the appearance of a cone with its top broken off unequally. On the left was Somma, having many trees on its declivity; on the right a fine view of the sea, the Isle of Capri, &c. We now soon came to the foot of the mountain, and dismounting, left our donkeys fastened to large pieces of lava, and looking about with a desponding countenance, for no food could they find. We now began to clamber, and our females, in spite of our remonstrances to avoid the fatiguing ascent, shewed a British heart, and boldly determined to accompany us.

The ascent of this steep and rugged mountain has been so often described, that it is needless to dwell on it; it is sufficient to say, that it is impossible to conceive any thing more difficult, or laborious, and in a certain degree, dangerous; in some parts it is almost perpendicular, and we were obliged to climb up the pointed pieces of lava, (which frequently gave way), on our hands and knees; on one side, indeed, was a stratum of ashes, but we found it too fatiguing to walk on these, and therefore preferred our *rocky* and *more firm ascent;* after frequently resting on the pointed pieces, we reached, at length, the top, and proceeded along a vast plain, partly composed of lava, and partly of ashes, amidst a vast body of sulphureous smoke, to the *boiling spring*, where we halted *pro more*, and our guides and cicerone, four in number, opened their

store of bread and wine, contained in a large basket, and sitting down on an immense stone* thrown up from the crater, we recruited our strength with a bottle of what they called Lacryma Christi, but in reality common wine; yet a great treat to us, perspiring with our fatigue and heat, though the day was cold. Our party which had been scattered owing to the different strength and activity of each individual was now assembled upon our rocky seat, and feasted on the humble fare produced from the basket, preparing for the last and most difficult ascent to the crater. Here we waited till one of our guides by a regular process procured us water from the *boiling fountain*, which indeed was hotter than we could touch, of course much hotter than we could taste. Fully satisfied with this experiment, we proceeded on our last and most difficult task, to the top of the cone, on which is the crater, our guides endeavoured to dissuade us from ascending farther, and particularly our females, but in vain; we could have answered

> ——— Non ulla laborum
> Nova mi facies inopinave surgit
> Omnia præcepi atque animo ante peregi mecum †,

one only exercised her prudence, yielding to the persuasive advice of the condottieri. This last part was wholly composed of large pointed pieces

* Here we had a fine view of the crater continually emitting vast quantities of stones, and producing a noise as of distant thunder.

† Virg. Æn. lib. 6, v. 103.

of lava, presenting a most formidable appearance as we looked upwards, and so nearly perpendicular, that we could not see the crater, though so near us. In spite of our care and circumspection in fixing our feet, the pieces frequently gave way, and we had many falls though attended with no serious inconvenience, but there was great hazard of falling from one piece of sharp pointed lava upon another, and so perhaps to the bottom, which *might* have been fatal, but *certainly* must have produced great bruises, if not broken limbs. When at length having surmounted our difficulties we arrived at the summit: we anxiously hung over the crater, the survey of which we hoped would reward us for all our difficulties: but alas! here we were grievously disappointed, it was enveloped in such a constant cloud of sulphureous smoke, that we could see nothing, and our guides obliged us immediately to descend, as they told us a stay of only a few minutes would have been attended with considerable danger. The view from this elevated spot owing to a certain degree of mist was not so clear as we had expected, but still we saw Capri, Ischia, Miseno, Baiæ Gaeta, Naples, Caserta, &c. The descent by the rugged lava was attended with some difficulty, and we were obliged to *measure our steps* with great care, returning as we ascended, by a kind of path made for the Emperor of Austria and his party, which was marked by white paint on the stones, and in the last part of the descent were glad

to make use of the ashes instead of the stones, which made it more quick and easy.

The view from the hill, of the donkeys, eleven in number, not *feeding*, for not a blade of grass was to be seen, but looking with forlorn and half-famished countenance on the dreary waste all around them was not the least interesting part of this wild scene: we were not sorry to remount them, nor they, apparently, to be remounted, in order to be taken to their feed. In our return we took a cursory view of the hermitage and its *open chapel* formed by fifteen columns five or six feet high, the tops of which were partly enclosed, and painted with the different parts of the passion of our Lord called, as usual, *stations*.

We returned to Resina* about six, most grateful in having performed this arduous and difficult expedition safely. It took us up about nine hours, and our expenses were somewhat less than a pound; the description of what Vesuvius *once was* may not be unacceptable, as a contrast to what it *now is*†.

* Resina is six miles from the palace at Naples, and from the top of the mountain seven.

† Hic est pampincis viridis Vesuvius umbris,
Preperat hic madidos nobilis uva lacus.
Hæc juga, quam nisæ collos plus Bacchus amavit
Hoc nuper satyri monte dedere choros.
Hæc Veneris sedes, Lacedæmone gratior illi
Hic locus Herculeo nomine clarus erat.
Cuncta jacent flammis, et tristi mersa favilla
Nec superi vellent hoc licuisse sibi.
MAR. lib. 2. epig. 105.

Vesuvio covered with the fruitful vine
Here flourished once and ran with floods of wine;
Here Bacchus oft to the cool shades retired,
And his own native Nisa less admired;

Oft

There are three roads to ascend Vesuvius *, that of St. Sebastiano on the north, that of Ottejano on the east, and Resina on the west, which last we took. Although much fatigued, both with climbing up the mountain, and riding our puny steeds, we were much pleased with our expedition, at the same time not sorry that it was terminated.

CHAPTER LXIX.

Academy—Castello del Ovo—Royal Chapel—Pompeii.

Dec. 20.—WENT to the Academy, which is open every Monday a few months in the year, for the reception of company, with music, cards, and conversazione.

There is a very elegant suite of rooms, and the

> Oft to the mountain's airy top advanced
> The frisking satyrs on the summit danced;
> Alcides here, here Venus graced the shore,
> Nor loved her favourite Lacedæmon more:
> *Now*, piles of ashes spreading all around
> In undistinguished heaps deform the ground;
> The gods themselves the ruin'd waste bemoan
> And blame the mischiefs which themselves have done.
>
> ADDISON, vol. 4. p. 167.

* The perpendicular height of Vesuvius is 3750 feet, and the circumference of its crater 5624 feet. The circumference of the three mountains Vesuvius, Somma, and Ottejano, taken from the base, is thirty miles. This volcano has formed another mouth towards the sea, from which constantly proceeds liquid lava; the crater, amidst clouds of smoke, is continually throwing out stones and pieces of lava, and when the smoke was black it was always succeeded by an emission of stones, attended with a noise like thunder.

orchestra was parted from one of them with a light fence done round with festoons of flowers in an uncommonly elegant manner. The expense of the refreshments, which are costly and various, is defrayed by the company, but the other expenses are paid by a society of Italian gentlemen. The music was excellent, the company of the first description, the dresses of the ladies most elegant, and the whole admirably conducted; the company began to assemble about nine, and dispersed at twelve.

Dec. 21.—At the Castello dell' Ovo, which is a fortress built on some rocks, about a quarter of a mile in the sea; there were no cannons mounted, but about five hundred soldiers * in the castle; there is a tower from which there is a fine view.

This castle † is very large, and there are many apartments in it, in one of which the unfortunate Queen Joan ‡ is said to have been smothered by order of Charles of Durazzo. In the evening we went to the Royal Chapel, in which there is fine

* There are about 45,000 soldiers in the kingdom of Naples, of whom 8000 are guards, and there are 72 gardes du corps, (all gentlemen,) to attend on the person of the king. The troops are in general well clothed, especially the Swiss, whose uniform is scarlet: the government takes every precaution to guard against a revolution and tumults; there are many soldiers in the city, which are moving about in all directions almost the whole day.

† Castello dell Ovo, Castel Nuovo, and the province of Calabria, were made over to Alfonso, King of Sicily, by Joan II., on his assisting her against Lewis of Anjou; these were usually assigned to the prince who was to succeed to the crown of Naples.—BIANCARDI, p. 240.

‡ Vid. Giannone, Denina, &c. Of the guilt of this queen now there appear many doubts, and her faults were probably much exaggerated by the Durazzo party.

music, nine days before Christmas, which begins at four in the afternoon; the chapel is elegant, and the ceiling painted in fresco, by Giacomo del Po. This chapel was built in the reign of Charles III., but much embellished by Joachim Murat in the galleries, pillars, &c.; the latter are cased over to imitate granite, and the deception is good. The pavement is marble, and elegant. The altar of this chapel* is remarkably elegant, as are the two doors leading into the sacristy, which are inlaid with precious stones, lapis lazuli, &c.: the congregation was small, but decent, and the king occupied his seat in the gallery unattended and without form.

Dec. 22.—We set off on an interesting excursion to Pompeii, distant twelve miles from Naples; passing through Portici and Resina, full of palaces, and gardens of orange and lemon trees borne down with fruit, and by a beautiful casino of the king at Resina; we left the road to Vesuvius, and took the high one which leads to Pompeii and Salerno, and into Calabria. The first part was chiefly paved with lava, but from Resina it was wide, and covered deep in many parts with the ashes of the mountain, but not paved.

About seven miles from Naples, Torre del Greco, a very populous village, or rather small town, with an excellent market, and plentifully stored with provisions: here are seen on all sides the dreadful effects of the last eruption: there were many houses with

* There is a dean to this chapel who has about one hundred pounds a year; and twenty-four Canons, who have half that sum.

their windows destroyed near the road, several walls and many buildings made of the lava, of which there were on all sides vast fields with immense pieces of different sizes and shapes, particularly on the left, which was a vast field of lava* apparently extending from the mountain (about six miles off) to the sea. The peasants in this neighbourhood are healthy-looking people, but most of the men, women, and children without shoes and stockings.

Nearly adjoining Torre del Greco, is Torre della Nunziata, a lively populous village; and here the dreadful effects of this inundating lava seemed to cease. The surrounding scenery here was strikingly grand; on our left was Vesuvius, and before us, and on each side, the vast range of the Apennines towering to the skies, and forming a noble amphitheatre.

About twelve miles from Naples we came suddenly to the interesting and affecting remains of Pompeii, having just before passed a pillar by the road-side, on which had been the head of a robber. A cicerone met us on alighting from our carriage, and conducted us first into the Forum † which had fine pillars of the Doric order; and next into the Teatro Comico, which exhibits a perfect idea of a Roman theatre, with the

* The lava was chiefly formed in large pieces of a conical form, often as high as seven or eight feet, and of a considerable circumference; Mr. Addison thinks that these pieces are not lava, but *pieces floating in the melted matter*, which when it abated formed into these irregular heaps.—Addison's Works, vol. 4. p. 157.

† The Forum was of two sorts, one for goods and merchandise, answering to a foreign bourse, and the other a court of justice.

stage, Proscenium*, &c. In the midst on a marble stone is inscribed the name of Marcus Verus, Master of the Revels; the letters, as also these, "pro Ludis Duumviri" are in bronze; against the wall was this inscription:

C. Quinctius C. I.
Valer. M. Porcius
M. F.
Duo vir Dec.
Decret. theatrum tectum
Fac. Locar.
Eidemque Probavit

Tragic Theatre †.—This joined the comic one, and was originally covered with marble seats for the different orders of the spectators, but the marble in process of time has been lost or stolen; the seats remain one above the other in a very good state; the theatre is in the shape of a horse-shoe ‡.

Ascending a grand flight of steps, we came to a portico with fifty-seven pillars, forming a public walk elevated for a view of the sea, which formerly washed the walls of Pompeii, but is now nearly two miles distant, this is triangular, and about the eighth of a mile.

Grecian Temple.—Here we were shewn where they

* Proscenium was the space of ground just before the scene, where the pulpitum stood, into which the actors came from behind the scenes to perform.—*Kennett's Roman Antiquities.*

† Theatres, in the first ages of the commonwealth, were only temporary, and composed of wood. Pompey first raised a fixed one.—KENNETT.

‡ There were here the different seats and entrances for the three orders, and also for the vestal virgins: we find at whose expense this was built by the following inscription:

M. M. Holconi Rufus et Ceter
Cryptum tribunal theatrum S. P.
Ad Decus Coloniæ.

killed the victims, consulted the entrails, burnt the bodies, &c.

The Curia*.—This was of the Doric order, and most parts of it were in excellent preservation; there was the rostrum, &c.

Temple of Isis.—Here likewise were the different compartments for the victims, ashes, &c., and the Lavacra for the purification.

Amphitheatre.—On entering this by the grand senatorian way, we observed on the opposite walls on a marble plate the following inscription:

C. Cuspius C. F. Panza Pater
Du I. D.
4 Quinquin. Præf.
I. D. Ex. D. D. Lege Petronia.
C. Cuspius C. F. F.
Pansa Pontif.
D. VIRID.

This is a noble relic, and in high preservation, seats†, arena, stairs, entrances, &c.: it is eighty yards in diameter, and was capable of containing 20,000 persons.

Having seen the public buildings, which are highly curious, and in a fine state of preservation, giving us

* The curia were of two sorts, *civil* and *religious:* in the former the senate used to assemble for affairs of state, and in the latter the priests and religious orders used to assemble for affairs of religion.—*Kennett's Roman Antiquities.*

† The three orders, Senatorian, Equestrian, and Plebeian, entered by different ways, having their respective places; the women also entered a different way from without, having seats above the whole.-Vid. KENNETT.

There was a threefold distinction of the seats according to the ordinary division of the people into senators, knights, and commons; the first range was called orchestra, the second equestria, and the other popularia.—ID.

a fine idea of the Roman buildings and manners, we next came to some of the streets which are admirably paved with the old Roman broad pavement, chiefly of lava, on many parts of which were distinctly seen the marks of the wheels.

These streets were in general narrow, about six yards wide, and where they would admit of it, there was a regular causeway, about ten inches above the street. In order to avoid confusion in the narrow streets, the carriages had a bell attached to them, that only one might be in the street at a time. We next went into the houses and shops. The houses of distinction had a colonnade, usually with Grecian pillars; and in the centre, a court, we observed regular channels to carry off the water. The rooms were in general small, about twelve feet square, having no communication with each other, but all opening into a court, having two rooms to each house; but the workmen have not been able to save *one roof* with all their care, or we should have had a *perfect Roman house.* The sides were painted in fresco, having some emblem to denote the different uses for which they were designed, as the eating room, sleeping room, *&c.*

Great Forum.—This was one hundred and fifty yards round*, in form of an L, one part of it appropriated to the use of a market, and the other a tribunal.

Temple of Venus.—The pillars were of the Ionic order, forming a colonnade; all the walls were painted

* One hundred yards one way, and sixty the other.

in fresco, and there was a statue of the Goddess, now removed to the Museum; there were also several lascivious figures found, which were, with great propriety, immediately removed.

Shops.—Of these there were various; and different animals, &c. to shew their trade; as a goat in basso-relievo for a milk-shop, and in the milk-shop were the different vessels for containing the milk, fixed in the walls.

Cook's Shop.—Here were the different places for boiling, stewing, &c. There were also found sauce-pans, stew-pans, kettles, &c.

Mason's Shop.—Here were found the implements of his trade, statues half finished, &c. In short, it is impossible to name the whole series of utensils, &c., which were found in the different shops, elucidating the trade of each individual. Mills, &c., places for holding flour, ovens much resembling ours in shape. Oil-shops, with measures fixed in the walls, soap-shops with soap-coolers. Although most of the houses were small, having but two rooms, yet the surgeon, for his instruments *, &c., had several.

The walls of the houses were about eight feet high, and in general in high preservation, covered with stucco, and painted in fresco in a variety of ways.

We next went out of the gate, on the grand Appian Road †, leading to Rome; on each side were monuments, and within, urns containing the ashes of the

* There were many found and carried into the Museum.

† From this came "Siste Viator," "Stop Traveller," inscribed on so many monuments.

dead. We now went into the house of Marcus Arrius Diomede, who is supposed to have perished in this eruption, as his skeleton was found with keys in his hand, and his servant behind him. This was a magnificent house, and the cellars spacious; there were several vessels full of ashes, which had been probably full of wine, for the use of the master and his guests.

In this cellar were found many skeletons against the wall, of persons who were supposed to have taken shelter from the tempest, and so long had they been against the wall, that their perfect figures were found imprinted on it; the cellars * were arched, and in high preservation. The proprietor was a great friend of Cicero, who was very fond of Pompeii, and had a villa there.

Among the monuments was one of a vestal, with the following inscription:

Mammiæ P. F. sacerdoti;
Publicæ locus sepulturæ
Datus Decurionum decreto †.

None of the good houses appear to have been so large as this of Diomede, who was a *freedman* ‡ and very rich: there were twelve rooms and two distinct stories, whereas only one was in any of the

* These cellars were three sides of a square.

† This public burial-ground was given to Mammia, the Priestess, the daughter of Publius, by a decree of the Decurions.

‡ There were two ways of conferring freedom among the Romans, by *Testament* and *Manumission*; the former was done by the will of the master, on account of the faithful services of the slave, the latter ceremony took place in the presence of the Consul, and in latter times the Prætor.—KENNETT'S *Roman Antiquities.*

others; he had also hot and cold baths, &c., and appears to have lived in the highest luxury, till he was overwhelmed in this catastrophe.

This house was the last which we saw, and we were highly pleased and gratified with our five hours' ramble. The inscriptions were perfect, and the buildings sound, giving a good idea both of the Roman buildings and manners.

But whether the Government is deterred by the expense, or some other cause which does not appear, the work goes on but languidly; and the guide told us, that they did more in a month under Murat's administration, than in a year under the present. So that it must be many, many years before the whole of Pompeii can be brought to light: and the antiquarian and traveller must wait with patience till this work, so interesting to them, be accomplished. We did not return to Naples till late in the evening, delighted with our excursion, although it must be owned our pleasure had its alloy, and was mixed with melancholy, on walking amidst the remains of proud palaces and convenient habitations, and reflecting on the sad catastrophe which involved *all* the inhabitants in ruin, and deprived *many* of life; thus destroying at once a fine city*, which was the pride of the country, and

* This calamity happened A. D. 79; the city had received much injury from an earthquake thirteen years before, but was *entirely* ruined by this. The eruption was preceded some days before by a slight earthquake, but the night before it took place, the earthquake was so strong, that every thing was not only in motion, but in danger of a *total overthrow*. The elder Pliny fell a victim to his curiosity and desire to inspect the eruption. He was commander of the fleet stationed at Misenum, and landed, to be nearer the mountain, and was found dead the next morning, supported by

levelling to the dust its lofty and splendid buildings: leaving us an example of the instability of human grandeur, and the pride and folly of mankind, which are founded on its stability. These awful events should make a serious impression on the survivors, would but the inhabitants of the world learn wisdom.

Being so far on our journey to Pæstum, we reluctantly gave up our plan of going there, no less influenced by the desire of seeing its interesting antiquities, than searching among the Rosaria Pæsti * for a solitary rose; but the weather continued so untoward, and the days were so short, that we could not conveniently accomplish this interesting journey, especially as the distance is considerable—no less than fifty-four miles.

two slaves, having the appearance of a person asleep. He was suffocated with the ashes and sulphur. A beautiful and interesting account is given by his nephew, of his unwillingness to quit the scene of danger without his mother, and her earnest intreaties to him to leave her to her fate, and take care of himself. "Tum Mater orare, hortari, *jubere*, quoque modo fugerem; posse enim juvenem; se et annis et corpore gravem bene moriturum, si mihi causa mortis non fuisset." At length this affectionate dispute was ended; "Peret *cegre* incusatque se quod me moretur." There is also an interesting account of the falling of buildings, and agitation of the sea, occasioned by this awful event; and the panic and horrors occasioned by it. So strong was the motion of the earth, that the carriages ordered by Pliny and his mother for their removal, were *shaken* to and fro, though supported by large stones, and in a *level* field.—PLIN. *Epis.* lib. 6. ep. 20.

* Biferique Rosaria Pæsti.—VIR. *Georg.* lib. 4. v. 119.

May and September were the two months in which these roses were chiefly produced.

——— tepidique Rosaria Pæsti.—OV. *Met.* lib. 15.

CHAPTER LXX.

Christmas Day*—Castello St. Ermo—Certosini—Belvidere—Agnano—Pozzuoli Baja—Bauli—Miseno, &c.

THIS solemn festival, every anniversary of which should be celebrated by the Christian with joy and religious gratitude, was observed very strictly in Naples, the shops were all shut at midnight on Christmas Eve; they began the ceremony, as we were informed, of the *Child in the Manger*, in remembrance of the holy child Jesus. This ceremony took place in almost all the churches, and was continued more or less throughout the day. The English had the comfort of having their own service performed at the British Consul's, in a most decent and pious manner; the congregation was large, and composed of persons of the first respectability; about one hundred and fifty were present, and sixty at least received the sacrament. We retired highly gratified at finding that our countrymen, amidst their pleasures and curious researches in an interesting foreign land, never neglected their religious duties; a conduct which must ever tend to their honour.

Dec. 27.—Went up by the mountain called Il Vomero, to the Castello St. Ermo; the ascent is tolerably

* On Christmas Eve we went to the royal chapel, expecting to see the King and his Court there; but to our surprise it was shut, and his Majesty was on a hunting party fifteen days.

gradual, though long. We first saw St. Martieno de Certosini: this was formerly a royal palace, till the Duke of Calabria, son of King Robert, and father of Queen Joan, persuaded his father to convert it into a monastery; since that it has been turned into an hospital for invalid soldiers, and it contains at present six hundred: we observed with pain that many of them were blind. The church, which was repaired and embellished about two hundred years ago, exhibits a splendid appearance of richness and elegance; the pavement is most beautiful, composed of inlaid variegated marble. The painters who have enriched this beautiful church, are Cavaliere Massimo, Spagnoletto, Guido Reni, Giordano, and D'Arpino. The twelve prophets are by Spagnoletto, and two beautiful pictures of Moses and Elijah by the same. The balustrade to the high altar, composed of variegated marble, lapis lazuli, &c. is uncommonly elegant.

The roof and sides painted in fresco are beautiful; the sacristy also is very handsome, the sides being of Chinese inlaid wood. The chapels have several good pictures, and altogether this may be reckoned one of the most splendid and elegant churches in Naples.

The terrace called Belvidera* commands a most noble and extensive view of the whole city of Naples under you, Vesuvius, the Bay, Portici, Capri Ischia, &c.; behind us was a view of Capo del Monte, the convent of Camaldolosi, &c. From thence we went to

* You see also Pausilippo, Pozzuoli, Campagna Felice, Capo di Monte, Caserta, &c.

the Castle St. Ermo*, adjoining the monastery, which is an abbreviation of St. Eremo. This fortress is built on a high rock, and is particularly interesting to Englishmen, from having been in their possession last war; the ascent to it is easy and gradual. We observed a gate with the *wings of the German eagle*, the *body* was probably destroyed in the revolution: there was a long inscription, with the name of Charles the Fifth; probably the gate was built or repaired by that prince. This prince, as well as Philip the Fifth, added much to the castle and works. The Castle of St. Ermo is in a most noble and commanding situation, built upon a rock hanging over the town; it has at present but three hundred soldiers and few cannon, though it can mount five hundred, from thirty-six pounders to twelve. The officer† who conducted us was so obliging as to accompany us to the terrace, and the upper one, which is called the balloon; from this, which is only a few feet square, there is a view, *frightfully grand*, of the surrounding scenery; some of our party were so giddy as to be obliged to relinquish this grand view, though unwillingly. We were much pleased with our elevated ramble, which fatigued us much less than our Vesuvian one;

St. Ermo was originally a tower erected by the Norman princes, and called Belleforte, because it commanded the city and sea, and was afterwards converted into a regular castle, and the fortifications much increased when it was besieged by General Lautrec in 1528. Under Charles the Fifth it became a regular citadel, and Philip the Fifth much improved it; part of the walls is cut in the solid rock.—*Hist. di Napoli.*

† The conducting officer told us, that the whole number of troops in the kingdom was 45,000.

you are admitted into the castle by tickets, from the governor of the city.

Jan. 6.—We took an interesting excursion to Pozzuoli*, Baiæ, Miseno, &c., but first diverged about two miles from Naples, and went to the Lago D'Agnano †, which is a beautiful lake about three miles round, encompassed with hills, supposed to have been formed by the lava thrown up from the neighbouring volcanoes: the lake is said to be full of mineral waters, and serpents are said to fall from the hills into the lake, and are immediately drowned; few fish are in it, but many frogs.

From thence we went to Stufe di St. Germano, which are sudatory baths: the walls are all a composition of sulphur, and so hot, that we could scarcely touch them; and if you remain long in these caverns, you are in a profuse perspiration. Just by, is the famous Grotta del Cane, where the usual experiment was made upon a dog: taking him by the paws, his master held him against the vapour, he immediately

* The road from Naples to Pozzuoli, though now improved, was formerly so bad, that Seneca mentions its being so full of water and mud, that he could almost have imagined himself on the water; he preferred taking this little journey by land, having objections to the sea, and indeed his fears of it were so great, that he foresaw an approaching tempest, to avoid the navigation; but owing to the bad road, he seems to have repented of his determination.—PLINY, Sen. Epis. lib. 1.

† This lake presented a living scene, being full of ducks and aquatic birds of almost every description.

A royal chase was given near this lake to the Emperor Frederic, by Alfonso the First, when five thousand peasants were assembled, with all kinds of musical instruments, and united with the royal huntsmen; and having abundance of dogs, they afforded great amusement to the royal guests.

lost respiration, and was taken out to recover his breath; from the best accounts this does not seem a trick, as we suspected, as several gentlemen have tried the experiment upon *their own dogs.* Don Pedro di Toledo, Viceroy of Naples, had a condemned criminal shut in this grotto, who was soon found dead, and some peasants are also said to have gone into it, and were overtaken with sleep, from which they never awoke. The grotto is very small, ten feet in depth, nine in height, and four in breadth; a torch was dipped in its vapour, which was immediately extinguished.

From thence, regaining the high road, which we had quitted for some time, we soon came on the sea-shore, having mountains hanging over the road; and in about three miles came to Pozzuoli*, a lively little port, where we were surrounded with sailors, enticing us to cross the bay to Baiæ. After making an agreement with them with some difficulty, as their demands were most exorbitant, we embarked with two watermen, and crossed over the bay, and landing, walked to the Lake of Lucrino †, so called from the gain it originally produced to its possessors by fishing. From thence

* The inhabitants of Puteoli, now Pozzuoli, were distinguished by their attachment to Vespasian. Here St. Paul landed. Vid. Acts xxviii. v. 13. Vid. p. 80, for Puteoli.—TAC. HIST. lib. 3.

† Il Lago Lucrino was so covered by the violent earthquake, September 29th, 1538, that a large village named Triperzole, situated between the sea and the lake, was entirely destroyed, with its unfortunate inhabitants, and a mountain, three miles in circumference, and very high, was formed of the volcanic matter, called Monte Nuovo *(a)*; this mountain we saw in our excursion.

(a) History of Naples and its Environs.

we went to the celebrated Lake of Avernus*. This is about three miles round, and on the right are the ruins of a temple, said to be that of Apollo. The notion of this lake being unfathomable, is now exploded: it is two hundred and twenty-five yards in depth.

Many persons suppose Avernus to be the crater of an extinct volcano, and indeed almost all the hills and earth in the neighbourhood are full of sulphureous matter; we saw, however, in spite of the *ancient* opinion, many birds near the lake.

——— talis sese halitus atris
Faucibus effundens supera ad convexa ferebat
Unde locum Graii dixerunt nomine Avernum†.

Julius Cæsar‡ united the lakes of Avernus and Lucrinus § with the sea, though they are now nearly a

* Ενθα δε Κιμμεριων ανδρων δημος τε πολισται
Ηερι και νεφελη κεκαλυμμενοι ουδε ποτ' αυτους
Ηελιος Φαεθων επιδερκεται ακτινεσσιν.
ODYSS. lib. 1.

There, in a lonely land, and gloomy cells,
The dusky nation of Cimmeria dwells;
The sun ne'er views th' uncomfortable seats,
When radiant he advances, or retreats.
POPE, Book ii. v. 154.

† Vir. Æn. lib. 6. v. 241. *et seq.*

‡ Many have said that this was not the work of Julius Cæsar *(a)*, but executed U. C. 717; whoever was the cause of it, it must ever be looked on as a great undertaking. Virgil seems to allude to some work of this kind.

Qualis in Euboico Baiarum littore quondam
Saxea pila cadit, &c.—*Æn.* lib. 9. v. 710.

§ An memorem portus, Lucrinoque addita claustra
Atque indignatum magnis stridoribus æquor
Julia qua ponte longe sonat unda refuso
Tyrrhenumque fretis immittitur æstus Avernis.
VIR. *Georg.* lib. 2. v. 161.

(a) J. Cæsar was slain A. U. C. 710.

mile asunder. This great work was called *Portus Julius;* we saw some of the ruins of the mole.

The sea in all this neighbourhood is in a very different position from what it was in former times, in some places having gained, and in others receded. Our guide then conducted us to the Sibyl's Cave*. Our entrance, indeed, into this cave, was ushered in with all *classical gravity;* we found every thing ready, a guide with a lighted torch, &c. thus proving that "facilis descensus Averni†."

Noctes atque dies patet atri Janua ditis.

Thus we came *ad fauces graveolentis Averni‡*, and entered, preceded by our guide with his torch, which he kept knocking against the sides of the cave to procure more light; thus finding, to our great inconvenience, that we only enjoyed "luce maligna§." We then passed with *solemn and cautious steps*,

——— per umbras,
Perque domos ditis vacuas et inania regna; ‖

and could almost imagine the deities of the place overlooking our steps.

Di quibus imperium est animarum, umbræque silentes ¶.

Thus we came by degrees,

Vestibulum ante ipsum, primisque in faucibus orci**.

Here we were prevented, by water two or three feet

* This cave is thirty feet high, and about nine feet wide.

† Æn. 6. v. 126. ‡ V. 201. § Æn. 6. v. 270. ‖ V. 269.
¶ V. 264. ** V. 264.

deep, proceeding any farther; not that "portitor orci"* was wanting, for

Terribilis squalore charon †

was present, ready to take us over to the secret chamber.

Horrendæque procul secreta sibyllæ‡.

In plain language, a lad was there to take us through the water, undressed to his waist for this aquatic attempt: but alas! our Charon seemed very unequal to the task; so much so, that some of our party were deterred from venturing on his shoulders, not choosing, at the risk of falling into the water,

Insano indulgere labori §.

Others boldly persevered, each encouraging the other. We therefore mounted on the back of Charon, but apparently without the spirit of the Trojan hero; for whether from our agitation at having so much water under us, shut up in these dark recesses, or our little confidence in the strength of our guide, or from whatever cause, is not clear, but we were not only every minute in danger of falling into the *Stygian lake*, but our feet were *completely*, and our legs *partially*, wetted, before we landed in the secret chamber of the sibyl. In vain did we invoke the spirits of the ancient heroes to help us in this emergency; they

* Georg. l. 4. v. 502. † Æn. 6. v. 299. ‡ Æn. 6. v. 10.—There are within the bounds of Puteoli, or Pozzuo[li], thirty-five natural baths, of different sorts of warm water, very useful [for] the cure of several diseases: and from these baths or *pits* of water, *Puteis*[?] but more probably from the offensive smell of its wells impregnated with sulphur, the town is thought to have taken its name.—Well's Geog.

§ Æn. 6. v. 135.

were deaf to our prayers, and were as inattentive to our petitions as possible, regarding us no more,

Quam si dura silex aut stet Marpesia cautes *.

We were here prevented exploring the oracular recesses, &c., by our uncomfortable situation, and an effectual stop was put to our reflections on Styx, Phlegethon, the Elysian Fields, &c.; and our thoughts were wholly employed on the *human* means of getting back, too fatally convinced that

——— revocare gradum superasque evadere ad auras
Hoc opus, hic labor est †.

In short, we were totally inattentive to the conversation of our guide on this interesting subject, thinking, with grief, on the barrier between us and the main land, and eager to regain it at almost any risk.

——— Quam veulent æthere in alto
Nunc et pauperiem et duros perferre labores ‡.

We were indeed most desirous to resume our interesting tour, however laborious; but to this the pool was a present obstacle, Styx presented itself as a barrier.

Fata obstant, tristique palus inamabilis unda
Alligat, et novies Styx interfusa coercet §.

However at length we made an attempt and succeeded, with a repetition of wet feet and legs, and with pleasure took our leave of Portitor ille Charon ||, leaving him to the full contemplation of his Styx, Elysian fields, &c., and glad at all events to get on the dry land, and avail ourselves of a warm Italian sun to dry our wet and benumbed feet, and resume

* Æn. 6. v. 471. † Æn. 6. v. 128. ‡ Æn. 6, v. 436.
§ Æn 6. v. 437. || Æn. 6, 326.

our excursion, quitting the prophetic cave with joy, not unmixed with fears of an approaching cold from which the spirit of the sibyl would not be able to keep us.

It need not here perhaps be mentioned that the local situation of this cave does not correspond with the ancient description, which is nearer Cumæ. Leaving the lake and cave, we regained the sea by a shorter way, and embarked to the Baths of Nero: these are spacious, and were of two sorts, salt water and sudatory. In these last the body was well rubbed, a practice continued in the East to this day; water was brought to boil an egg, which from the heat was boiled almost instantaneously. There are here six corridors, narrow and long; a man used to this business went to the end of one of them, half naked, and returned with the boiling water in about two minutes, puffing and blowing in a profuse perspiration, and an inflamed face, as if he was come out of a furnace. Some of our party endeavoured to follow him, but the heat was too great; these baths are so efficacious in curing many disorders, that many are sent here every summer from the hospital of the Nunziata at Naples. The whole neighbourhood of Pozzuoli and Baiæ* is overrun with volcaic fires, sulphureous matter, &c.

Reimbarking we went to Baiæ †, which though we may not quite agree with the poet, still is a charming

* It took its name from Baius, the friend of Ulysses.

† Nullus in orbe locus Baiis prælucet amœnis.—Hor. *Epis.* lib. I. v. 4.
Qui vertère solum, Baias et ad ostia currant.—Juv. *Sat.* 11.

place as to situation, though now indeed only a heap of ruins. The sea, this day remarkably still, we find was not always so. This was a favourite resort of the Romans, and not only famous for its baths*, (the remains of which we saw close to the sea, though formerly they were some distance from it,) but also for its mineral waters and its voluptuousness†. The Romans, fixing on it for their favourite residence, adorned it with temples, buildings, &c., which made it one of the most beautiful places in Italy; Julius Cæsar, Pompey, Marius, &c., had here their villas, as well as other distinguished Romans; but, alas! not only are all those magnificent houses gone to ruin, but even the air of this once favourite residence is unwholesome on account of the exhalations of the lakes and stagnated waters.

The chief ruins which we saw were the Temples of

* These baths (*a*) are said to have been in number three hundred. Marcellus, the nephew of Octavius Cæsar, died at Baiæ, to which place he was come to make use of the cold baths, in order to restore his declining health: he died at the early age of twenty; his body was brought to Rome and burnt, and his ashes buried there: it was for reading those beautiful lines relating to him, that Virgil was so liberally rewarded by Octavia, who fainted at the time of their being read.—Vid. Notes on this passage.

† The poet in the most beautiful and animated language censures the sensuality of its inhabitants and their worldly-mindedness:

Tu, secanda marmora
Locas, *sub ipsum funus*, et sepulcri
Immemor, struis domos
Marisque Baiis obstrepentis urges
Summovere litora
Parum locuples continente ripâ.

HOR. *Car.* lib. 2, od. 18, v. 17 *et seq.*

(*a*) Hinc calidi fontes, lentisciferumque tenetur
Linternum.—OV. *Metamor.* lib. 15.

Venus * and Mercury, and of Diana; of the last, only a large piece in the shape of a shell remains.

The temple of Venus is five yards in diameter, that of Mercury is a fine circular relic, adjoining the baths of Mercury, and is about ninety feet in diameter, receiving light from above. Ascending a steep hill, we came suddenly in view of the lake of Acheron, now called the Lago Fusaro, so celebrated of old: this has a communication with the sea, and on its borders is a royal palace.

Descending, we embarked again, and were agreeably interrupted in our meditations on Acheron †, Styx, &c., by finding ourselves suddenly in the midst of a small squadron of men-of-war of our own country, jack, ensign, and pendant proudly flying, and safely riding at anchor as quietly as in a mill-pond, about half a mile from the shore. The admiral's ship, however, being painted black, recalled to our mind the melancholy event which had recently taken place, in having lost its gallant commander ‡.

We now passed the castle § of Baiæ, built on a rock, proudly overhanging the sea, which is the only

* In this temple is a curious whispering wall, a person at the other end hears the gentlest whisper; here also is a curious plant, called the coral plant, an evergreen, which grows among the ruins, and is only to be met with here.

† Flectere si nequeo Superos, *Acheronta* movebo.

Æn. lib. 6. v. 107.

‡ Admiral Fr——e, who died at Naples after a short illness, the end of 1819, to the great grief of his family.

§ This castle was built by Alfonso II., for the defence of Pozzuoli, to guard against the threatened invasion of the French in 1494.—BIANCARDI, p. 362.

remains of the once populous and flourishing city of Baiæ and soon after, the ruins of the villa of Marius, and the fish-pool of Hortensius. Landing, we visited the tomb of Agrippina as it is called, though that idea is now exploded, but there was much beautiful stucco on the walls, and it is in fine preservation.

Ascending, we came to the village of Bauli, passing by the venerable ruins of Mercato del Sabato, and soon came to the Cento Camerelle of Nero*, which formerly was a prison; on the ground-floor were the barracks for the soldiers, and beneath two tiers of dungeons for the prisoners, which appear to have been contrived with wonderful art by the tyrant, and are in high preservation; there were the exact stations of the sentinels between the dungeons. From thence we went to the reservoir called Piscina Mirabile†.

This is a very fine ruin, and has forty-eight pilasters; it is about 140 feet long, forty-five wide, and thirteen feet high, and is thought to have been made by Lucullus for the supply of the Roman fleet stationed at Misenus.

We now came to the last lake which we saw this day, Il Mare Morto, about a mile from Acheron, near this are the Elysian fields ‡, of classic renown;

* Trajan had a house here, as we find by Pliny. "Evocatus in Consilium, a Cæsare Nostro ad Centum Cellas."—Plin. lib. 6. Epis. 31.

† Nero, we find from Suetonius, *began* a famous piscina, which was to be covered in and extend from Misenus to the Lacus Avernus, five miles this piscina was to *swim* in, and to have the benefit of the warm baths o Baiæ, introduced for that purpose.—Sueton. vit. Ner. cap. 31.

‡ Quamvis Elysios miretur Græcia Campos
Nec repetita sequi curet Proserpina matrem.
Geor. lib. 1, v. 38.

from hence we had a charming view of the islands in the Bay, Procita*, Ischia, Capri†, &c.

We were now only a mile and a half from the point, or rather promontory of Miseno‡, but the evening advanced so rapidly, that we were reluctantly obliged to be contented with a view of it only, and returned to our boat highly gratified with the assemblage of interesting objects seen this day.

We now embarked for the last time, in order to cross the Bay to Pozzuoli; the evening was fine, the sea calm, and we only wanted the evening hymn to the Virgin, to make the scene complete; our watermen, however, were neither musical nor religious enough to gratify us; so we were obliged to be contented with the scenery, which was delightful: on our right was Miseno, and Nisida, the Nesis § of the ancients, and at a distance Vesuvius, throwing out volumes of smoke, and in front the Apennines, and the town of Pozzuoli; on the left, Monte Barbaro, &c. We soon came in view of the temples of Diana

* Tum sonitu Prochyta alta tremit durumque cubile
Inarime Jovis imperiis imposta Typhœo.—*Æn.* lib. 9, v. 715.

† Teleboum Capreas cum regna teneret.—*Æn.* lib. 7. v. 735.
Inde legit Capreas, promontoriumque Minervæ.
OVID. *Metamor.* lib. 15.

‡ Monte sub aerio qui nunc Misenus ab illo
Dicitur, *æternumque* tenet per sæcula nomen.
Æn. lib. 6. v. 134 et seq.

The promontory is of the exact shape of an amphitheatre, and is richly covered with vines.

§ ——— Tali spiramine Nesis
Emittit Stygium nebulosis aëra saxis.
LUCAN, as quoted by ADDISON.

and Neptune, and the villa of Cicero, which was formerly so near the sea, that the orator is said to have amused himself with fishing out of his windows. In front we saw also the Solfatara, the convent of Capucins, &c., and soon came to the venerable remains of the Mole made by Caligula, thirteen buttresses*, of which only are in being, and several of these in a falling state, which reminded us of the bridge of boats † made by that prince as far as Baiæ; a work unequalled either in ancient or modern times, on which horses, carriages, &c., crossed the *main sea* three miles in safety, a proof at once of the ingenuity as well as perseverance of the Romans ‡. We landed at Pozzuoli, and immediately took our carriage and returned to Naples. It was late before we arrived, which gave us the advantage of seeing the grotto of Pausilippo splendidly illuminated with

* On one of these a gentleman of Pozzuoli has built a house in which he passes part of the summer, but this exhibits more proof of his whimsicality than his taste.

† A learned writer endeavours to prove that Caligula did not make the Mole, but that it was made by the Emperor Adrian, Antoninus Pius, and quotes an inscription to this purpose, but it is probable that it was repaired by this emperor.—ADDISON, vol. 4. p. 143.

‡ Suetonius speaks with wonder of this work, calling it "novum præterea atque inauditum genus spectaculi," a new and unheard-of sight. He says the bridge *joined the mole*, and was above three miles and a half in length, "3600 mille passuum." This great work was done by means of loaded vessels moored together, and confined with anchors: there was a regular road made with earth, stones, &c., to imitate the Via Appia. On this bridge Caligula went backwards and forwards several times, one time on a horse richly caparisoned, and another in a chariot drawn by two horses *(a)*.—SUETON. *Vit. Calig.* cap. 19.

(*a*) This vain and vicious prince sullied the glory of this stupendous work by his usual cruelty and extravagance, inviting a number of guests to celebrate the completion of his work, and precipitating them all into the sea.—SUET.

eleven noble lamps; thus finishing our excursion, which was no less delightful from its variety than interesting from its objects, and only alloyed from seeing ruins where once elegant villas and splendid palaces adorned the soil.

CHAPTER LXXI.

Vittoria—Teatro del Fondo—Accademia Reale.

Jan. 7.—In our walks we this day took the quarter of Vittoria, so called from the victory which Don John of Austria gained over the Turks at Lepanto; there is a church which was built on the occasion of this event, called La Madonna della Vittoria, with the following inscription over the great door on entrance;

Templum hoc ob navalem
Joannis Austriaci * victoriam
Deiparæ patrocinio reportatam
A Joanna † Austriacâ filia
In honorem tantæ patronæ inchoatum
Margarita ‡ Austriaca Brancifortia
Buteræ princeps Maternæ pietatis
Et in clericos regulares munificentiæ
Hæres perfecit, ornavit. Anno 1646.

Jan. 9.—At the Teatro del Fondo in the evening, which though not so large as that of St. Carlo, is very convenient; the representation was musical, and there was good dancing; it was lighted up with a

* The natural son of Charles V., supposed to have been poisoned by order of his brother Philip II. of Spain, from jealousy of his renown.

† Query, if Jane, the daughter of Ferdinand of Arragon, and Isabella of Castille, and mother of Charles V.?

‡ She was the daughter of a natural daughter of Charles V., Emperor of Germany.

handsome lustre, but there were no lights to the boxes, as at St. Carlo: there were five rows of boxes and the pit large and convenient, with *numbers* for the places, and each person is provided with a ticket for his place, as at St. Carlo, so that there can be no confusion.

Jan. 10.—At the Academy to see the collection of ancient statues, which is justly celebrated as one of the finest in Europe: these have been so often described that it is unnecessary to do it here; suffice it to say, that the care and exactness with which the damaged parts have been supplied, and the costume preserved, are not less praiseworthy than the order and propriety with which these valuable relics of antiquity are preserved, and the attention shewn to strangers in the inspection of them.

Among these the following are looked upon as the most valuable: two equestrian statues of Marcus Nonius Balbus, father and son; on the latter the following inscription:

M NONIO M. F.
BALBO. PR. PRO. COS
HERCVLANENSES *.

An Hercules and Flora, of Grecian sculpture, found in Rome, in the baths of Caracalla; a Venus Callipiga, much admired; two Gladiators; Venus and Cupid, found in old Capua; Ganymede with Jupiter, under the figure of an eagle; a statue of Aristides, which

* The inhabitants of Herculaneum have erected these statues to Marcus Nonius, the son of Balbus, &c.

cannot be too much admired; the countenance, hands, and feet, of this fine figure are beautiful.

Among a great variety of articles, all very curious, is an immense vase of porphyry used for the sacrifices, or rather a basin found in the temple of Æsculapius at Rome, thirty feet in circumference, and six in height; there is also a beautiful sacrificial vase, with this original inscription:

ΣΑΛΠΙΩΝ*
Α.ΘΗΝΑΙΟΣ
ΕΠΟΙΗΣΕ

We were much pleased with this collection, though grieved that we could not bestow more time on the inspection of it. Most of the statues were brought from the Farnese palace at Rome, much to the honour of the family, which took much pains to collect them.

CHAPTER LXXII.

Cumæ—Pozzuoli—Solfatara—Capuchins—Excursion to the Ponte di Lava of Vesuvius.

Jan. 13.— We completed our excursion to Cumæ, which we had left unfinished, and passing through the grotto of Pausilippo, went to Pozzuoli by the Caserne of the Galeotti, who were chained, and busily employed in cutting and blowing up rock, (which is excellent and strong,) for the royal use;

* Salpion, of Athens, was the maker.

some of them appeared to be in a tremendous and hazardous situation*, on the point of a rock ready to fall.

Leaving Pozzuoli we passed Cicero's villa and ruins, which are called his school; and the road, which is excellent, goes between Mount Gaurus, (Monte Barbaro,) and Monte Nuovo, and soon had Lago Averno under us on our left, and were convinced of the existence of birds there by seeing flights of them. We now refreshed our memory with an additional view of Baiæ, Miseno, *&c.*, and the lake of Lucrino, and in about two miles came to the noble gate, which formed the entrance into the ancient city of Cumæ, called Arco Felice; this is a venerable building composed of Roman brick, and in high preservation, about thirty-five feet high, and twelve broad; stopping the coach, we ascended by a circuitous road to the top, and had a grand and extensive view of the site of Cumæ †, Il Lago di Follicola, vulgarly called di Licola, *&c.*,; from thence we went on the Via Appia through the ancient streets of Cumæ to the Tempio dei Giganti, which is a fine ruin, and from thence about half a mile, by a very good path to the grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl ‡, and

* This work is often attended with fatal consequences to the labourers.

† This was reckoned one of the most ancient cities of Italy, and called *Cumæ the Happy.*

‡ There were two Sibyls, Cumæan and Cumanan; the first born in Cuma, a city of Eubœa, flourished about the time of the destruction of Troy, 1175 before Christ. The latter lived 551 years after the first, and was so called from being born and prophesying in Cuma; her name was Amalthæa; she flourished in the reign of Tarquinius Priscus, A. 173 of Rome, and having offered that prince her nine books of the Sacred

the temple of Apollo; the grotto is nearly filled up, leaving only an aperture of about eighteen inches in height. Our guide then lighting a torch, we ascended by fifty-two steps to the *adyta*, from whence he told us the oracular answers were given; but here we looked in vain for the horrendas ambages *, as well as ostia centum †; and as we were thinking of nothing but the horrids and the "os rabidum" of the priestess, we were disappointed at finding the Sibyl grotto by Avernus much more answering the poet's animated description ‡, but this, more as to local situation. The two grottos are said to have had a communication. Here however we could not avoid thinking of the *inspired rage of the priestess*, nor imagining that we saw her before us in all her prophetic frenzy §, tracing her wanderings till she grew

Oracles, three of them were burnt by her, and she asked the same price for the *remainder* as the whole.—*Istoria di Napoli*, &c.

Tarquinius came to the crown A. C. 138, and Livy does not mention one word of this circumstance. There were nine in the whole, and an old woman offered Tarquin the whole for sale, as the oracles of the Sibyls; she burnt three, on his refusing to give what she asked, and then three more; and the king, by the advice of the soothsayers, gave the same price for the remaining three, as she had asked for the nine.—KENNETT.

——— et ab hac Cumææ templa Sibyllæ.
OVID. *Metamor.* lib. 15.

* *Æn.* lib. 6. v. 99. † *Æn.* lib. 6. v. 81.

‡ Excisum Euboicæ latus ingens rupis in antrum
Quo lati ducunt aditus centum ostia centum
Unde ruunt totidem voces responsa Sibyllæ.
Æn. lib. 6. v. 42.

§ Subito non vultus, non color unus
Non comptæ mansere comæ, sed pectus anhelum
Et rabie fera corda tument majorque videri
Nec mortale sonans.—Lib. 6. v. 47.

calm and reasonable *. From this we ascended to the remains of the temple of Apollo, part of which, alas! we saw dedicated to profane uses, and full of large wine-casks for mortals.

The temple of Apollo is in the rock of Cumæ, commanding a fine view of the ancient city, the promontory, the ruins of the castle on the summit, and *Oræ Cumanæ* † which we looked on with reverence, as being, properly speaking, the origin of Rome. The temple itself is scarcely worthy the name of a ruin, there was, however the form of it remaining, and some relics of marble; from thence we went to the amphitheatre, the upper wall only of which remains; and found a fine field of flourishing wheat in the *arena*, such are the changes experienced in several centuries. Having thus far satisfied our curiosity, we got into our coach and drove to Pozzuoli, and inspected first the beautiful remains of the temple of Jupiter Serapis built in the sixth century of Rome. This however

* Ut primum cessit furor et rabida ora quierunt
Incipit Æneas heros.—V. 101.

† Et tandem Euboicis Cumarum allabitur Oris.—Æn. lib. 6. v. 2.

From Æneas going immediately to consult the Sibyl *(a)*, it appears that this was the cave, as being near his landing-place.

Who does not observe in these religious frenzies that they appear to be taken from the visions and dreams in holy writ, as those of Balaam, Micaiah, &c.; but how perverted! Let the reader judge, and compare the conduct and words of the Sibyl with those of the prophets, the servants of the true God, particularly the dignified and commanding conduct and words of the great prophet Elijah, towards Ahab and Ahaziah; to the first he said in the affair of Naboth, "Hast thou killed and also taken possession?" and to the second "Thou shalt not come off from that bed, &c. but shalt surely die. He was indeed a just type of "the desire of all nations."

(a) Inde ferens lassos adverso tramite passus
Cum *duce Cumæa*, fallit sermone laborem.
OVID. *Metamor.* lib. 14.

was not dug out till 1750: it is beautifully paved with marble, but only three of the pillars remain, which are very elegant. They are gradually taking away the materials for the use of the king, which is a great pity, as probably there will soon be no remains of this beautiful temple.

From hence we ascended a sharp hill * to the Solfatara, which did not answer our expectations; there is an oval plain which is said to have been the crater of a volcano, and it is now called *Forum Vulcani*, the ground and hills are almost all sulphureous, and there is much pumice-stone. They were employed in the manufacture of brimstone, of which much is exported to England. From hence we went to the neighbouring Convent of Capuchins, the air of which is so unhealthy in August and September, owing to the sulphureous exhalations, that the good fathers descend to Pozzuoli to another convent, which they have on the sea-shore. On the outside of the chapel door is the following inscription:

Divo Januarii
Diocletiani scelere obtruncato
Ne quod sacri corporis sanguine maduerat
Solum sine honore diutius remaneret.
Neap. Civitas
P. P. ære publico F.
1630.

* Ascending the hill, we were part of the way on the old Via Appia *(a,)* which went from Naples to Rome, by *Agnano*, *Pozzuoli*, *Cumæ*, &c., to *Garigliano*.

(a) The Via Appia was the finest and longest of the Roman roads, being a Journey of five days, and 350 miles in length. It was made by Appius Claudius U. C. 442, who the same year brought water into the city by means of aqueducts; being the inventor of this useful work. Vid. Liv. vol. 1. lib. 9.

The Via Appia abounded in good inns,

Minus est gravis Appia tardis.—Hor.

In the church they shew you the place where the saint was beheaded, which is now an altar, and above it is his martyrdom in basso relievo, and in his chapel his bust of marble, much dressed up, and in a little cupboard his *real* blood congealed; which is the old story of the liquefaction on particular occasions, as in St. Gennaro's church in Naples. The fathers told us however, that *that* was his *false* blood, and *this* his true. The miraculous story was also repeated of his body being found many hundred years after his martyrdom; we heard the story with great patience, reserving to ourselves the right of believing what we chose. The Capuchins * were so good as to shew us their convent, kitchen, refectory, &c., and pressed us to take refreshment, which we declined, as the weather was so bad that we were eager to descend the hill. There is nothing remarkable in the convent, but the view from it is fine. There are only fourteen monks. Descending the hill, we soon came to a fine antique reservoir, supported by forty pillars; this reservoir was dug out eighteen years ago, and is now used for the same purpose to water the gardens and grounds of the Prince de Cardede, to whom it belongs; from thence to the amphitheatre, which we entered by a covered corridor, on each side of which were the dens and troughs for the wild beasts, which are in high preservation. There is a stone with an inscription mentioning the miraculous escape of St. Januarius and his six companions, from the wild beasts to which they were exposed.

* There are twenty-two convents of capuchins in Naples and its neighbourhood.

The Amphitheatre is in a ruinous state, the arena being full of trees, and the upper part has several houses built on it, but most of the corridor is in high preservation. The Cathedral is built on the site of the temple of Jupiter, some of the ancient walls of which are still standing, and the Corinthian pillars; there is nothing remarkable within but an inscription, shewing that the bones of St. Proculus, martyred near this place, were brought into the church to be interred in 1471. L. Cocceius was the architect of the temple, as appears by an inscription on the outside. Thus finished this day's inspection, and our visit to the western part of Naples: much did we regret not being able to see Ischia, Procida *, &c.; in the former of which prevails, as we were informed, the complete ancient Grecian costume of the females, which must make it particularly interesting to the traveller; but the weather continued so untoward, that we were obliged, though unwillingly, to decline this voyage, and content ourselves with what we had seen.

Jan. 15.—We set off on an excursion to see the lava, going as far as Resina in a coach; the rest of the way on donkeys, with a guide. After ascending about two miles; we left the road to Vesuvius, taking that to the right, which for a little while was among vineyards; and then immediately

* Procida was famous for being the residence of Joan II. of Naples, in the fifteenth century, who took refuge there from Alphonso, King of Arragon. Ischia afforded protection some time to the sovereigns Ferrante II., and Frederic II., the last prince of the Arragonian Neapolitan race, and debris of that unfortunate house.—BIANCARDI.

plunged into an immense field of lava, the production of 1813; in that eruption there were several ruins of houses, and *but one,* with its vineyard, which escaped the general devastation, from its peculiar situation. The road goes through large tracts of ashes, to the bottom of the mountain, near which is what is called Il Ponte di Lava. Leaving our steeds looking, as usual, mournfully on the barren waste, we ascended, with some labour and difficulty, to the lava*, which was then running with great force, as the wind was very high, forcing out vast quantities of it red hot; this coming some distance from the crater of the lava, was concreted, and we sat down above half an hour in the heat of this furnace (near enough to make us thoroughly hot in a very cold day, when we had just had on our great coats), endeavouring to new coin, or rather cover our money with the melted lava, but in vain; we were, therefore, obliged at length to give up our attempt, as the ebullitions were too hard, and we were forced to be content with eating some bread toasted in the fire extremely brown, and drinking some Lacryma Christi. The whole part where we were, appeared a vast bed of fire, as our guide†, on stirring

* The eruptions which produce so much mischief to the country proceed from the hot matter called lava, coming from the *side* of the mountain, where is the *mouth*; and not from the crater of Mount Vesuvius, as is often thought, this only throwing up stones and ashes.

It was a vulgar tradition, that when an eruption took place, the death of some person, distinguished by riches, power, and at the same time wickedness, took place, whose soul was carried from the crater to the infernal regions.—GIANNONE, *Ist. di Napoli.*

† There are six of these guides appointed by the police. Longevity is so common in this neighbourhood, that they told us it was not *rare* to find persons of 100 years old.

up the surface, always produced flame. Having satisfied our curiosity, we returned well pleased and contented with our second Vesuvian expedition.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

Carnival—Teatro Nuovo—Teatro del Fiorentini—Masquerade—Castel Nuovo—Mole—Galeriens—Chiaja—Neapolitan Manners—Fares—Weather—Reclusorio—Botanic Garden—Academy—Herculaneum—Palace and Portici Museum—Farewell to Naples—Amor Patriæ.

Jan. 6.—The Carnival commenced with the same mummery and absurdities as in France and other Catholic countries. The shops all over the town were full of masks and grotesque figures of all sizes and both sexes; and the common people seemed frantic with joy at the recurrence of this cheerful season. Guards were stationed in Largo di Palazzo, and in different parts of the town, and there were no excesses of any kind; twice a-week there are masked balls in the two principal theatres, after the termination of the play, as in France.

Feb. 3.—We took a drive in Strada Toledo* from three to six, to see the humours of the carnival; there were many genteel masks in carriages, and the houses and balconies were crowded with well-dressed people,

* This is one of the finest streets in Europe, nearly a mile long; most of the other streets in Naples are narrow, but they are in general well paved, and the houses flat-roofed; from the terraces there is a delicious prospect: but there is no trottoir, except in a small street called Del Gigante; and as in Paris, foot passengers incur the utmost hazard of being run over by the numerous carriages which are in all parts of this populous city.

who threw sugar-plums, &c. into the carriages, to the great delight of the children who were in them. The King was in his chariot, attended by about twenty or thirty Neapolitan princes, in Turkish dresses, with masks, spears, &c., which had a splendid appearance. The military paraded the streets, the numerous carriages kept their ranks, the people looked gay and happy, and the scene was novel and pleasing, unattended with any accident, and numbers of our countrymen seemed to enjoy it.

Feb. 4.—At Il Teatro Nuovo, which is the third of the theatres; it is small, divided, as usual, into boxes and pit; the representation was musical, and finished about half-past ten.

Feb. 6.—At Il Teatro dei Fiorentini, which is small, but a more elegant theatre than the last-mentioned; the representation was a comedy, which was well done, and there is no music at this theatre; the pit is entered by tickets and numbers, as in St. Carlo; the audience was remarkably good and select, the actors excellent, and the whole was over about half past ten—it began at seven.

Feb. 14.—At the concluding masquerade of the carnival, at the theatre of St. Carlo, which began at eleven, and continued the chief part of the night. The theatre and stage were laid together, and brilliantly lighted up; the coup d'œil was striking and beautiful; there was, as usual, a variety of characters badly supported. Turks, who knew nothing of Turkey; Parisians, who knew not the name of a street in

Paris, &c. &c. The music was good, but there was not much dancing, owing to the crowd.

Feb. 15.—At Castel Nuovo*, which is the largest fortress in Naples, and chiefly meant to keep the town in awe in the various insurrections which have taken place. The five round towers, which are such an ornament to this castle, were built by Charles of Anjou, but the beautiful gate of St. Barbara, which is of bronze, and has some fine Corinthian pillars, and much bas-relief, representing the actions of Ferdinand the First, is well worth seeing. The triumphal a[redacted] erected on occasion of the entry of Alfonso the F[redacted] is much admired by some, though the work is [redacted] sured by others. There is here also much ba[redacted] rilievo, and it must be looked on as very curi[redacted] because in that country the arts were at a low ebb[redacted]

The outward fortifications were begun by Alfonso the First of Arragon, who also built the noble towers so much admired. The church is neat, and the roof painted in fresco, and there are several pictures. There are about 1600 soldiers, and the barracks appear to be good; from the top of the castle is a fine view. In this fortress were all sorts of trades, and

* This castle communicates with the palace by means of a bridge, in case of an insurrection. Alfonso began the large hall in this castle, which is reckoned one of the largest in Italy.—BIANCARDI, p. 320.

Alfonso the First, among his other improvements of Naples, enlarged this castle, Castel Nuovo *(a)*, and the Mole; he also built a strong castle in the Island of Ischia, and drained the marshes near Naples, which were the cause of great sickness in the summer.—BIANCARDI.

(a) The cannon of Castell Nuovo annoyed Charles the Eighth so much, that he planted forty pieces of artillery against it, in four places, *Mola Grande, Strada dell' Incoronata, Chiaja*, and *Pizzo Falcone*, with which he took it in a few days.—BIANCARDI.

the utmost bustle prevails. The arsenal and foundry for cannon are curious (the former was enlarged by Alfonso the First) and we saw the process of boring a brass cannon; there were several furnaces of very good construction. The sight of many of the Galeoti clinking their chains is, however, very disgusting; these men were kept in the marine arsenal and Carme castle, but many come here to work. The government, indeed, seems more careful to attend to the conduct of these convicts than solicitous to *prevent crimes*, seeming to think the service of these men essential to the state; for, in fact, almost all the laborious service is performed by them; the Lazzaroni chiefly acting as footmen to the hackney coaches, and performing commissions, in which they are remarkably expert and very trusty, and the quickness with which they walk with heavy loads on their heads from market is astonishing, but they rarely do hard work. You meet at almost every corner the Galeriens*, chained two and two, or singly, with a heavy chain, sometimes heavily laden; at other times drawing carts, timber, &c.; but most of them, though they live hard, are cheerful, laughing and singing as they do their work. This castle is very near the port, which is protected by a mole made by Charles the Second of Anjou, and improved by Alfonso the First of Arragon. The harbour is small, but deep, it will not hold more than four eighty-gun ships, some frigates, tartans, &c.; but the *whole Neapolitan navy* is

* The garrison of Castel dell' Uovo is composed of them, the consequence of which is, one or more floggings every day almost.

not more than ten ships, *all comprehended of every size*, though no kingdom in Europe has better ports than Naples, Palermo, Messina, and Syracuse. The beautiful tower of the light-house was erected in 1646; and Charles the Third much improved the mole.

The day being remarkably fine, we walked on the public walk called Chiaja, which may be reckoned one of the first in Europe, about a mile long, and above sixty-six yards wide from the sea wall to the opposite side: it has a noble centre walk twenty-five yards wide, and on each side two narrower walks, well shaded and planted with a variety of trees and flowers. This walk is bounded on one side by the sea, and the other by a noble wide street; it is raised about six feet above the sea shore, and there are regular arches to carry off all the water into the sea, so that in the wettest weather it is perfectly dry; it is ornamented with the finest statues and pillars; among others with the famous group of the Farnese Bull. The Chiaja is regularly frequented by the first families in Naples, as well as strangers, and has several casinos, for refreshment.

Having been some time in Naples, we, of course, formed some judgment of the inhabitants; the lower orders of the Neapolitans are dirty, idle*, and imposing; the higher ranks extremely proud and indolent, thinking it a disgrace to walk; they almost all keep carriages, though often obliged to be straitened in their

* You meet such groups of them, of all ranks and stations, gossipping in the streets, that you can hardly pass; the coffee-houses and shops are also full of them, some sitting at the doors, others standing, for the Neapolitans hate to do any thing but lounge.

family expenses in other things; and here, as at Florence, our gallant countrymen catch the infection, forgetting the use of their feet as well as the Neapolitans. One sees at Naples English landaulets, phaëtons, curricles, tandems, *&c.*; and the English seem to study which shall excel most in driving a curricle or a tandem at the distance of 1500 miles from their native country, when their ingenuity might as well be exercised in Hyde Park or on Brighton Downs, without the trouble of crossing the Alps or Apennines. In many things, however, the Neapolitans are fast advancing, and the lower orders rapidly emerging from their ignorance. Bigotry and superstition are nearly banished. Among other improvements vaccination is much practised, and becoming general. Government pays the expense of it, when the children are brought to the police: and at their *own houses* the inhabitants defray the expense. The police is very exact as to the knowledge of the strangers in the city, but they experience the utmost civility from the inhabitants,

The charitable foundations and institutions are many; among them may be reckoned the hospital for the blind, that of St. Gennaro for the poor, the large house of industry on entering the city, and that for infirm soldiers in Strada St. Giacomo, *&c.*

The taxes are high on all imports, there is also one on houses, though moderate; on horses and carriages none; though it is highly probable that these will be objects of taxation hereafter, when the government is firmly established; and they would produce much; for

the Neapolitan would not easily give up his carriage. On meat the duty is high, and none can be cut up till the dogana has been satisfied—this we often found to our inconvenience. There is also a license to be paid for shooting (five dollars), and annually, thirty-seven carlines*; this makes game very high, especially pheasants, which are sold often as high as five ducats. In the license, not only the age of the person is mentioned, but his *person accurately described.*

The pleasures of this fine country, however, have their alloy, in many disorders which are peculiar to it. The inhabitants are in a certain degree subject to complaints in the bowels and defluxions of the eyes, and strangers much more; the former has often a fatal termination—thus is it in life. Providence is pleased to permit evils and inconveniences † which counteract the good, that we may not be too much attached to any country, however beautiful to the eye, or eligible from

* Coins of Naples:

Gold—Sequin worth two ducats.			
Silver—Piastre	-	4*s.*	6*d.*
Ducat	-	3	9
Carline	-	0	4½
Copper—Grain	-	0	0½

There are six Carline pieces. 4 do. 3 do. 2 do. and 1 do. And four Grain pieces. 3 grains—2, *&c.*

The wines of Naples are as excellent as *cheap.*

Common for table (Calabria) 2*d.* per bottle, excellent 3*d.*

Ischia - - -	0*s.*	9*d.*
Capri - - -	0	6
St. Euphemia - -	0	6
Lacryma Christi -	0	6
Diamante - -	0	6
Malvasia - -	0	9
Marsaglia (very good)	1	6

† Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit ————.—VIR. *Georg.*

situation. The heats of Naples, however great in summer, are said by those who have experienced them, to be so tempered by the sea breezes, as to be very supportable; and many carry it so far as to assert it to be one of the coolest places in Italy, owing to this circumstance.

In winter the weather is so changeable, that Naples does not yield to England in that particular, and in the space of twenty-four hours you have often rain and wind, cold and sunshine; and the disorders in the eyes are thought to arise from the sharp winds which often prevail, but the springs and autumns are delightful, and the weather temperate; there is, however, much thunder and lightning at times in winter; but in summer the storms are said to be dreadful, and the rains are astonishingly heavy in all seasons. The language spoken at Naples is very bad, having had princes of so many different nations, it is composed of many; and the Italian, if *Italian* it can be called, is very indifferent, and mixed, especially with Spanish, and very difficult to understand; the common people speak a complete patois. French is not so generally spoken as might be imagined, and English very little.

Feb. 19.—Went to the Reclusorio, which is a most noble building and princely institution, originally intended for the poor and destitute of all the kingdom of Naples, but now confined to Naples and its environs; it is intended to have a house of this nature in each of the different provinces. It was founded, (as appears by an inscription,) in 1753, by Charles of Bourbon,

father of the present King. You ascend by a double flight of stairs into a wide and noble portico: in the centre of the building, on the right, is a Latin inscription, shewing that that part is appropriated to the men and boys, and the left to the women and children. The rooms are large and numerous; they take the children from two or three, and keep them often till eighteen. They have all the different trades, which help to support the expenses of the house, which are great. The refectory is ninety yards long, and most of the other rooms large in proportion, and kept very clean.

Over one of the rooms is written in great letters, Scuola Lancastriana, and here *l'insegnamento mutuo* is practised, and flourishes much; education is making rapid progress in this city, and this system promises to be general. In this noble reclusorio the children of reduced nobles and gentlemen are educated, here also the deaf and dumb are instructed, the blind cherished, and the poor nourished. The plan is so grand and princely, that too much cannot be said in praise of it; it costs at present about 150,000 ducats a year; not much above a tenth of the house is finished; the plan of the church is noble, but the building is not begun.

It is computed that this house, when finished, will contain 20,000 persons; the expense of the building already amounts to a million of ducats. There is also a theatre, a room for drawing, music, and a *discipline room*: in short, there is nothing wanting in this noble institution which can tend to the com-

fort or instruction of the inmates, nor are you annoyed as, at Genoa, with numbers of them coming to ask alms; here nothing is solicited, nothing is suffered to be given, nor any impeachment upon the liberality of this noble institution. From thence to the Botanic Garden, which is now in its infancy, but promises to be in time a very useful one: it was begun ten years ago, by Joachim Murat, and it must be said that government is always ready to encourage the French institutions, which does it much honour. The library at the academy is a noble room 180 feet long, there are besides many smaller ones: it contains 45,000 volumes, and was begun, as appears by an inscription over the door, by the father of the present king, and finished by Ferdinand IV. in 1783. Among other curious books is a fine one of prints of the Herculanean antiquities; prints of Calabria, as damaged by the great earthquake, &c.: the utmost liberality and attention are experienced in this library. We concluded by seeing the statues in bronze, brought chiefly from Herculaneum, four only from Pompeii, the chief of which is a fine horse, the only one of four which could be saved from the wreck, as appears by an inscription on it in Latin; this has been repaired with great art and ingenuity. There is also a fine statue of Priapus, Mercury, a noble one of Augustus, and many others. We returned much pleased with the morning's excursion.

Feb. 22.—Went to Resina to inspect the ruins * of

* Herculeamque urbem stabiasque; et in otia natam Parthenopen.—Ovid. *Metamor.* lib. 15.

Herculaneum * ; taking lights as usual, we descended several stairs into the Theatre, which is the only part of this once large and celebrated city visible ; Rèsina and Portici are built over it, so that they cannot uncover any more of it; the theatre is ninety palms under the street. There are the steps of the Romans, the stage, many of the cornices, and part of the stucco visible, and in two different parts the following inscription:

M. NONIO. MF. BALBO
PR PROCOS
HERCVLANENSES
AP GLANDIO C. F. PVLCHRO
COS. IMP
HERCVLANENSES
POST MORT †.

Although this was not so interesting as Pompeii, yet we were not displeased at our descent ‡.

The Museum, which we saw next, consists of sixteen rooms of different dimensions, containing in glazed cases the different antiquities in fresco from Pompeii and Herculaneum; some of the paintings were particularly fresh and beautiful. The royal palace contains a number of rooms, as elegant as comfortable: the furniture which is splendid, was Murat's, and the chairs have his

* At Herculaneum the lava was seventy-nine palms deep ; at Pompeii twenty-three only.

† Erected by the Herculaneans to Glandius, the son of Caius, &c., after his death.

‡ They shewed us here the head of a woman found at Herculaneum, and the neck with the breasts burnt out.

cipher * in French and Italian. You enter this palace by a double flight of stairs, very handsome, with marble balustrades: among these rooms the theatre; ball-room, bathing-room, and Madame Murat's chamber and library, (exactly in the same state in which she left it,) are the best: one or two of the rooms, have the floor (mosaic,) taken *entire* from Herculaneum, and are most beautiful. There are not many paintings, but there is a fine one of the entrance of Gonsalvo de Cordova into Altambra, by Forbin. In the ball-room the ceiling is in fresco, copied from Pompeii. In one of the rooms is a beautiful miniature of young Bonaparte.

Descending, we were shewn a fine picture of Bonaparte in imperial robes, by Girat, removed from Murat's chamber. Joseph Bonaparte and his wife, Madame Letitia, Murat, and many of the Marshals. We here finished our morning's excursion, and our inspection of Naples and its environs, as we were preparing to quit it, after an agreeable residence of four months; and indeed there are few places on the continent in which a stranger may pass his time more agreeably or profitably than at Naples. Whether we consider the convenience of the town, the civility of the inhabitants, the grandeur of the scenery, or the curiosities in its neighbourhood, every thing, indeed, is interesting; and for a few weeks in the heat of the summer, travellers may enjoy themselves on the cool hills of Capo del Monte or Vomero, or the still more re-

* It is unnecessary to make any observations on this, but the Neapolitans are almost all Bonapartists.

freshing retreat of Castello al Mare *; we therefore prepared to leave this interesting and agreeable place with regret. But each season has its time: we were now tracing our steps to a country still more dear and interesting to us, and on the eve of setting out for our native land; not only endeared to us from that natural and attractive cause, but from possessing those blessings and comforts not to be found in any other country in Europe.

* ——— Stabiasque; ———. OVID. *Metamor.* lib. 15.

Joan II., and Alphonso, King of Sicily, retired to this town, Castello al Mare, from the plague which raged at Naples in 1422; but it being too small to contain two courts they changed their residence for Gaieta, but the queen, from jealousy of the power of Alfonso, soon retired to Procida. —BIANCARDI, p. 242.

† Before we left Naples we visited the tomb of our countryman, Mr. Eustace, who was buried in the church of Crocella, adjoining our hotel. The following is the neat epitaph to the memory of this celebrated traveller, who, like many others, appears to have had enemies, and experienced the shafts of criticism:—

Johannes Chetwode Eustace,
Sacerdos Anglicanus
Fidei Catholicæ Illibutæ
Cultor Interpres, vindex
Vir constans, simplex doctus, sincerus;
Nemini non affabilis,
Nemini non benevolus;
Italiæ sibi dilectissimæ
Hospes iterum et investigater.
Febre Correptus Napoli
Patriæ flebilis, suis flebilior.
Ad Deum redemptorem
Spe pavida acceptus.
Obiit Kalend. August,
Anno Sacro 1815,
Ætatis suæ, 44.
R. I. P.

NOTE.—For the History of the Kings of Naples, see APPENDIX.

APPENDIX

TO

THE FIRST VOLUME.

APPENDIX.

HISTORY OF THE KINGS OF NAPLES *.

The kingdom of Naples was formerly a dukedom of no great extent, like Gaeta and Beneventum; all were subject to the Greek empire, after the extinction of the Roman one. In the dukedom of Naples were comprised the island of Enadia, (Ischia), Nisida, Procida, Pozzuoli, Baia, Miseno †; the Stygian Lake, lake of Averno, and Elysian fields; and its confines extended towards the west, as far as Cuma; towards the east and north it was much limited, as it could not extend itself towards the Mediterranean, the places on the coast of which were occupied by the Prince of Beneventum ‡.

Such was the state now composing the kingdom of Naples, when Charlemagne having conquered the Longo-

* Biancardi, or Lalli, who wrote the lives of the kings of Naples, and who has furnished the writer of this sketch with great part of his materials, has had recourse to the best and most respectable historians in compiling his work, such as Summonte, Colenuccio, Costanzo, Villani, Sigonio, Pontano, Guicciardino, Ammirato, Tuano, Giovio, Ferrari, and a variety of others not less respectable, but named *all* in front of his history. The great fault of this historian is, that he is too much a panegyrist in the character of the princes, diminishing their faults, and heightening their virtues.

† Misenus gave title of count to a noble family.

‡ Giannone.

bardians * at Pavia, and put their last king, Desiderius, in chains, put an end to their kingdom, and took the title of King of Italy and the Longobardians.

The Beneventans and Neapolitans were continually at war; being rivals and neighbours, there was always some object in dispute. The Neapolitans were always fickle, and prone to revolt; and there was a very serious revolt so early as 817, in which the *women* took an active part, but it was appeased by the prudence of Teolista, who governed as duke, for the Emperor Lione †. After this the Neapolitans were for some time subject and tributary to Sicone, fourth prince of Beneventum, who, on pretence of their not paying the tribute regularly, persecuted them continually. He died in 832. Naples, as well as Sicily, then became subject to the Normans, and Robert Guiscard, its duke, distinguished himself much by his heroism, and even made war in 1081, against Alexis Comnenes, emperor of the east; this prince may be considered as founder of the kingdom of Naples, and established a considerable state, consisting of Naples ‡, Sicily, Apulia, Calabria, &c., and died full of glory, in the island of Corfu, in 1085, aged seventy §. To several dukes, succeeded Roger, third Duke ‖, and *first king of Na-*

* The Longobardians were a people of ancient Germany, who founded a kingdom in Italy and the duchy of Beneventum, having conquered it from the Greeks, as the Greeks had before expelled the Goths; the Longobardians brought with them their wives, children, and slaves.—VIVENZIO, *Istor. di Napoli.*

† GIANNONE.

‡ Naples, with its dukedom, was still subject to the Greek emperor, Alexis Comnenes, but Capua and Aversa, its neighbours, were subject to the Normans.

§ GIANNONE.

‖ Roger, King of Sicily, was excommunicated *three times* by Pope Honorius II., because he had not received the investiture of his state

ples, who, in the year 1139, reduced Naples* under his power, styling himself King of Sicily, Duke of Apulia, and Prince of Capua; he was a very powerful prince, having Salerno, Capua, Amalfi, Naples, Gaeta, and Bari. Thus ended the Greek dominion in Italy, having lasted a considerable time, though much diminished in splendour. Roger† died at Palermo in 1154, aged fifty-eight, leaving the reputation of a great general, and wise prince; who by valour had acquired a powerful kingdom, and by his prudence kept possession of it.

William I., surnamed the Bad,

Second King of Naples,

Succeeded his father; he was the only surviving son of Roger, and was naturally a very indolent prince, and his reign was turbulent, owing to his contests with the barons, who were powerful. In the beginning of his reign he had nearly lost his crown, owing to a powerful confederacy formed by Pope Adrian, the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa ‡,

from him; this magnanimous prince did not regard this violent proceeding, but pursued his measures coolly, till he had brought the proud pontiff to reason.—Biancardi.

* The circuit of Naples in the reign of Roger III., being measured, was found 2363 yards only, or about a mile; it is now about eight miles.

† Roger had by his third wife a daughter, (posthumous,) married afterwards to Henry of Suabia, King of Sicily, and founder of the Suabian race of princes.

‡ This was one of the vainest of princes, and particularly open to flattery, as the following instance will shew: in his journeys he one day saw a most beautiful castle, and asked to whom it belonged, his flatterers answered, to him, as being master of the world; some of his suite more honest than the others, found fault with this flattery, and there was a great dispute on the subject. The emperor, with great coolness, ordered that the points should be settled by the lawyers, &c., of the cities of Lombardy, who were going to assemble at the diet in Roncolia, and in fact, Bulgaro and Martino were selected by the diet to settle this contemptible affair; the former condemned the flatterers, the latter supported them; the emperor, to his shame, sided with the latter, and thus this curious affair was settled.—Giannone, lib. 12. cap. 1.

Frederic Barbarossa lost his life by an accident in 1171; being mue

and the Greek emperor, Emanuel Comnenes; he, however, roused himself from his lethargy, and by his firmness and bravery dispersed the confederacy.

Some years after William was seized and put in prison, by conspirators, headed by the Conte de Lesina and Robert Bovense, and was in danger of losing his life, but recovered his liberty miraculously by a counter-revolution. This king afterwards grew very tyrannical, as appeared by his treatment of some of the conspirators. He ordered Bonello, who was one of them, to be ham-stringed, his eyes to be put out, and various other tortures, only worthy of a tyrant, and caused him to be imprisoned in a dungeon for life; and he treated Roger Sanseverino, a powerful baron, in the same manner*. This prince escaped, some time afterwards, an attempt made by the prisoners, to murder him in an extraordinary manner, and from that time shut himself up in his palace, giving himself up to idleness and pleasures, and leaving the government to his ministers, who shamefully oppressed the people. He† died at Palermo in 1166, aged forty-six, leaving two sons, William and Henry. This king was naturally brave, exerting himself much, when occasion required, against his numerous enemies, whom by his bravery and resolution he overcame; but in peace he was indolent and sensual, and

fatigued with his campaigns and travelling, he bathed in the river Salef, in Armenia, and was drowned; not recovering as Alexander the Great recovered, after bathing in the Cydnus.

* GIANNONE, lib. 12. cap. 3. p. 471 and 472.

† William the Bad was so surnamed, from delivering himself up to the pernicious counsels of his favourite Majone, or Mavione, a man of low birth, son of a retailer of oil, who not only managed the king but kingdom as he chose, and by his unpopular and arbitrary proceedings, involved the state in great trouble; he was assassinated by Ugo, Bishop of Palermo, and thus the state was delivered from his tyranny. Among other arbitrary laws, one was made, that no gentleman should marry without the consent of the king, by which two ends were answered, money brought into the royal treasury, and the lusts of the favourite often gratified.

all his actions shew him to have been a cruel prince, though he affected great religion, and punctually attended the service of the church; and the latter part of his reign was so bad, as to acquire him the surname of *Il Malo*. His cruel treatment of his son Roger *, who died before him, so preyed on his mind, that he died at the early age of forty-six, in 1166.

WILLIAM II. †, *surnamed the* GOOD,
Third King of Naples,

Succeeded his father in 1167, aged only twelve years, under the tutelage of his mother, Queen Margaret, daughter of Garcias II., King of Navarre. He acquired great popularity, by taking off many odious taxes, releasing the prisoners, and recalling the banished barons, and by exercising many acts of kindness to the people. Having put his affairs in order, intending to join the crusade against Saladin, he was taken with a sudden illness, which terminated in his death in 1180, at the early age of thirty-three, of which he had reigned twenty-three. Another historian says he was thirty-seven. He governed his kingdom with such prudence and justice, that he was esteemed and loved by all, and regarded by the neighbouring sovereigns as a pattern for kings, so much so, that Frederic II. and Charles

* This prince, who had been called to the throne by a popular insurrection, was displaced by a counter-revolution, and struck by an arrow shot by one of the populace; his father, who met him in this state, gave him a violent blow on the breast, which was the cause of his death; running to his mother, he immediately expired in her arms.

† William married in 1176, being twenty-three years old, Jane, daughter of Henry II. King of England; the treaties of marriage having failed with the only daughter of Emanuel, the Greek emperor, and heiress to all his dominions, and the daughter of the emperor Frederic Barbarossa. Henry, brother of William, Prince of Capua, died in 1172, aged only thirteen, and in him finished the Norman line of princes of Capua, who had possessed that state 114 years.

II. of Anjou long after, wishing to restore peace and tranquillity to the kingdom, said that their aim was to make the people as happy and comfortable as in the reign of William II. Justice and strict observation of the laws flourished in his reign, and it was a common saying, that the traveller did not fear the robber, nor the sailor the corsair; justly then was the death of this king lamented, as a great national loss not to be repaired. William had married his aunt, who was daughter to King Roger, to Henry, son of the emperor Frederic Barbarossa, and in her right, Henry claimed the kingdom, but it was contested by

Tancred*, Conte di Lecce, and fourth king of Naples, grandson of King Roger, who though illegitimate, finally succeeded, as the nation would not submit to foreign rule. After the death of Tancred†, in 1193, who reigned only five years, Henry, son of Barbarossa, and sixth king of Naples, wrested the kingdom from his infant son, William, and overran Sicily, destroying every thing with fire and sword. He made himself so odious by his cruelty, that his wife Costanza, uniting with the Sicilians, took him prisoner, and he was only restored to liberty on condition of evacuating his country, and soon after died‡, universally detested as a monster of cruelty §.

* He was the illegitimate son of Roger, Duke of Puglia, eldest son of Roger I., king of Sicily.

† The disposition of Tancred was docile, and he was far from being cruel; he was naturally inclined to melancholy and a quiet life, but when called into action, quick and courageous: his reign, short as it was, was full of trouble and confusion, and constantly disturbed by revolutions. Henry, Emperor of Germany, was his constant enemy, and he enjoyed no quiet the short time he reigned. Tancred married his son Roger to Irene, daughter of the Emperor of Constantinople.—BIANCARDI, p. 41.

‡ The body of Henry, Emperor of Germany, was not permitted burial by Pope Celestine for some time, as he died under an interdict. Costanza, his widow, died the year after, much regretted by the Sicilians, and in her ended the line of King Roger I.—VIVENZIO, p. 160.

§ VIVENZIO, *Ist. di Napoli.*

William III.

Son of Tancred, and Fifth King of Naples.

This unfortunate prince, who only reigned a year, after a variety of successes, or rather a constant series of good fortune on the part of Henry, had the mortification of seeing this emperor enter triumphantly into Palermo, and humbly laid the crown of Naples and Sicily at the feet of this emperor, who ordered him to be castrated, and his eyes put out, and then threw this prince into prison *.

Henry VI.

First Prince of the German line, and Sixth King of Naples.

This prince, by the resignation of William III., came to the crown in 1195, and in him begins the German line. He was, as has been said, a monster of cruelty, and on account of the union of his wife with the barons, obliged to evacuate the country, and soon after died.

Frederic II †.

Seventh King of Naples.

This prince was son of Henry VI., and succeeded his father in 1197; at thirteen years of age the pope declared him of age, and he soon after married Costanza, daughter of Alfonso, King of Arragon ‡, and she dying in a few years, he married the daughter and heiress of John di Brenna

* Thus the kingdom passed from the Longobardians to the Normans, and the Normans to the Germans, not by conquest only, but also by succession in the person of Costanza, last of the legitimate line of the Normans.

‡ Frederic came to the empire very young, and his reign was a reign of turbulence and faction; but by his spirit and bravery he got the better of many of his enemies, at the head of whom was the arbitrary and intolerant pope, who arrogated to himself the right of deposing princes. The laws of Frederic prove him to have been a wise and prudent prince.

‡ Vivenzio.

King of Jerusalem, named Iole *, and in her right took the title of King of Jerusalem, which his successors have continued. Henry †, at twenty years of age, was chosen Emperor ‡ of Germany, and engaged to give up Naples, Sicily &c., to his eldest son.

In a few years the disputes between the Guelfs and Ghibellins § began to rage, which had taken rise some time before. Innocent IV. ‖ deposed this emperor from all his possessions, and absolved his subjects from their allegiance; but by resolution and bravery, he extricated himself from many of his difficulties, and overcame his enemies; but being taken sick in the castle of Fiorentino ¶, he died there, December 13, 1250**, aged fifty-six, leaving two sons legitimate, Corrado ††,

* Iole died in child-birth of Corrado, in Andria, in Puglia.—BIANCARDI.

† BIANCARDI, p. 75.

‡ The Suabian line of German princes properly begins with Frederic II., son of Henry VI.; and the Italian historians take great pains to prove that the kingdom of Naples came by *descent* to them in right of Costanza, *forgetting* that Henry *conquered it*, laying waste every thing with fire and sword.

§ The Ghibellins, or Imperialists, took their name from Gibello, a city in which Henry, son of the Emperor Corrado, was born, and the Guelfs from Guelfo, Duke of Bavaria; the disputes between these two parties began so early as 1139, in the reign of Corrado the third emperor, and of Roger, the first King of Sicily.

‖ Frederic said, when he heard of this pope's election, that he had lost a *cardinal friend*, and got a *pope* for an *enemy*.

¶ He went there in order to raise a new army, and make fresh exertions against Pope Innocent.—ANGELO, *di Costanza*. p. 1. Frederic was warned by an astrologer not to enter Fiorentino, as he should die there, and therefore declined entering *Florence* though invited there.—VILLANI, *as quoted by* BIANCARDI.

** All the writers of that age have asserted that he was murdered by Manfred, his bastard son, whom he had created Prince of Taranto.

†† Innocent IV. was the constant enemy of Corrado, and even offered the investiture of Naples to Richard, Earl of Cornwall, brother of Henry III., king of England; Corrado, entering Naples as a conqueror, and laying waste every thing with fire and sword, found a horse of bronze without a bridle, (on the spot on which S. Restituta was built), which

King of Germany, and Henry *, of whom his eldest son, Corrado, succeeded him.

Frederic II. † may be considered in a certain degree as the second founder of the Neapolitan monarchy. When he came to it he found it torn to pieces, and distracted by contrary factions and internal divisions, which young as he was, he reconciled by his firmness, and composed by his prudence. He not only provided for the safety of his subjects by excellent laws, but encouraging the love of arts and sciences, held out every encouragement for their promotion; though at that time they were as little known as attended to in the other countries of Europe. Although from the fury of war many cities were destroyed, he built others, and embellished many with useful and magnificent works; though owing to the trying times in which he lived, he was sometimes obliged to be severe, yet he endeavoured to temper severity with justice.

CORRADO I.,

Eighth King of Naples and Sicily, and King of the Romans.

This prince succeeded his father, December 13, 1250, but being in Germany, Manfred, his brother, assumed the reins of government, and was *Regent of Naples*. The reign of Corrado was short, only four years, and he died detested

was the arms of the city; he had a bridle put on it, and engraved the following lines:

Hactenus effrænis, domini nunc paret habenis
Rex domat hunc equum, Parthenopensis equus.

This horse was taken away in 1322, by order of the archbishop, from superstitious motives, and a bell of the episcopal church was made of the materials.—BIANCARDI.

* Henry was very young, and at that time in Sicily, having been chosen emperor at fifteen.—COSTANZO.

† Frederic married for his third wife, Isabella, daughter of the King of England.

by all for his fierceness and cruelty *, leaving an infant son Corradino, only two years old, in Germany, and he dying † soon after, was succeeded by

MANFRED,

Ninth King of Naples, and last of the Suabian race.

This prince was the illegitimate son of Frederic II., and called to the throne, which he ascended in 1254, by the united wishes of the nation. He was brave, liberal, and affable, of an understanding superior to his age; a great admirer of the arts, and an encourager of learning and the learned; no wonder, then, that with these excellent qualities he became very popular, and was regarded as well calculated to take the helm at so difficult a time, when the kingdom was threatened to be dismembered by the violence and ambition of the pope. Nor did he deceive the hopes of the people; his government being as vigorous as his administration was just; and he was loved at home as much as he was respected abroad. The pope now sought for peace, which he had refused before. He married his eldest daughter

* Corrado besieged Naples, which had espoused the party of the pope, and took it, after the inhabitants, reduced to the greatest distress, had been obliged to eat the flesh of dogs and horses, and all sorts of animals. Contrary to agreement, the king ordered the city to be sacked, nor did he omit any sort of impiety, avarice, cruelty, and lust, against the clergy, aged, women, and children; he even made the citizens themselves destroy their beautiful walls from the foundation, which were so strong, as to have daunted even Hannibal, and prevented his attacking the city. This tyrant having poisoned his brother Henry, was himself poisoned by Manfred.—COSTANZO.

† Margaret, mother of Corradino, after some time, sent ambassadors to Manfred, proving the death of her son false, and desiring him to resign the crown to him. Manfred received them with great respect, and answered with much firmness, that he had defended the kingdom from two popes who were tearing it to pieces, and that the Germans were hated in Sicily and Italy; but if the queen would send her son to be educated in Italy, he would make him his heir if he had no sons, but he would live and die a king.—COSTANZO.

to Peter, son of James, King of Arragon, from which marriage the kings of Arragon, who afterwards so long swayed the sceptre, derived their claim.

Charles of Anjou, brother of Louis IX., king of France, having received the investiture of Sicily and Naples from Pope Clement IV., who would not acknowledge Manfred, was crowned at Rome, by that pontiff, January 6, 1265; and shortly after, near Beneventum, the sanguinary battle * took

* Before the battle Manfred sent to Charles for peace, or a truce; he answered, "None, I'll send him to hell, or he shall send me to heaven."—BIANCARDI, 118. A curious specimen of the coarseness of the times.

The circumstances of the reign of this prince bear a strong resemblance to those of Harold, king of England, as the battle of Beneventum does to the battle of Hastings; and the manner of the death of the two kings likewise. Manfred was accused by the Guelfs, and by Villani, and other authors, of sending messengers into Germany in order to poison the young Corradino; the Ghibellin writers, as Anonimo and others, who wrote after him, assert the contrary, and say that the news being arrived of the young king's death, Manfred was *voluntarily* acknowledged as sovereign. These party-writers were so violent, that at this distance of time it is difficult to arrive at the truth. Manfred was tormented all his life with the ecclesiastical censures of the two popes, Urban IV. and Clement IV.; and to such a pitch in these intolerant times were they carried, that even death did not put an end to the papal tyranny. The body of Manfred was thrown into a ditch near the bridge of Beneventum, (as he died excommunicated,) and *every soldier threw in a stone*, that his bones might not be dispersed, but kept together. The ditch was filled up, and a heap of stones thrown upon it, as a rough monument; but the intolerant Archbishop of Cosenza, said, that though he was not buried in consecrated ground, the spot belonged to the Roman church, and therefore he ordered the bones to be taken up and scattered about on the banks of the river Verde. Manfred reigned thirteen years.—BIANCARDI.

William the Conqueror, like Charles of Anjou, ventured into an enemy's country at a great disadvantage; and both, with the utmost hazard, trusted all to the *stake of a single battle, and both were successful*, gaining the crowns for which they contended, without any further resistance. But the parallel between the two defeated kings will not hold good: Harold was not even suspected of a crime, but was a most amiable prince; the resemblance between the conquerors is very striking, both patronised their own countrymen, to the exclusion of the natives; *both oppressed the natives, both were tyrants.* Charles of Anjou was incited to this enterprise by his wife, Beatrice, in whose right he had Provence and Languedoc;

place, which was to determine the fate of the kingdom. In this Manfred lost his life, and Charles of Anjou took possession of the kingdom without further opposition.

Manfred was adorned with the qualities* necessary to form a great prince, sullied, however, with the suspicion of having murdered his father; and had he lived in happier times, might have kept possession of the kingdom which he had so bravely defended; but he fell a sacrifice to the despotism of the pope, the ambition of the Angevine princes, and the treachery of the barons, and died lamented by all, as a brave and just prince †.

Manfred ‡ being dead, the kingdom was occupied without further opposition by

CHARLES I., (of Anjou.)

First of the Angevine race, and Tenth King of Naples.

The beginning of the reign of this prince was so unpopular, that the people wished, but wished in vain, for Manfred,

she, who had these rich provinces, could not bear that her sisters should be *queens* of France, England, and Germany, and herself only a countess, who had a greater dowry than either of them. She died soon after she came to Naples.—COSTANZO.

* The historians of that age must have had strange ideas of virtue and vice, to celebrate a prince for his estimable *qualities*, who was suspected to have poisoned his father and brother, and been guilty of incest.—ED.

Manfred is supposed to have lost the battle of Beneventum and the kingdom by the defection of Count Rinaldo, with whose wife, Manfred's sister, he had an intrigue. Collenuccio doubts this intrigue; but an eminent historian says it is ridiculous that Collenuccio, who owns that this prince *suffocated* his father Frederic, *poisoned* his brother Corrado, and *endeavoured to poison* his nephew, Corradino, and who usurped two kingdoms from the right heir, should yet doubt his committing the crime of incest.—COSTANZO.

† BIANCARDI.

‡ Of no prince have we more opposite characters given than of this. The French, who were victorious, have endeavoured to load his memory with every crime; whilst his own people, by whom he was much beloved, have extolled him as a paragon of perfection. The truth lies, perhaps, in

with all his faults, as Charles despised and insulted the natives; conferring on the French the places of honour and profit, and treating Naples as a conquered state*. The young prince Corradino soon came to try the fortune of war with Charles of Anjou, and recover possession of the kingdom of his ancestors, but lost his life in the attempt, being beheaded † by order of Charles of Anjou ‡, after his defeat. In Corradino perished the last prince of the House of Suabia, which had given several emperors to Germany, and kings to Sicily. This cruel and unjustifiable action

the medium; he certainly had popular virtues, and was skilled in the art of governing, and governed with justice and moderation; but, perhaps, like many other princes, he used unjustifiable means to get the government, and more unjustifiable means to keep it, following the maxim of Eteocles:—"If it is ever justifiable to act wrong, it is in order to obtain sovereign power, as to other things," &c.—EURIPIDES.

This is confessed by all, that in the battle in which he lost his life, he performed the duties of a common soldier, and a great commander, disdaining to save his life when the battle was lost.

* This was done by William the Conqueror, and is generally done *by all conquerors.*

† Corradino suffered death with the greatest heroism, and throwing a ring among the people said, "I leave Don Frederic of Castile heir of my kingdom, and in case of his death, Don Pedro of Arragon, husband of Costanza, my cousin. The executioner of Corradino was immediately put to death by another appointed for that purpose. This unfortunate prince was only seventeen. This barbarous action was the cause not only of the troubles which agitated the reign of Charles, but of his losing a considerable part of his dominions. Pope Clement, whom he consulted about the fate of Corradino when he was taken prisoner, is said to have answered, "Vita Corradini Mors Caroli, Mors Corradini vita Caroli (*a*)." Charles, not content with the death of the two princes, Corradino and his cousin, put to death many others, beheading many, hanging some, and imprisoning others for life; thus proving himself a cruel tyrant.

‡ DENINA.

(*a*) Something of the same duplicity was practised towards the unfortunate Edward II., King of England. Adam Orleton, Bishop of Hereford, is said to have given orders for his death in these equivocal words:—Edwardum, occidere nolite timere, bonum est. Edwardum occidere nolite, timere bonum est.—RAPIN vol. 3. p. 145.

It will be perceived the different sense consists in the comma being placed differently.

made Charles odious to the nation, and was the primary cause of the disasters which he and his family suffered.

The most material event which took place in the reign of this prince was the massacre of the French in the Sicilian vespers *. Peter, King of Arragon, in right of his wife, Constantia, claimed and seized Sicily, and many parts of Calabria, assisted by John of Procida; and the Prince of Salerno, eldest son of Charles, was taken prisoner †, and Sicily separated from Naples ‡ and its territory, the latter still remaining under the dominion of Charles, and Sicily under that of the King of Arragon in 1283. Charles of Anjou having suffered great vicissitudes, died, with great

* This cruel massacre took place Easter-Day, 1282, when, dreadful to relate, at the sound of the vesper-bell, 8000 French, with their Sicilian wives, men, women, and children, were all massacred, and the whole finished in two hours.—COSTANZO.—DENINA.

This conspiracy, contrived and brought to a conclusion by John of Procida, is one of the most extraordinary in history; it was two years in agitation, and many were concerned in it, but it was never discovered by Charles. Procida, with the most astonishing activity went, or rather flew, to *Constantinople, Spain,* or *Africa,* as the occasion required, inciting the principal parties to action, as the Emperor of Greece, King of Arragon, *&c.*, till the enterprise was ripe for execution: thus was Sicily lost to Charles in an instant by the exertions of this astonishing man, who was the life of it; but, lamentable to say, the glory of it was entirely taken away by the dreadful massacre.

† When Charles, Prince of Salerno, was taken prisoner and brought into Sicily, the people, enraged, demanded his life for that of Corradino, slain by order of his father; the queen, to satisfy them, ordered that he should have the same kind of trial which that unfortunate prince had. He was condemned to death; this sentence was announced to him on a Friday. The prince said, with great intrepidity, I am content to suffer death, and shall suffer with patience, remembering that my Saviour suffered death on this day of the week. This conduct being reported to the queen, she said, "Tell the prince, that, as he from reverence of this day so patiently supports his fate, I, likewise, from reverence for it, respite his sentence." She then, in order to quiet the people, said, that she could not take a step of that kind and consequence without consulting her husband, and sent the prince into Spain.—BIANCARDI.

‡ The kingdom of Puglia or Naples comprehended, as it does at present, a large tract of Italy.

fortitude and piety, aged sixty-five, having reigned nineteen years, leaving the character of a wise and brave prince, endued with a great mind and much foresight, but severe, cruel, avaricious, and ambitious, which bad qualities were not tempered by the religion which he professed to have; and the heavy taxes which he laid on his people on coming to the crown made him odious to the people: though he enriched his treasury, he lost their affections. Charles of Anjou was succeeded, in 1284, by his son,

CHARLES II., surnamed IL ZOPPO, or THE LAME,
Eleventh King of Naples.

This prince being in captivity, Robert, Count of Artois, assumed the regency, and Charles did not obtain quiet possession of his kingdom till he obtained his liberty, which he did not till he had made a formal cession of Sicily to James II., son of Peter, King of Arragon. His reign was turbulent, being disturbed by war with the Kings of Sicily and Arragon, but, on the whole, he was much esteemed by his subjects. He died of a fever in the palace of Casanuova in Naples, May 4, 1309, aged sixty-one, having reigned twenty-five years. This prince greatly improved Naples, and the kingdom prospered under his administration so much, that he was regretted more than any of his predecessors. He was compared with Alexander the Great by a respectable historian *; for, although inferior to him in warlike affairs, he was fully equal to him in civil and pacific, and was beloved by all Italy, and particularly respected for keeping his word, and never violating his honour. His body was first interred in St. Domenico, and from thence carried into Provence, and his heart was deposited in an ivory urn in St. Domenico by

* Costanzo.—The same historian says, that Charles would have been equal to the greatest princes, if he had not stained his virtues by too great indulgence to his ministers and soldiers, and cruelty and barbarity to those who offended him.

order of his son; he left nine sons and five daughters, and was succeeded by

Robert,

Twelfth King of Naples.

This prince succeeded his father in 1309, though the crown was contested by his nephew, the King of Hungary, as son of the eldest son of Charles; but the pope * decided in his favour, and invested him with the kingdom. He first favoured the Guelphs †, and afterwards the Ghibellins; he was a warlike and powerful prince, and turning his arms against Sicily, was near reducing it to obedience. Genoa and Florence voluntarily surrendered their liberties to him for ten years. Favoured by circumstances, and Pope John XXII., who was a creature of his family, he maintained his ascendancy in Italy for fifteen years. Robert, Duke of Calabria ‡,

* Before he was pope his name was Giacomo d' Ossa da Cahors, a man of a low and obscure family, but of much learning and knowledge, and well calculated to meet the difficulties of the times.

† There had been for many years a contest between the Guelphs and Ghibellins, the Angevin Kings of Naples putting themselves at the head of the former, seconded by the Pope, and the Emperors of Germany supporting the latter; the aim of each sovereign, under the specious pretext of religion, was to have the dominion of Italy. The Emperor, Henry VII., by his prudent plans and bravery, appeared to have succeeded in his plans, and lowered the pride of the Angevin princes; but, by his premature death, Robert, King of Naples, and the Guelphs, had the superiority, the Ghibellins having lost their powerful protector. For a time, however, they rallied under Uguccione, and obtained the ascendancy, the Florentines and Angevins being vanquished in a great battle.

‡ This prince was so exact in administering justice to his vassals, that, fearing his servants would not give them audience, he had a bell hung at his gate, and when he heard it rung he immediately gave admittance.

One day, hearing the accustomed sound, he gave orders to his servants to admit the ringer; the servants said, it was the horse of Marcus Capece, which, rubbing against the bell, had rung it by accident. The prince ordered Capece to be called, and asked him why he suffered his horse to wander about in that manner? He answered, that the horse was old and useless, but having served him faithfully in the wars, he would not put him to death in his old age, and therefore, to save the expense of his food, he let him wander about to get his living. The duke, very angry,

his only son, distinguished by his amiable qualities and courage, died in 1328, to the great grief of his father, who lamented his death in the bitterest terms, saying to his vassals, "Cecidit corona capitis mei, væ vobis, væ mihi*." On the death of his son, Robert selected his relative, Andrew, second son of Charles Hubert, King of Hungary, for husband to his grand-daughter Joan, who was then seven years old, and had him to his court to initiate him in the Italian manners; but he was much disappointed, when, after six years' residence in Naples, he still adhered to the Hungarian customs, and did not answer the expectations formed of him; and Joan, who was now arrived at the age of twelve, and celebrated equally for her beauty and prudence, was universally pitied for passing her days with such a husband: they were married in 1333, and Robert made his people take the oath of fidelity and allegiance to them as his successors. The Duke of Durazzo had married the sister of Joan, and it was the intention of the king that they and their children should succeed to the crown in default of posterity of Joan. Robert died soon after, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, Jan. 16, 1343, having reigned thirty-four years and eight months. This prince was deservedly esteemed as a wise and good prince, and celebrated for his knowledge in philosophy and divinity; he was mild, religious, and prudent, and no less distinguished by his knowledge in military † than civil affairs. He was learned, and an encourager of the learned; and Villani, Boccaccio, and Petrarch, were his intimate friends. No wonder, then, if the loss of such a prince was severely felt; and as he lived esteemed so he died lamented; and the death of this

taxed him with ingratitude, saying, that his father had not acted so by him; but giving him a pension in his old age, had enabled him to live comfortably; and immediately ordered Capece to take better care of his horse.—BIANCARDI, p. 167.

* "Alas! alas! the crown is fallen from my head."

† In the reign of this prince the use of the bomb and arquebuse was discovered.

prince was looked on as the greatest loss to the state, and he was esteemed the wisest and most prudent sovereign who had reigned in Europe for 500 years, nor did Naples ever after have so good a king. Robert was succeeded by his granddaughter,

JOANNA I.,

Thirteenth Sovereign of Naples.

This queen came to the crown in 1343, and was crowned with her husband *; and they were acknowledged King and Queen of Jerusalem, *&c. &c.* † Andrew soon became so unpopular by giving all places and honours to his Hungarians, that the Neapolitan nobles retired from court in disgust to their estates in the country. This unfortunate prince soon after fell a sacrifice to a conspiracy, being strangled in Aversa, and thrown down from a balcony into a garden. The queen was thought to have been accessory ‡ to this murder §, and was detested both by her own people and foreign potentates. She soon married her cousin ‖, Louis, second brother of Robert, Prince of Tarento; and, at length, ashamed of remaining passive in the infamous affair of the murder of King Andrew, instituted a strict inquiry

* The states, from jealousy of foreigners, for some time refused to suffer him to be crowned.

† BIANCARDI, p. 173.

‡ The queen was the more suspected, because she went to Naples quite unconcerned, making no attempt to discover the murderers; the body of the unfortunate prince was left in the garden *unburied*, till Urso Minutolo, a canon, caused it to be carried to Naples at his own expense, and buried in the cathedral. Charles of Durazzo (*a*), who was supposed to be the queen's gallant, was universally suspected of this black affair in concert with Joan. Andrew was only nineteen, and the queen, who was six months advanced in pregnancy, eighteen.

§ This murder bears strong resemblance to that of Lord Darnley, as does the character of this queen to that of Mary, Queen of Scots.

‖ BIANCARDI, p. 177.

(*a*) Charles was her cousin; his father, John, Duke of Durazzo, being brother of the late king.—BIANCARDI, p. 168.

into it, and the old Catanese *, as she was called, her son, Roberto Cabano, grand seneschal, and her grand-daughter, after being tortured, were found guilty, and publicly executed in the market-place, their bodies burnt, and their ashes scattered about; the queen, in order to avoid suspicion, *seemed* not to pity the fate of her favourite. Louis, King of Hungary, soon arrived at Naples † with a powerful army, in order to take cognisance of the death of his brother, and had the Duc di Durazzo beheaded ‡, among many others, convicted of being accomplices in this murder. Joanna and her husband embarked for Provence, in order to have their cause tried before the pope; he declared them innocent, or affected to believe them so, and refused to give the investiture of Naples to Louis though repeatedly asked by him. Joanna, at length, obtained possession once more of her kingdom, twice conquered by Louis, who thus gave an example of moderation unknown and unheard of. He abided by the decision of the pope, and being about to obtain possession of Naples the second time, he abandoned all his conquests, and returned to Hungary, leaving all Europe at a loss which most to admire, his bravery or his disinterestedness, and self-forbearance and greatness of mind. Louis, the second husband of Joanna, dying at the age of forty-two, this extraordinary

* This woman was originally a washerwoman, and becoming wet-nurse to Prince Charles, son of King Robert, got into great favour at court, as she was a woman of great art. She was born in the city of Catania, and wife of a poor fisherman; and afterwards married to Raimondo Cabano, major-domo of the king, who, from being originally a Moorish slave bought of corsairs, and baptized by Raimondo Cabano by his own name (*a*), was arrived at great power at court, and these two had as much influence with Joan as the Marchioness of Ancre with Ann of Austria.

† He obtained possession of Naples without resistance.

‡ The King of Hungary arrived at Aversa, begged the duke to shew him the window from which his unfortunate brother was thrown—the duke, in great confusion, said, that he knew nothing of it; the king took a letter out of his pocket, written by the duke to Charles d'Artois, giving an account of the whole transaction, and had him beheaded on the spot.—BIANCARDI, p. 178.

(*a*) BIANCARDI, p. 176.

woman took, for her *third husband*, James of Arragon, son of the King of Majorca, but giving him no share of the government, he was disgusted and left her; she solicited his return, and treated him in the same manner. On his death, she found a *fourth husband* in the Duke of Brunswick, who, being a soldier of fortune, ventured on this husband-killing widow, and came to Naples, in 1376, just in time to be partaker of the disgrace of his wife, as she was strangled in Castello Nuovo * by Charles da Durazzo, who succeeded her in 1381. In Joanna finished the first line of the Angevin sovereigns of Naples, which had given four princes to it from Charles of Anjou, afterwards known in Europe by the name of *Charles I. and the aged*, to Joan I.

These princes were, in general, distinguished by their bravery, prudence, and consummate knowledge in the art of governing; they must be confessed also to have been endowed

* Another writer (Biancardi) says, that she was confined in Castello Nuovo, and conveyed from thence to Castello di Muro, where she was strangled; she was interred in Santa Chiara. Charles did not, it appears, at first intend to proceed to extremities with her, but was induced to act so by her treachery and double dealing, which incensed him so much that he executed this barbarous act, having first taken the advice of the King of Hungary in this affair.—DENINA.

Joanna does not seem to have wanted talents for governing, and had pleasing and popular manners; but was licentious to the greatest degree, and the suspicion of being concerned in the murder of her first husband has fixed an eternal stain upon her memory. She was fifty-five years old, of which she had reigned thirty-eight; none of her children by any of her husbands survived her (*a*), and she adopted as her heir Louis, Count of Anjou, brother of Charles V., King of France, and son of John the Good (*b*).

(*a*) She had a boy by King Andrew, created Duke of Calabria, who died in Hungary when he was very young, and on a visit to his uncle. With great art, after having punished the murderers of Andrew, she sent the Bishop of Tropeja to King Louis, to entreat him to take an *unfortunate widow, and her infant son, Carobert*, under his protection (1). Joanna had also two daughters by the Prince of Tarentum, who died young.

(*b*) This was the prince taken prisoner at the battle of Poitiers, and who returned to England and died there, and made that memorable speech, That good faith, if wanting in others, ought to be found in princes.

(1) BIANCARDI, p. 177.

with many popular qualities, though sullied by ambition and cruelty. In the first of the dynasty, the latter fault is palliated by the historians, who endeavour to excuse it, from the unsettled state of the kingdom, and from the resolution necessary to be shewn in the beginning of his reign, when the natives soon proved themselves weary of foreign jurisdiction; but the cruelty and barbarity of his conduct towards the unfortunate Corradino no arguments can palliate, no reasons can justify. When, however, the boldness of the enterprise is considered, which procured this prince, by one decisive blow, the possession of a great and flourishing kingdom, it must ever be looked upon as one of the most extraordinary and one of the greatest attempts that ever was made; and we are at a loss which most to admire, the boldness which suggested the enterprise, the prudence with which it was conducted, or the bravery which brought it to a conclusion.

Success is apt, in general, to justify actions in the eye of historians, which, otherwise, would be looked on as wild and romantic; in the present case, a *petty prince with small forces* had to invade a *powerful kingdom*, and to contend with a *brave and prudent sovereign*, apparently firmly seated on a throne, conferred on him by the free-will of his people in preference to the right heir, and who had extricated himself in a most extraordinary way out of great difficulties, and from a strong confederacy, backed by the whole papal power, and who had turned a defensive into an offensive war; so that, at length, his enemies, in admiration of his talents, were glad to have peace with him on his own terms, leaving him in quiet possession of his kingdom. Such was the prince with whom Charles of Anjou entered into competition, having nothing to trust to but the bravery of his troops, and the empty investiture of a kingdom, apparently firmly established in the hands of another prince; as has been said, he risked every thing on the chance of a single battle, and in that battle was successful. The more this enterprise is considered, the more resemblance will it be found to have in its leading

points to that of William the Conqueror. The boldness of it was alike conspicuous in both; in both, the reigning sovereign, a native of his kingdom, was distinguished by his popular qualities, and by the love which the people bore him; in both the invading leader was distinguished by resolution and bravery, in both the battle, if lost, must have been fatal to the invader. To what then can be ascribed the extraordinary success which attended the two invading princes, but to that power which brings to pass things seemingly impossible, and chose by this means to advance the two nations to a degree of prosperity and power not experienced before.

CHARLES OF DURAZZO, or CHARLES III.,*

Fourteenth King of Naples, and first of the second Angevin race, 1382.

This prince succeeded Joan; he was son of Louis, Duke of Durazzo, and was invested with the kingdom by Pope Urban VI. † Louis of Anjou, his competitor, was crowned by Pope Clement, King of Naples, in Provence, and in 1383 invaded the kingdom with a powerful army, and would have certainly wrested it from him, if he had not suddenly been

* There is some confusion in the Italian historians with regard to this family, or rather the *name;* but *Charles of Durazzo,* supposed to be Joanna's gallant, the *Duke of Durazzo,* who married the sister of Joanna, and was afterwards beheaded, appears to be the same person; and *Charles of Durazzo,* or *Charles III.,* another branch of the same family. The first Durazzo was the son of *John* III., son of *Louis.*

† Queen Joanna had patronised Clement VII. anti-pope, but Urban (*a*) was soon disgusted with Charles for not fulfilling his promises in favour of his nephew, and began to favour the party of Louis.

(*a*) Urban was a cruel tyrant instead of being a religious sovereign. Being besieged in Nocera by the arms of King Charles, he had the five cardinals who were of his party, and with him in the fort, put to the torture, and then put to death, because they advised a surrender. Another historian says, he put seven to death, five at Nocera and two at Genoa, whither they accompanied him in his flight. After he had had them executed, he ordered their bodies to be burned, and filling two small trunks with their ashes, wherever he went had them carried before him on two mules, with the red hair of the cardinals on the outside of the trunks *in terrorem.* "Horresco referens," such were the ministers of religion.—COLENUCCIO, as quoted by BIANCARDI, p. 194.

seized with a fever, which proved mortal, and he died in the city of Bari, Oct. 10, 1383, leaving the reputation of a wise and gallant prince; his victorious army, dismayed at this unexpected event, returned immediately into France*. The reign of Charles was a short and turbulent one, only of four years. He went to Hungary on the death of the good King Louis, on the invitation of some of the nobles, in order to take the kingdom from his daughter, King Maria †, where he was assassinated by order of the queen-mother, thus bringing on himself a miserable death, far from his country and family, by his unjustifiable and unprincipled ambition. Charles of Durazzo, also called Carlo della Pace, was a brave and prudent prince, and well skilled in the art of governing, but too ambitious and too much inclined to cruelty; he was learned, considering the age in which he lived, and a great encourager of learned men. By Margaret of Durazzo, his cousin, he had three children, Ladislaus (aged ten at his father's death), his successor, Joan, aged fifteen, and Mary, who died in her infancy.

LADISLAUS,

Fifteenth King of Naples, 1386.

Owing to the tender age of this young prince, his mother, Margaret ‡, was declared regent; but the violent measures which she pursued made her son very unpopular for some time, and to such a degree, that the nobles and people by force elected a body of eight to assist in the government of the state, and prevent the ministers from acting tyrannically, so that now the government instead of monarchical became mixed; but even with this alteration there were many discontented barons who sided with the other Angevin faction,

* BIANCARDI, p. 193.

† The Hungarians call their queens king; they saluted Maria Theresa with "Vivat *rex noster*, Maria Theresa."

‡ She died at Mola, near Salerno, of a fever, in the arms of her son.—BIANCARDI.

and solicited Louis II. of Anjou* to come and ravish the crown from Ladislaus. Pope Clement VII. favoured this young prince, and crowned him in Avignon, assisting him in his enterprise with money. In the beginning of this contest Ladislaus lost Naples, and had long to contend with some of the most powerful barons, who were assisted by the *whole house of San Severino*. At length, however, the fortune and arms of the House of Durazzo prevailed, and Louis † was obliged to return to Provence without any hopes of success in his enterprise ‡, very different from Charles of Anjou, who succeeded in his attempt without difficulty. No prince experienced greater vicissitudes than Ladislaus; he was at one time requested by the Hungarians to accept the throne of Hungary §, and went and was crowned, but was soon obliged to quit the kingdom with disgrace, owing to the fickleness of the nation. In order to secure possession of the principality of Taranto ‖, he married the widow of Raimond Orsino, his wife Costanza being still alive, Raimond having been conquered and slain in battle after having long resisted his sovereign. Under pretence of assisting Pope Innocent VII. against his rebellious subjects, he obtained possession of Rome, and for a long time was absolute there, keeping possession of the Vatican and castle of St. Angelo ¶; and after giving it up, he obtained possession of it a second time by dint of money

* The son of Louis I., who had been the competitor of Charles III., and died a little before him.

† Louis entered Naples in triumph in 1390, and remained in quiet possession of it some years, nor did Ladislaus regain it till 1396.—BIANCARDI, p. 208.

‡ *Ibid.* § *Ibid.* p. 209.

‖ This might be said to contain half the kingdom; the whole province of Otranto, territory of Bari, duchy of Venosa, county of Lecce, *&c.*—*Ibid.* p. 210.

¶ He had many battles in which he was victorious, and entering triumphantly into Rome, lodged in the Campidoglio; and the castle of St. Angelo was delivered up to him by the treachery of a Florentine, who was rewarded with lands in Puglia.—*Ibid.* p. 212.

and stratagem, from Paul Orsino, governor for Pope Gregory XII., and extended his conquests over part of Romagna, Perugia, Terni, &c., and marching into the Sennese, he took Cortona, and threatened Tuscany, and the whole of Italy, aiming at the conquest of the peninsula.

Pope Alexander V. and the cardinals, thinking it disgraceful for them that he should occupy Rome, and so much of the papal territories, recalled Louis of Anjou, a second time, in order to put an end to his conquests. The Florentines and Cardinal Baldassar Cossa, tyrant of Bologna, joining with the pope, actually conducted Louis into Italy, at the head of a powerful army, recovered the papal territories, and at length Rome itself, after many struggles. In 1411 Louis attacked Ladislaus in his dominions, at the head of 12,000 horse, and a large army of foot. The two armies met at Caprano, when Ladislaus was entirely defeated, and most of his army slain or taken prisoners; two things only prevented Louis from reaping the profit which might have been expected from such success—the one, want of money, and the other, the defeat of his fleet, by the Neapolitan king.

The army was in such poverty, and reduced to such distress, that liberty was offered to each of the prisoners, with their arms and horses, for eight or ten ducats. Ladislaus profited by this circumstance, and ordered his treasurer to advance money to those who had not sufficient to redeem themselves; and thus had soon a powerful army, well appointed, and ready to act as the occasion required. Ladislaus did not omit any political sagacity by which he might get rid of his enemies; corrupting some of the enemy's captains, and taking others into his service. Thus Louis, left almost alone, and deserted by his troops, was glad once more to escape safe into France, leaving his rival in undisturbed possession of his kingdom. Thus the best planned human schemes, at the very moment of apparent success, are rendered abortive, proving the uncertainty of human

pursuits, and the vanity of ambition and worldly greatness. Ladislaus finished his eventful life in a most distressing manner, not having attained the age of forty, and having reigned twenty-nine years: he was poisoned at Perugia, by his mistress, the daughter of a physician.

This prince established his character for bravery, prudence, and political sagacity, and above all, he had the peculiar art of extricating himself out of perilous circumstances by dexterity and foresight; and no prince had more need of exercising this art than himself, considering the various and trying incidents of his reign. He was so ambitious of glory and dominion, as to aspire to the dominion of Italy, and the imperial crown; and scrupled no end by which he could accomplish his desires, and was even often guilty of perjury and breach of faith. He must be confessed to have been barbarous and cruel, and so vindictive, as on his deathbed to order his sister and successor, Joanna, to have Paul Orsini beheaded, whom he suspected of treachery. He was a warlike and courageous prince, and as such has been celebrated by historians; but on the whole, he appears to have been cruel and treacherous, without honour or good faith to direct his actions, and the few good qualities which he possessed did not counterbalance his bad ones. His reign was a reign of war, tumult, and troubles; he had little leisure to attend to learning or the arts, which did not flourish much in his time; he had possession of Rome three times; and in 1412 the plague raged at Naples and its environs, and vast numbers died of it. Ladislaus had three wives, Costanza *

* By the advice of his mother he married her for her immense fortune, and by the same advice repudiated her, which was an indelible stain upon his character, as she was a very amiable woman. Constance, by desire of Ladislaus, married Andrew of Capua; the marriage was celebrated at Gaeta, and being on horseback in grand cavalcade, and surrounded with barons, she said to her future husband in an audible voice, "Signor Andrew, you may look on yourself as the most fortunate cavalier in the

of Chiaramonte, Mary *, sister of the King of Cyprus, and Maria d'Eugenio, Princess of Taranto; but having no children by any of them, his sister, Joanna, succeeded him.

JOANNA II.,

Sixteenth Sovereign of Naples.

This queen succeeded her brother, August 6, 1414, at the age of forty-five; she was widow of Leopold III., Duke of Austria, but had no children. The states soon advised her to marry again, in order to have an heir to the crown; she followed their advice, and married James Bourbon, Count of Marche, of the royal blood of France †, but had no children by him. Joanna II. followed the steps of Joanna I. in licentious conduct; and her husband, after putting to the torture and beheading Pandolfello Alopo, her lover, kept the queen in such strait captivity, that she was put to the greatest inconvenience, not being suffered to have intercourse with any one. It was thought that if her husband had endeavoured to gain the affections of the Neapolitans, he might have kept possession of the sovereign power, and they would have thought no more of the queen; but by his haughty and insolent manners, and decided preference of the French, despising the natives ‡, he soon lost the ground

kingdom, in having the lawful wife of your king Ladislaus for your *mistress*.—BIANCARDI, p. 207.

This amiable woman bore her troubles without repining or complaining of her barbarous husband, who was universally condemned, as well as his ambitious mother, whose advice he followed on all occasions.

* She died in consequence of remedies taken in order to have offspring. —*Ibid.* p. 210.

† BIANCARDI, p. 225. The states seemed inclined to flatter the queen's inclinations; for there was not much probability of a family, she being forty-seven when the marriage took place.

‡ It is astonishing that after so many examples of the danger of such a conduct as shewn in the course of this history, in the line pursued by the foreign princes, Charles of Anjou, Andrew of Hungary, &c., any of their successors should still persist in the same, evidently tending to their ruin.

he had gained, and they espoused the cause of the queen; when Bourbon* in his turn, was closely imprisoned, nor was he released, but at the intercession of Pope Martin V.; and when he was free, he found that all hopes of regaining his power were gone, and that he was held in such contempt, that he was glad to retire into France, where he is thought to have ended his days under the habit of a Franciscan, in 1419. Joanna after this, pursued her vicious inclinations, till she and her favourite Caracciolo †, the Grand Seneschal, by their insolence affronted Sforza Attendolo ‡, who, in conjunction with the pope, invited Louis III. of Anjou, to invade the kingdom: he obeyed the summons, and would certainly have succeeded, had not Alfonso, king of Arragon and Sicily, on being adopted by the queen, assisted her with a powerful fleet, and forced Louis to retire to Rome, where he lived in great obscurity. Alfonso conducted himself more like the *present sovereign*, than the *adopted son* of the queen, treating her and the seneschal with the greatest insolence,

* This prince had on his marriage got himself proclaimed king immediately, contrary to the inclinations of his wife, who, however, made a virtue of necessity in this affair. Julius Cæsar of Capua, a powerful nobleman, who had been the means of the king's advancement, was so neglected by him, that obtaining access to the queen when under confinement, he offered to slay the king, and restore her to power; but she, remembering that Capua was the cause of the death of her favourite, betrayed him to the king, who, hidden behind some hangings, heard him arranging the plot, had him arrested, put to the torture, and immediately beheaded.—BIANCARDI, p. 231.

† He was some years afterwards assassinated by order of the queen. The following is the way in which she is said originally to have discovered her inclinations to him; knowing his aversion to rats, she ordered her confidant to throw one at his back, he immediately took refuge from the *detested animal* in the first room which was open, in which was the queen *by contrivance*, and she then discovered her love to him.—SOMMONTE and others, as quoted by BIANCARDI, p. 233.

‡ This great general was drowned in the river Pescara, in the amiable act of rescuing a page, who was bringing him a horse, from the violence of the stream; his original name was *Musio*, and he was the ancestor of the Sforzas, dukes of Milan.

and keeping possession of Naples, Castello Nuovo, &c. The queen, disgusted with this treatment, recalled her adoption, and with the advice of the pope, adopted Louis, of Anjou *, who came from Rome, and seconded by the Neapolitans, obliged Alfonso to return to Spain. The queen acted up to her usual character, and jealous of the young prince, by the advice of her minion, contrived to send him into Calabria, where he remained to the time of his death, which happened ten years after. At Cosenza he was universally esteemed and beloved; and the queen repented too late of her conduct to him, in requiting his services in so unworthy a manner; and in order to shew her respect for his memory, she made René †, his brother, her heir ‡ in the kingdom; and at her death he was acknowledged by the barons, and called to the succession. Soon after taking this step Joanna died, aged sixty-five, having reigned twenty years, February 2, 1435. She was the last of the House of Durazzo, and of the second race of Anjou.

The character of this queen may be easily known from her actions, and appears in no better light than that of Joanna I. Licentious and unprincipled, her reign presents a disgraceful scene of disorders; she had no will but that of her minions and favourites, and owed the continuance of her power solely to the pope, and the contending powers of Anjou and Arragon, by one of which she was constantly protected; and as she lived despised, so she died unlamented. Added to her other faults, she was deceitful, seldom adhering to the truth. An historian § says, that she had some virtues, and was pious and religious; but what piety and religion was hers, when her whole life was a scene of deceit, licentious-

* Giannone. † Biancardi.—Giannone.

‡ This unfortunate adoption was the cause of the evils suffered in Naples and Italy by the invasion of the French princes.

§ Biancardi.

ness and immorality? She did not, however, want understanding, and had much ready wit.

René,
Seventeenth King of Naples.

This was a most unfortunate prince, and not able to reap his rich inheritance, having been imprisoned in Burgundy ever since 1424, after the battle between Henry VI., king of England, (his son-in-law,) and Charles VII., king of France. An embassy came to him from the sixteen barons appointed by the late queen as temporary governors, and he sent his wife, Isabella, immediately to Naples, who found the kingdom split by so many factions, that she considered it very difficult to obtain possession of it; but at length, by prudence and firmness, tempered with mildness, she accomplished her purpose.

Among many excellent regulations of this queen was one against law-suits, which had increased in number, and were a disgrace and prejudice to the state, and this law was entitled *Contra Calumnias Litigantium* *, and by her mild and cautious conduct, she soon obtained the esteem of her new subjects †. René at length being free, soon came into Italy; Alfonso, king of Arragon, was his great competitor, and a great naval battle ‡ was fought between Alfonso and the Genoese, allies of the Neapolitan Angevins; Alfonso's fleet was destroyed, and himself taken prisoner, and carried to Milan, when he soon recovered his liberty by the generosity of Philip Maria, the Duke, who, on Alfonso's representation, was induced to further his views on Naples,

* Biancardi, p. 268. † *Ibid.* p. 266.

‡ This famous battle was fought August 5, 1436, near the island of Ponza. Alfonso was treated with the greatest respect by the Duke of Milan, and more like a guest who came on a visit to him, than a prisoner. —*Ibid.* p. 266.

and a fierce war took place between the Arragonese and Angevins, with different success. This war lasted many years, and even at times the event was doubtful, though it terminated, as it might be expected, in favour of Alfonso: the only extraordinary thing in this affair is, that René could make head at all against Alfonso; the former, a poor prince, and younger brother, and as it were, a soldier of fortune, and only assisted by the pope, who himself was an exile from his capital; the latter, a powerful prince, assisted by the forces of his three kingdoms *. But the personal qualities and amiable disposition † of René supplied many defects, and procured him many friends. At length he was obliged to give up the contest, and leave the field clear to his fortunate and more powerful competitor ‡. The two houses of Anjou, which had reigned 162 years, reckoning from the coronation of Charles I., finished in René §.

Alfonso I., Surnamed the Magnificent,

Eighteenth King of Naples, and First of the Arragonian Race.

Alfonso ‖ may be said to have begun his reign on the defeat of René, and taking of Naples, June 3, 1442, and in him began the *Arragonian race* of Neapolitan kings, deriving their right either from the first adoption of this prince by Joanna II., or from his conquest of the kingdom. The two

* Arragon, Catalonia, and Sicily, and to these may be added Sardinia.

† René was looked on as the most amiable prince of his time, and was usually called the *good king René*. He was father to Margaret, the wife of Henry VI. king of England, who was of a very different character.

‡ When he left Naples he looked back on it for some time, sighing, and cursing his bad fortune.—Costanzo, lib. 18. p. 396.

Mary, Queen of Scots, looked back on France with the same grief, (though not cursing.)—Rapin.—Daniel.

§ René is placed in the second, or Durazzo, House of Anjou, but *improperly*, as he may be considered as a *distinct king*, whose throne was never established.

‖ He was uncle of the famous Ferdinand of Arragon, surnamed the Catholic.

Sicilies were now united under one prince, having been separated ever since the Sicilian vespers, so fatal to the French. Alfonso was a very powerful and ambitious prince, possessing (when he conquered Naples) Arragon, Valentia, Catalonia, Majorca, Corsica, Sardinia, Sicily, and Roussillon. He, however, used his conquest with moderation, treating his new subjects as his old ones*; being very partial to Naples, he fixed his residence in it, making it his seat of government, and established a tribunal in it, which was to be the grand court of appeal for all his extensive states, and took the title of king of the two Sicilies, which his successors have constantly used †. This prince had for his constant ally Francis Maria, duke of Milan, and with his aid endeavoured to extend his conquests in Italy.

One of the first steps taken by Alfonso, when the quiet of his kingdom was established, was to have his illegitimate son Ferrante acknowledged as his successor, which the states immediately did, and he was created Duke of Calabria. Pope Eugenio ‡ IV. confirmed this election, on condition of Alfonso's sending troops to conquer Romagna from Francis Sforza, who had possession of it, which he immediately did. So great was the reputation of this prince, that Philip Maria Visconti, the last of that family, who had been

* Biancardi, p. 285. † *Ibid.* p. 286.

‡ Eugenio was now chiefly acknowledged as pope, and by the cession some years afterwards of the famous Felix V. to Pope Nicolas V., the schism of the popish church was once more terminated. Felix had resigned his dominions, which he had long governed as Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, and was some years anti-pope; he made very honourable conditions when he resigned the popedom. First, that he should be the *first cardinal in the conclave*; secondly, that the pope should receive him *standing*, and offer him his mouth to kiss, and that he should be perpetual cardinal legate in Savoy, Switzerland, Geneva, Sion, Bresse, &c.

Felix passed the remainder of his life in great sanctity at Ripaille, where he had lived formerly in luxury, as his enemies reported, from whence they have a proverb to this day, *andare a Ripaglia* and *beau Ripaille*, to express a luxurious life.—Addison, vol. 4. p. 296.

his uniform friend, and to whom he had been obliged for his liberty, left him the chief part of his dominions; a legacy, however, of which he did not think proper to avail himself, thinking probably that his dominions were already too extensive, and wishing to establish firmly for his successor those which he had already, as he was as unpopular, owing to his unpleasing manners, as his father was popular, Ferrante being proud, avaricious, and deceitful. The reign of Alfonso was active, warlike, and turbulent. He died* in 1458, and was succeeded by his illegitimate son.

* The events of the life of this great king are so numerous, that only a few of them can be mentioned here; his reputation was so high, that the famous Scanderbeg and Demetrius Paleologus sent ambassadors to make an alliance with him; and the Florentines, who had offended him, were obliged to solicit *pardon on their knees*. He received the Emperor Frederic III. in so magnificent a manner in 1452, that the emperor, on his return to his dominions, being asked what he had seen in Italy, answered with great earnestness, "*I have seen King Alfonso.*"—BIANCARDI, p. 306.

The latter part of his life was sullied by his attachment to Lucretia, daughter of Cola d'Alagno, a Neapolitan gentleman, with whom he lived in retirement at Torre del Greco, and would have married her, had his queen, Maria (*a*), who was a princess of great beauty and merit, not been living.—*Ibid.* p. 301.

The following curious anecdote will shew the superstition of the age: Alfonso had a complaint which baffled all medical art, and reading Livy, as was his custom every day, he accidentally discovered a remedy, of which making use, he was completely cured; out of gratitude, he wrote to the republic of Venice for *some part of the body* of this historian, who was buried in Padua. They sent him an *arm* with a long inscription, thus concluding, "Titi Livii ossibus quæ hoc Tumulo conduntur brachium Patavini cives in manus concessere, anno Christi, 1451:"—"The citizens of Padua have sent an arm from the bones of Titus Livy, which are interred in this sepulchre, 1451." This arm was buried many years afterwards in an *unknown spot*, by John Pontano, the historian, with the following inscription (the place was discovered by accident): "Titi Livii Brachium, quod Antonius Panormita a Patavinis impetravit, Joannes Jovianus Pontanus mult. post ann. hoc in loco ponendum curavit:"—"John Jovianus Pontanus buried with care in this spot many years afterwards, the arm of Titus Livy, which Antony Panormita obtained from the Paduans."—*Ibid.* p. 303. This historian passes on to his

(*a*) She was daughter of Henry III., King of Castile.

Ferrante or Ferdinand,

Nineteenth King of Naples.

This prince was the illegitimate * son of the late king; and the first thing which he did, was to follow his father's advice, and

history, fairly expressing his doubts as to the body of Livy having been buried at Padua. This sets the affair at rest. In the latter end of Alfonso's reign he had another war with the Florentines, at the instance of the Venetians, and answered the French king peremptorily, when he desired him not to molest his allies, that he would settle the affair with him *at Florence*, next year. The reign of Alfonso is memorable by the loss of the Greek empire (*a*), which terminated in Constantine Paleologus, having lasted 1129 years. Constantinople was vanquished and taken (*b*) in twenty-four hours, May 29, 1453, by the treachery of John Longo Justinian, a Genoese; and in the capture of this unfortunate city, every kind of cruelty, barbarity, and outrage, was practised, to the shame and disgrace of the christian princes, who, instead of disputing among themselves, might have prevented this disaster, which had been long foreseen.

In 1458, this great prince, Alfonso, was seized with a fever, which terminated in his death; he died in Castello del Ovo, June 27. He was not only a brave and magnanimous prince, but a great encourager of learning: and was particularly distinguished by his liberality and magnificence, as appears by his splendid reception of the emperor; and was fond of giving public spectacles to the people in imitation of the ancient Romans. As his life was active and warlike, so was he feared and respected by the neighbouring princes. The chief fault he had was his neglect

* In those days legitimacy was less attended to than at present; Francis Sforza married Bianca, the *illegitimate daughter* of the Duke of Milan, and *in her right* succeeded to the duchy.

(*a*) Biancardi, p. 811. The Greek empire began with Constantine the Great, son of Helena, and finished with Constantine Paleologus, son also of Helena. Mahomet after this pushed his conquests, and got possession of Trebisonde, beheading King David; the island of Mitylene, 1462; and Negropont in 1470, &c.; and afterwards attacking Italy, took Otranto, after a brave resistance, and perpetrated every cruelty natural to these barbarians; 800 citizens, men, women, and children, being slain in cold blood, whose bones were afterwards interred by Ferrante I., with every mark of respect. Alfonso, Duke of Calabria, son of King Ferrante, restored his father's affairs, and drove the Turks back to Constantinople, when the towns on the Adriatic were in the greatest danger of being taken; and the Christians had at length some rest by the death of their great enemy, Mahomet II.—Biancardi, p. 43.

(*b*) The emperor and all the nobles were slain in this siege, Thomas and Demetrius, brothers of the emperor, only surviving, reserved for greater misery.

endeavour by a supplicating letter to gain the favour of Pope Calistus III., and induce him to grant him the investiture of the kingdom, but in vain; the inflexible pope declared the Duke of Calabria, as he called him, incapable of succeeding to the kingdom, which was lapsed to the holy see, and forbade all the states of the kingdom to yield obedience to his orders. This was looked upon as the height of ingratitude, as Calistus was made a cardinal, and owed every thing to Alfonso, the father of Ferrante. Such were the popes in those days, and such was the conduct of these *holy fathers*. When his affairs were settled some time after, he agreed to send every year to Pope Sixtus IV. a *white palfrey*, completely caparisoned, instead of tribute money, for the investiture, acknowledging that he held it of the holy see; and this was the origin of this singular homage.

On the death of Alfonso, there were four pretenders to the crown, to the exclusion of Ferrante; Charles I., Prince of

neglect of the amiable queen, owing to his improper connexion. He had a pleasing majesty in his looks, united with gravity of manners and conversation; he frequently indulged his taste for jousts, tournaments, and magnificent banquets, by which he gratified the Neapolitans, who were fond of these amusements. He improved the city in a variety of ways, and his death was lamented by the people, not only as a national loss, but as an event which would probably plunge them into war, after having some time enjoyed the blessing of peace. This prince died with the greatest sentiments of humility and religion. He was sixty-four years old, and had reigned twenty-two (*a*). At the end of this prince's reign, in 1456, happened the dreadful earthquake, in which 40,000 persons perished: Alfonso was hearing mass in the church of St. Peter the Martyr, and the congregation seeing the church ready to fall, fled as fast as possible; but the king remained firm in his place, nor would suffer the priest to quit the altar: being asked why he was so calm in such a disaster, and did not fly like the rest, he answered magnanimously in the words of Solomon, "Cor regis in manu Domini." "The life of the king is in the hand of the Lord."

(*a*) The kingdoms of Naples and Sicily were once more separated at the death of this king; the former devolving on his son, Ferrante, and the latter, as well as Arragon, on John, King of Navarre, the second brother of Alfonso, by his will.—BIANCARDI, p. 221.

Viana, son of King John; secondly, the pope claiming the kingdom, as fallen to the see; thirdly, John, King of Arragon, and fourthly, John of Anjou, son of King René. All these obstacles Ferrante overcame with patience and resolution, and was soon acknowledged by the archbishop of Naples, and the chief part of the barons and people, as *King of Naples.* The obstacles on the part of the pope proceeded from his interest and ambition, in wishing to invest his nephew, Peter Louis Borgia, with the kingdom, to the entire exclusion of Ferrante; but dying shortly after, the famous Æneas Silvius Piccolomini, of Sienna, was chosen pope, by the name of Pius II., who, being favourable to Ferrante, granted him the investiture on certain conditions; but shortly afterwards, many of the barons revolting, called in John, of Anjou, who conquered great part of the kingdom; and the king would have been ruined, if he had not been assisted by the Duke of Milan, and by his advice reconciled himself to the Conte di Marsico, (a powerful Calabrian baron,) who was made Prince of Salerno, and gave the king passage through his state, which restored his affairs. The Duke of Anjou at last was obliged to leave the kingdom, as his affairs were desperate, to the great regret of many, as he was much esteemed for his many virtues; being religious, just, circumspect, a strict observer of his word, grave and continent, and of remarkably pleasing manners; his character afforded a strong contrast to that of the king, who was cruel, avaricious, licentious, and vindictive, observing neither agreements nor oaths where his interest was concerned. Finding, however, how unpopular such a conduct made him, he at length changed it; and when the affairs of the kingdom were settled, and peace was established *, he

* The year 1464 was distinguished by the death of three eminent sovereigns, Pope Pius II., Sforza, Duke of Milan, and George Castriot, or Scanderbeg, all friends and allies of Ferdinand. The Queen

endeavoured to follow the steps of his father, in promoting the happiness of the state, enriching the kingdom with works of art, promoting learning, and issuing wise laws and regulations for the good of his people, and providing prudent and learned men to put them in execution. This change of conduct was not only the cause of letters and learned men flourishing in his reign, but also of the splendour of the royal family *. Among other regulations, Ferrante, who was a learned prince, and an encourager of learning, introduced the art of printing into Naples †.

Alfonso, son of Ferrante, who was a violent as well as a brave prince, returning from his successful campaign against the Turks, determined to humble the barons; and had *a broom for the vizor of his helmet, and hooks in his saddle,* in order to set them at defiance. He and his father were long at variance with them and the pope, till at length the latter, assisted by several other princes, reconciled them to the king on a promise of free pardon. Ferdinand and Alfonso, after this, with the utmost art, when they were lulled in security on account of the apparent reconciliation, contrived to get them all in their power, and inviting them to a grand entertainment, had them all put to death ‡; a detestable action, which ultimately was the ruin of his family, and the cause of the dynasty passing into other hands. The remaining six years of this king's life were passed in quiet, having thus got rid of all his enemies, though with the

Isabella Chiaramonte (*a*), niece of the prince of Taranto, had died just before, esteemed when living by all ranks of people for her virtues, and regretted when dead. The king afterwards married his cousin, Joanna, daughter of his uncle John, King of Arragon.

* The royal family was so numerous, and its alliances so respectable, that at a grand entertainment no fewer than fifty persons of it were present, and to judge from appearances, there was no probability of its being extinct; how erring human judgment is will shortly appear.—BIANCARDI, p. 343.

† In 1480. It had been invented in Germany in 1450.—*Ibid.*

‡ GIANNONE.

(*a*) The late worthy Pope Pius VII. was of this family.

detestation of every one. He died January 22, 1494, aged seventy, of which he had reigned thirty-five *.

There were great contradictions in this prince's character; he had an elegant manner of reasoning, was brave, prudent, modest, and patient of contradiction; quick, easy of access, and versed in state affairs: literature was encouraged in his reign †; and educated with the learned, he himself was learned, and there are extant elegant letters and orations composed by him. But on the other side, he was a finished dissembler, cruel, and fond of flattery and of buffoons ‡; and his whole life shews him to have been a complete tyrant, and a prince in whose word no confidence could be placed. But with all his faults he left the kingdom in great prosperity.

ALFONZO II.,

Twentieth King of Naples.

This prince succeeded his father without any opposition, January 25, 1494. One of his first steps was, to secure the protection and friendship of Alexander VI., by marrying Sancia, his natural daughter, to Geoffrey Borgia, the pope's son, aged *only thirteen*, in favour of which marriage, the pope exempted this prince from tribute for the term of his life. The king assigned the principality of Squillace to his daughter, for her fortune.

The troubles of Naples soon began, by the invasion of the French; this prince made strong efforts to resist the threatened attack, building a fort at Baia, &c. His next step was to send his son, Ferrante, Duke of Calabria, to the pope, to ask his advice in this emergency; he gave it to him

* Ferrante was so little sensible of the approach of death, that he had just before given orders for his hair, &c., to be put in order; but finding himself suddenly fail, he had only time to say, "God bless you, my children," and turning to a crucifix near him, "God forgive my sins," and immediately expired.—BIANCARDI, p. 356.

† Among other eminent men in this prince's reign was Pontano the poet, who established the famous academy, of which was Sannazarus.

‡ BIANCARDI, p. 356.

in *writing*, that if he wished the kingdom to continue in his family he would resign it to his son, otherwise neither of them would long be king. When Alfonso had read this letter, conscious of the hatred of the people, which he had incurred by his treachery and cruelty to the barons, he determined on following this advice, and immediately resigning the crown to his son, (whom he, with the greatest difficulty, prevailed on to accept it,) retired to the Castello dell Ovo *, and from thence, in a few days, sailed to Sicily, with all his treasures † and many vessels, to Mazzara ‡, where he died in ten months, having lived forty-seven years and fourteen days, and reigned not quite a year.

The character of this prince appears in the reign of the former king; he always excited him to acts of violence, cruelty, and revenge, being himself a cruel and vindictive prince; and the tyrannical and violent conduct of these two princes were the cause of the loss of the throne to the House of Arragon, by completely alienating from them the love of the people.

* Biancardi, pp. 366 and 367.

† Of all the treasure which this prince carried with him there remained at his death only 150,000 ducats and 50,000 pieces of gold, which were carried with great exactness to his son, Ferrante. This king married Hippolita Maria, daughter of Francis Sforza, Duke of Milan, who died August 20, 1488, and was buried in the Annunciata. He had four natural children, D. Alfonso, Marquis of Bisceglia, D. Cæsar, Viceroy of Calabria, Donna Sancia, wife of Geoffré Borgia, and Donna Constanza, wife of Giovanni Giordano Orsino.

‡ He called his son and mother-in-law to him, saying that he was determined to fulfil a vow he had made many years before, of passing the rest of his life with the monks of Mazzara, in Sicily, and resigned his crown to the former, hoping that his son would be more fortunate than he had been. The duke and queen threw themselves at his feet, and with tears begged him to desist from his purpose, but in vain; he assured them that he could no other way hope to secure his salvation and preserve the kingdom to his family: at length they yielded, and the king soon departed.

FERRANTE II.,

Twenty-first King of Naples.

This prince came to the crown reluctantly, by the cession of his father, Jan. 24, 1495. He was a most amiable prince, and endeavoured to remedy the cruelty and unpopular acts of his father and grandfather as much as possible, but vain were all his efforts to continue the crown long in his family. The Arragonian sun was rapidly setting, and the dynasty of that race approaching its end, on account of its sensual lives and tyrannical conduct. The first thing which the new king did was to set at liberty the barons imprisoned by his grandfather, which was a most just and popular act; next he applied himself with the greatest vigour to resist the attempts of Charles VIII., who was rapidly advancing to Naples, furnishing himself with money out of the churches, with a promise to repay it when the troubles were over, and making every possible exertion to resist this mighty torrent. He adopted also another popular act, in making the celebrated Pontano his secretary, who had formerly filled that office, as well as that of ambassador at Rome in the reign of Ferrante I. Ferrante hoped by these popular acts to acquire the love of his people, and induce the barons to assist him, and repel the invasion of the enemy, but in vain, the tide was too strong for him to resist. The people opened the gates of Naples to Charles on the *first summons*, who entered richly dressed, more like an eastern despot than a warlike king at the head of his army; it is difficult, indeed, to say, which was most richly dressed he or his herald: the habits of both are accurately described by an historian. Ferrante was obliged to take refuge in the Isle of Ischia, having with his own hand slain the commander, who had dared to refuse him entrance. At length he took refuge in Sicily, having refused to resign his crown, though entreated to do it by the King

of France. He * solicited and obtained the assistance of Ferdinand the Catholic †, who sent Gonsalvo Fernandez di Cordova, the great captain ‡, with a considerable army into Calabria. Reggio was taken by storm, and the French all put to the sword; and there was a famous battle near the river Seminara, in which the French were victorious, and Ferrante distinguished himself at the great hazard of his person. At length Charles, when he heard of the league formed against him, left Naples as quickly as he entered it, and returned to France, after having been crowned § by the pope's legate, and retained possession of the kingdom five months. Ferrante, on the departure of Charles ‖, recovered possession of the kingdom as quickly as he lost it, and was recalled to Naples by the unanimous desire of this fickle nation, which began to hate the French, who were soon driven from the Neapolitan dominions by the great captain: but this amiable prince did not long enjoy his good fortune, for, being seized with a fever, he soon died, after a reign of less than two years, much regretted by his people, and was interred with regal honours in the sacristy of St. Dominico,

* Biancardi, p. 374 and 376.

† Calling in this artful prince was the most impolitic step possible, as it gave him a handle to meddle with Neapolitan affairs, and was the cause of the ruin of the Arragonian dynasty.

‡ Ferrante, when he found that this great general was to assist him, could not contain his joy, but recovered his fallen spirits immediately; and his countenance glowed with the certainty of recovering his kingdom, so great was the fame of Gonsalvo. Frederic, successor of Ferrante, rewarded this chief for his services with two cities and seven castles, creating him also Duke of St. Angelo.

§ Alexander several times refused his consent to crown Charles, but he extorted it from him at last, by threatening to depose him, and set up an anti-pope. A celebrated historian (Guicciardini) says, that the French are more quick in *acquiring possessions* than prudent in *keeping them.*

‖ Charles, among other spoils at Rome, seized the unfortunate Zizimi, brother of the Turkish Emperor Bajazet, and took him to Naples, where he soon died, poisoned, as it is said, by Pope Alexander VI. This unfor-

near the sepulchre of his grandfather, and was succeeded, in 1496, by his paternal uncle *.

FREDERIC II.,

Twenty-second King of Naples.

The *last* king of the Arragonian race, descended from Alfonso, King of Naples. Frederic of Arragon was brother of Alfonzo II., and Prince of Squillace and of Altamura, and afterwards viceroy of the city of Lecce. Being informed of the illness of the king his nephew, he hastened to Naples, but found him dead; and having celebrated the royal obsequies, prepared next to execute the important charge which he had undertaken. He was crowned with great solemnity by order of Pope Alexander VI. in Capua, and began his reign with cultivating the good will of the barons who had been at enmity with his father and brother †; and, in order to make the reconciliation perfect, he ordered money to be coined with this inscription—"Recedant vetera, nova sint omnia ‡." He then began his military operations by driving the French from Gaeta; the rest, who were in Aversa, hearing this, were glad to retire to France, but were attacked by a pestilential disorder §, which proved fatal to many, and, among others, to Gilbert Montpensier ‖ their commander; but

tunate prince, escaping from his tyrannical brother, who intended to put him to death, took refuge with Pierre d'Aubusson, grand master of Rhodes, who gave him up to the Pope (Innocent VIII.) in 1488, and was made a cardinal for this *present*. Bajazet sent many *relics* to the pope, such as the lance which pierced our Saviour's side, spunge, &c., with a promise to allow 45,000 ducats a year to the pope, as he had done to the grand master, if he would keep his brother prisoner from invading his estates. This had more weight with the holy father than the relics, and it is thought that poison was given him by that monster of cruelty, Alexander, who was vexed at losing him and the pension. The body of this unfortunate prince was sent to Bajazet in 1497 by King Frederic.—BIANCARDI, p. 373.

* DENINA. † BIANCARDI, p. 385.

‡ "Let the past be forgotten, and a new system take place."

§ Many have said that the Neapolitans poisoned the wine which the French drank.—BIANCARDI.

‖ An instance of filial affection rarely to be met with occurred in his

Louis XII. succeeding Charles VIII. in his ambition as well as his throne, immediately determined on the conquest of Naples as well as Milan, and although Frederic was universally acknowledged King of Naples, Jerusalem, &c., and by granting many privileges to the city and university, and by his mildness and popular manners, soon gained the hearts of his subjects, yet his honours were of short duration, and his kingdom was soon wrested from him by the Kings of France and Spain; and he ended his days a prisoner in France, whither he had gone, with an ill-judged determination to throw himself into the arms of the King of France, not considering that a conqueror is always unjust, and hard-hearted, and too often cruel. Frederic, on finding that Naples had once more opened its gates to the French, had first taken refuge in Ischia with his unfortunate family, as his predecessor had done; and finding that his son the Duke of Calabria was taken prisoner, he lost all hope, and was induced to take the desperate step just mentioned, hating and fearing Ferdinand: he appears to have been rash, however, in putting too much confidence in Louis, who abused it*.

son, Louis, who came to Pozzuoli to see the sepulchre of his beloved parent, and weep over his remains. When he came there, overcome by the excess of his grief, perhaps also joined with fatigue, he dropped down dead on his father's grave.—BIANCARDI.

* The court was at Amboise, and Frederic was received coldly by the lords of the court, and with difficulty obtained an audience of the king, who, violating the safe conduct which he had granted him, kept him prisoner, and ordered him to be guarded by 300 men. Louis would hearken to nothing till this unfortunate prince had resigned his kingdom to him, when he had the duchy of Anjou as an appanage, and 30,000 ducats a year (*a*), and died two years after at Tours in France, Sept. 9, 1504, having lived to see the utter ruin of his family. In Frederic died the last of the Arragonese Kings of Naples, descending from Alfonso I. The Duke of Calabria his son (*b*) was carried into Spain by the great captain,

(*a*) BIANCARDI, p. 392.

(*b*) Ferdinand treated him with the greatest kindness, praising his prudence and virtues; he made him viceroy of Valencia, and married him to the widow of the Marquis di Azene, too old, however, to have children; but had always a strict guard over him, and, on his attempting to escape, the guard was stricter.—*Ibid.* p. 405.

DIVISION OF THE KINGDOM BETWEEN LOUIS XII. AND FERDINAND THE CATHOLIC.

These two kings now agreed to divide the kingdom. Louis had Naples, Terra di Lavoro, and Gaeta; and Ferdinand, Calabria and Puglia; but this interested alliance and arbitrary partition did not last long, the French and Spaniards soon quarrelled, and Louis was King of Naples * only one year, eight months, and twenty days, when the kingdom remained in the hands of

FERDINAND THE CATHOLIC,

First Prince † of the Second Race of Arragonian Kings and Twenty-third King of Naples.

This prince was son of John, King of Arragon, Navarre, and Sicily, and brother of Alfonso I.; he had the surname of Catholic from Alfonso I., King of Castile, who acquired this name from his sanctity, from having been the founder of many religious houses, and a strenuous defender of the Catholic faith ‡. Ferdinand is well known for the depth of his politics, his profound dissembling, and his want of faith; he arrived at his prosperity and power by means of the Great Captain, whose services he rewarded with ingratitude §. The

and kept there close prisoner by Ferdinand the Catholic; the other two sons of Frederic died young, and his two daughters died without children; so that this numerous family, which had lately promised long duration, was soon extinct.

The famous Sannazzaro the poet, faithful to his master, Frederic, followed his adverse fortunes into France, and on his death returned to Naples, and died at Rome in 1530, aged seventy-two.—BIANCARDI, p. 373.

* The kingdom of Naples was governed, in the space of thirty-two months and seven days, by five kings, viz., Ferrante I., Alfonso II., Charles VIII., King of France, Ferrante II., and Frederic II.—*Ibid.* p. 398.

† Sicily and Arragon were now once more united, having been separated ever since the death of Alfonso I.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 402.

§ Ferdinand determined to come to Naples to visit his new kingdom,

kingdom of Naples now lost its consequence and independence, and became an appendage to the Spanish crown. Ferdinand was not less ambitious than artful, but the boundless ambition of his grandson and successor, Charles V.*, was not less fatal to the liberties of the people than the dark designing policy of his son, Philip II., and they all kept possession of their conquest, and the people in utter subjection. Naples henceforward was governed by a set of viceroys † not less arbitrary than their masters, two of whom, the Duc d'Alva, and Don Pedro di Toledo, his son, were high in the favour of their sovereign. Many of the viceroys, it must be confessed, however, took great pains to embellish the city, and, among others, the Duc d'Ossuna and Count di Lemos.

The feeble reigns of Philip III. and IV., and their successor, Charles, made but little difference in the affairs of Naples; the people made some *faint struggles* to regain their liberties, but in vain, and were seldom honoured with the presence of their sovereigns. In the famous succession war, Philip V., grandson of Louis XIV., finally succeeded in establishing his claim, and Naples passed from the Austrian-

and actually came there in 1506; the Great Captain, hearing of his master's intended voyage, left Naples in order to meet him and conduct him to that city. Ferdinand and the viceroy met at Genoa, when the former embracing the latter received him with the greatest cordiality; they sailed together to Savona to meet Louis XII., whose niece Germana was to be married there to Ferdinand. In the nuptial banquet, Louis, who was delighted with the Great Captain, desired him to sit at table with the two kings; he refused from modesty, but, at length, obeyed the king. After these *civilities* one feels pain in recording the following fact:—He displaced him from his government, took him with him into Spain, banished him to his estate out of jealousy, and never saw him more, to *reward him for all his services, and conquering the crown of Naples for him*—such was Ferdinand the Catholic.—BIANCARDI, p. 405.

* Joanna, the mother of Charles, is not here mentioned; she succeeded her father, Ferdinand, but was a woman of weak intellects, and resigned her dominions to her son Charles, and soon after died.—*Ibid.* p. 410.

† Gonsalvo di Cordova was the first viceroy,—a proper reward for his services in conquering the kingdom.

Spanish kings to the Bourbons, and the reign of this indolent sensual prince was not more favourable to the Neapolitans than those of his predecessors.

Charles of Bourbon, son of Philip V., by Elizabeth Farnese of Parma, succeeded to the kingdom of Naples, May 15, 1734, and Naples has continued ever since an appendage to the Spanish monarchy, it having been settled, in the partition treaty by the powers of Europe, that, in default of heirs male of the Kings of Naples, the *second son* * of the Spanish king should succeed to the throne: there is, however, this difference, that since the accession of the Bourbons, Naples is the seat of royalty, and the king (though, of course, influenced by Spanish councils,) always resides in the capital, and keeps his court with great splendour. The fortuitous events which made Murat the short-lived King of Naples, being so recent are well known, and the conduct of the Neapolitans at that time and *since* confirms their character of being the most fickle nation in Europe, utterly disregarding who is their monarch, so that they can enjoy their pleasures, and live in ease and idleness. Thus, from the eleventh century to the present, there have been five races of Neapolitan kings—*Norman, Suabian, Angevin, Arragonian,* and *Austrian-Spanish,* to which, indeed, may be added that of Bourbon, at present swaying the sceptre. The first of these founded the kingdom, and their great leader, Robert Guiscard, was a prince of prudence and valour; and this kingdom was maintained by his successors, alike distinguished by their bravery and personal qualities: the name of William the Good, in particular, is handed down to posterity, as possessed of those qualities which confer honour on the sovereign and blessings upon his subjects. The House of

* The present king is second son of Charles of Bourbon, who succeeded to the crown of Spain, and brother of the late King of Spain, who died at Naples in 1818; he is the oldest sovereign in Europe, and whatever may be his political errors, is much beloved as a pleasing and amiable man.

Suabia appears to have had their courage too much tinctured with cruelty, particularly Henry, who observed no measures of lenity, but indulged his violent disposition to the utmost. The Angevin princes, likewise, though in some instances too cruel (particularly the first of this house), were certainly prudent, brave princes, and endowed with those popular qualities essential to the character of a sovereign.

The princes of the House of Arragon, particularly Ferdinand the Catholic, were subtle and arbitrary, aiming at absolute power, without consulting the good of the people, with the exception, however, of Ferrante and Frederic II., whose short-lived reigns were very popular. We may, however, observe one leading trait in the character of these various races of kings, that they were, in general, warlike, and though their state was often in danger of being torn to pieces by the more powerful sovereigns, they stemmed the torrent by their prudence, and preserved the state by their valour; and it is owing to their exertions and perseverance that Naples, or the Two Sicilies, as it is now called, is at present a kingdom which bears no inconsiderable sway in the scale of Europe.

THE DIFFERENT RACES OF THE KINGS OF NAPLES.

Normans.

Roger I.
William I., surnamed the *Bad*.
William II., surnamed the *Good*.
Tancred.
William III.

Second Race of Angevins.

Charles III. of Durazzo.
Ladislaus.
Joanna II.
René of Anjou.

Angevins.

Charles I., or of Anjou, surnamed the *Aged*: under this prince Sicily was separated from Italy.
Charles II., surnamed the *Lame*.
Robert.
Joanna I.

Arragonians.

Alfonso I., under whom Naples and Sicily were again united.
Ferrante, or Ferdinand I.
Alfonso II.
Ferrante II.
Federico II.

KINGDOM DIVIDED BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND SPANIARDS.

Spaniards, or Second Race of Arragonians.

Ferdinand the Catholic.
Joanna III.

Austrians.

Charles V., Emperor.
Philip II.
Philip III.
Philip IV.
Charles II.

French.

Philip V.

Austrians.

Charles VI., Emperor.

French.

Charles of Bourbon.

HISTORY OF FLORENCE AND THE HOUSE OF MEDICIS.

THE country of Etruria, of which Florence is now the capital, was anciently inhabited by the Tyrrenians, who are supposed to have come from Lydia*. The Tuscans† are imagined to have inhabited Etruria so early as 990 years before Christ, and 240 before the foundation of Rome. The celebrated Porsenna, originally King of Clusium, and so well known in classic history, was also king of the Tuscans, who were distinguished even in those early times for their elegance of language, and cultivation of the sciences; but the Etruscans, or Tuscans, were declining when Rome was governed by kings, and Rome, soon conquering her neighbours, Tuscany shared the common fate, and its history may be considered thenceforward as the history of Rome‡.

Florence itself owes its origin to Fiesole, a small city about three miles distant. The Fiesolanians taking part with Catiline in his conspiracy, the fugitives came to Florence in great numbers, and settled there. The so justly celebrated church of St. Lorenzo, founded by Juliana, was consecrated so early as 393, by St. Ambrogio, and was then without the walls§. The Florentines were of old famous for their bravery, and after sustaining a long siege, the city was taken by Totila, King of the Goths, in 540. It was deserted above 200 years, and restored by Charle-

* DESODOARD'S *Hist. d'Italie.*

† The Tuscans were famous of old for looking into futurity, and had many soothsayers.

‡ DESODOARD'S *Hist. d'Italie.* § *Storia Fiorentina.*

magne in 785, at which time the first bridge, *Ponte Vecchio*, was built over the Arno, which fell down in 1170, owing to the swell of the river *. Florence appears to have been overned by consuls and officers, after the model of the old Roman government, till 1202, when on account of the internal divisions which always agitated it, to prevent competition, they agreed to have a foreigner as *Podesta*, a kind of dictator. In the year 1215 arose the famous parties of Guelfs and Ghibellins †, which so long agitated Europe, and were the cause of so many wars. The conveniences of life made a rapid progress in this city, for in 1218 *Ponte Carraia* was begun, in 1236 *Ponte Grazie*, and 1252 *Ponte di Santa Trinita*. For many years now there was rivalry between the Pisans and Florentines, followed by continual wars; to avoid which in 1266, the latter surrendered themselves to Charles, Count of Anjou ‡, for ten years. After the death of Manfred, all Tuscany took the side of the Guelfs, but Pisa and Sienna. The bridges of Trinity and Carraia being destroyed by a swell of the Arno in 1269, gave occasion to the Florentines to exert themselves in repairing this disaster, which they soon

* *Storia Fiorentina.*

† The Guelfs were the pope's party, and Ghibellins the emperor's. The quarrel originated in a gentleman named Buondelmonti forsaking a lady of family of the House of Amideus, to whom he was engaged, which was the cause of his assassination. One of the leaders of the party was named Guelf, and the other Ghibellin, which names were given them in Germany (*a*).

‡ Brother of St. Lewis, to whom Pope Urban gave the investiture of the kingdom of Naples.—MEZERAI.

(*a*) From the daughter of Guelfo III., the House of Este, called from that afterwards *Guelfa Estense*, is descended: the Dukes of Modena, Brunswick, and Hanover, trace their descent from the same source; as also many other illustrious dukes and princes, which by their power and valour, caused great uneasiness to a succession of emperors, and often endangered the safety of their dominions. From the Ghibellin family descended, among other emperors, Henry III., IV. and V.; under the reign of the last, the two families were united by the marriage of Guercio, Duke of Svevia, with Ginditta, the daughter of Henr the Black, Duke of Bavaria, and sister of Guelfo VI.—DENINA.

did effectually, and next applied themselves to building their walls, which they finished in 1316. In 1325, Florence being incapable to defend itself, offered the sovereignty to Charles, Duke of Calabria, son of Robert, King of Sicily, who accepted it. In 1348 the Florentines were visited by a dreadful pestilence, which committed great ravages among them; and in 1390, John Galeas Visconti, Duke of Milan, having taken Pisa, Bologna, Perugia, and Sienna, in his vanity had prepared a crown, in order to be crowned at Florence, King of Italy, but his sudden death prevented it, and preserved the Florentines from imminent danger. This people had long been a prey to internal dissensions, which at length ceased, by the election of John di Bicci di Medicis, an *eminent merchant* *, to be their chief magistrate: this may be reckoned the origin of the House of Medicis. These dissensions had lasted more than 200 years, when disorders, ending in bloodshed and assassinations, were the consequence of them; the people, therefore, rejoiced in this election as a prelude to tranquillity and peace. After a time, however, the factious spirit of the people once more broke out, and in 1433, a contrary faction was the cause of his son, Cosimo, in 1433, being confined at Padua for a time, though afterwards recalled with triumph in 1434; he died in 1464, was buried in St. Lorenzo church, and on his tomb is this honourable inscription, "Pater Patriæ †."

This calm was disturbed by fresh enormities in 1478, when Julianus Medici was assassinated by Bandini and Francesco

* He had acquired great riches by trading to the Levant.

† He is also called *Cosimo the Aged*—(GALLUZZI)—and by many is considered as the founder of his house, for which his father paved the way. In 1292 Florence purchased its liberty of the Emperor Rodolphus; distressed afterwards for money, their liberty so far from being of service, by being made a bad use of, plunged them in anarchy and confusion; and a few years before had begun the faction of the Guelfs and Ghibellins, called also black and white.—MEZERAI.

de Pazzi: Lorenzo, his brother, escaped with difficulty *; the former left a natural son, who was afterwards Pope Clement VII. (Lorenzo died suddenly in 1492.) He appears to have been a distinguished character; he lost his father at fifteen years old, and at that early age began to have the care of the republic, and was soon distinguished in Italy by his wisdom. But he was greater in his forbearance and pardon of his enemies, the Pazzi, Salviati, &c., and only requested the Grand Signior to deliver up the *murderer of his brother, Bernardino Bandini*, who had fled to Constantinople, pardoning all the rest. The greatness of his disposition and firmness of his mind appear strongly in his persisting in his determination of going to Ferdinand, King of Naples, his greatest enemy, and putting himself into his hands, on its being intimated to him that Ferdinand and Pope Sixtus IV. were about to declare war against the republic on his account. This conduct had such an effect on King Ferdinand, as to change his enmity into the strictest friendship. In the midst of persecutions and civil commotions, he never lost sight of his favourite studies, nor ever ceased encouraging learning and learned men. How great an admirer he was of sculpture, architecture, and painting, may be known by the villas, palaces, and churches, built or improved under his beneficent patronage. Among other artists, Michelangelo, then a young man, just beginning to shew specimens of his genius, experienced his patronage. This great man †, justly called the Magnificent, died at his

* Called Lorenzo the Magnificent.

† Lorenzo de Medicis, an eminent citizen of Florence, distinguished himself by his public spirit, and useful actions. He kept the republic in quiet, embellished the city, fortified it on the side of Bologna with the castle of Fiorenzuola, and, in short, was looked up to as the support of the republic: he died at the early age of forty-four, much regretted by his country and the neighbouring states.—GUICCIARDINI.

Lorenzo said there were *three* things necessary to constitute the cha-

villa of Careggi, aged 44, April 9, 1492, and was buried in St. Lorenzo, but the spot is not known; he who of all the family was most worthy of a monument had none; the tears of his friends, and regret of the citizens, which accompanied his remains, were the most honourable testimony to his worth. By his wife, Clarissa Orsini, he had a large family: three sons survived him; Peter, who notwithstanding his youth, succeeded him in authority; John, afterwards Pope Leo X., the celebrated Patron of learning; and Julian, Duke of Nemours, who had also the title of Magnificent.

Peter, owing to violent aud arbitrary conduct, endeavouring to govern the state independently*, giving up Pisa† and

racter of a great prince: first, to attend to the opinion of friends of understanding and sound judgment, and immediately to put their counsel into execution; second, never to forget friends who were absent; third, never to neglect reports, or think them suspicious, or of no consequence, when the life or safety of the prince or state are at stake. This was also a maxim of his son, Leo X.

Tria esse prædicabat, quæ magno principi in gerendis rebus et laudem et felicitatem pararent. 1. Cum amicissimis judicii atque prudentiæ opinione præstantibus, diffuse consultare statimque ab ipso animi decreto maturare ad perficiendum. 2. Nunquam oblivisci absentium amicorum. 3. Nullam omnino suspicionem superfluam putare quæ vitæ principatusque salutem respiceret.

* In 1494, Peter de Medicis aspired to the sovereignty of Florence, in which he was opposed by Lorenzo and John, and thus the city was a prey to faction and discord between the Patrician and Plebeian party.

† Between Florence and Pisa appears always a bone of contention; the one struggling for sovereignty, and the other for independence; in 1509, the Pisans were reduced to the last extremity by the Florentines, who cut off all their resources, destroyed their crops, and distressed them by sea and land. Pisa at last was sold to the latter by the kings of Spain and France for a large sum, and thus submitted to its enemy, after a severe struggle. The siege of Pisa, for its length, and the various events to which it gave rise, has been compared with the siege of Troy; the effect also which it had upon the family of Medicis, and its general influence in the affairs of Europe, is very remarkable.—Roscoe. So determined were the inhabitants not to surrender, that they voluntarily limited themselves to food of the coarsest nature; the Genoese had prepared many ships with provision of which the Florentines had notice,

Livorno to Charles VIII., King of France, was banished with his brothers from Florence: he was by no means defective in his attention to learning, but as his life was short, so was his death miserable, being drowned in the river Garigliano. On the banishment of Peter, Peter Soderini *, a man of family, and much esteemed, was chosen *gonfaloniere* † *for life* ‡, and the constitution was again changed. In 1512 there was another revolution, when he gave up this office, and fled to Ancona, and Battista Rodolfi was named to the office for one year. We may observe in the various changes of government in this fickle people, the disposition and manners of the Romans, continually changing their form of government and public officers, till it terminated in an absolute one, which was the case in both. After eighteen years of exile, the Medici were recalled to Florence, with what security may be imagined, from this circumstance; Julianus, who took the reins of sovereignty, had a strong

and prevented their reaching the city, which was the cause of its surrender. The moderation of the victors, however, reflected honour on them; they gave the vanquished honourable terms, took possession of the city the 9th of June, and abundance and comfort, the consequence of peace, soon made it flourish as before.—MURATORI.

* Although an encourager of learning, he was a subtle, artful, and designing man, and very ambitious, scrupling nothing to obtain his ends, and aggrandize his family; as may be known from his unjustifiable conduct to the Duke of Urbino.—*Storia Fiorentina.* Soderini in a long speech endeavoured to persuade the Florentines to make use of the money of the church against the power of the church.—GUICCIARDINI. He is styled by an excellent historian, (Ammirato,) a man of a good disposition, and a firm friend to the liberties of his country; but from a natural timidity, not able to act as the circumstances of the times demanded. Pope Julius favouring the pretensions of the Medici, endeavoured to reinstate them; and thus Peter Soderini being deprived of his office, was forced to quit the city, and go to Perugia.—*Ibid.*

† Literally, standard-bearer; but the office answered to that of our mayor.

‡ The only one chosen for life.

guard of soldiers always at his palace, ruling with greater authority than his ancestors, and much greater than his brother. As he was always an aspiring man, when his brother became pope by the name of Leo X., he thought that by his means he might arrive at a brilliant fortune, and gave up the government of Florence to his nephew, Lorenzo, and went to the court of Rome, where he was made gonfaloniere and captain-general of the church. He had afterwards the vicariates of Modena, Reggio, Parma, and Placentia, and aspired to the duchy of Milan; but death put an end to all his projects. He left only a natural son, Hippolito, afterwards promoted to the cardinalate, and the duchy of Nemours returned to the crown of France, according to the regulation of Francis I. Julianus, in the early part of his life, was a great cultivator of learning, and his love of sciences was increased in his exile in the celebrated court of Urbino. He died of a fever in the abbey of Fiesole, May 17, 1516, aged twenty-seven years, where he had ordered himself to be brought in his illness *.

When Juliano resigned the government of Florence, Lorenzo, his nephew, succeeded him, made Duke of Urbino by his uncle, Leo X. †; he was the father of the celebrated

* This year was famous for the death of great men; Gonzalvo, the great captain, and a month after, Ferdinand, King of Arragon. Ferdinand ordered great honours to be shewn his corpse, though from jealousy he so neglected him, as to make him absent himself from court. Only a few months before had died also Louis XII., King of France.—GUICCIARDINI.

† In spite of the flattering character given this pope by his panegyrists, his treacherous conduct in getting into his power John Paul Baglioni, under the faith of a safe conduct, in order to obtain possession of Perugia, and his subsequent barbarous conduct in torturing him and putting him to death (*a*), must ever fix an indelible stain upon this *head of the church;* and his artful behaviour to the Duke of Ferrara shews him to be void of that honour and good faith, which are the support of princes; and too much infected with the fault of his family, which was scrupling at

(*a*) ROSCOE.

Catherine of Medicis; he also died of disorders contracted* by his libertine life, at the early age of twenty-seven, without male posterity. As an instance of the rapid extinction of a family in the legitimate line, that of Cosimo Pater Patriæ was now reduced to Pope Clement VII., Hippolitus and Alexander, uncle and nephews, *all bastards.* There were no commotions in Florence for some time; and in 1527 there was a conspiracy to get rid of the Medici family, on account of the approach of the Constable of Bourbon with his army, to Rome; it was got the better of for a time, but the popular government was soon restored, and the two Medicis, Hippolitus and Alexander, were banished the city. In 1528, on the proposal of Nicolas Capponi, Gonfaloniere, it was carried by a great majority of voices that *Jesus Christ should be King of Florence,* to such a pitch of impiety and fanaticism were these wretched people carried; and these words were actually written in letters of gold over the gate of the palace, "Christ, king of kings, and lord of lords †." In 1530 this wretched city was besieged by the Prince of Orange ‡, who succeeded to the command of the imperialists after the death of the celebrated Constable of Bourbon, and was slain in a skirmish. This siege was undertaken by

nothing to attain their ends, so that their ambition was gratified. This pope not only deprived the Duc d'Urbino of his dominions, who it must be said was a most unprincipled character, but got into his hands his secretary, Florida, and *by torture* endeavoured to make him betray his master's secrets, under the faith of a safe conduct, basely violated; he likewise secured Cardinal Petrucci. Such was the *mild* and *benevolent* Pope Leo X.—Ed.

* Lorenzo de Medici died five days after his wife, who expired in childbed of a daughter, afterwards named Catherine; she was the firebrand of France, and the scourge of Europe.—Guicciardini.

† *Storia Fiorentina.*

‡ In this siege *Napoleone* Orsino, a soldier of the Florentines, distin-

the command of Charles V., emperor, in order to reinstate the Medici, as Alexander * had married his natural daughter; and in fact, they were reinstated by the colossal power of this emperor in 1531, and the arms of the pope were placed over the gate of the public palace. From this time the principality of the family of Medicis was firmly established under Duke Alexander, though they had been banished their country three times; the various fortunes of this extraordinary family are well known, sometimes at the head of the government, at others wanderers, driven from the city and country. Octavianus was appointed minister of justice under Duke Alexander, and September 1, 1533, Catherine of Medicis left Florence for France. Alexander had not governed six years, when he was assassinated by his relation, Lorenzo de Medici, called from his diminutive size, Lorenzino †.

That branch of the Medicis ending in Alexander ‡, who left no son, Cosmo I. was chosen duke; descended from

guished himself much by bravery, but was a traitor; after receiving money from the Florentines, he went over to the pope and emperor.—GUICCIARDINI.

* Alexander was natural son of Lorenzo, Duc d'Urbino, and brother of Catherine of Medicis; this ambitious and unprincipled woman, the wife of *one* king, and mother of *three*, who by her ambition and violence, bigotry and cruelty, occasioned such misfortunes to the Protestants, and reduced France to the brink of ruin, had a fine understanding, though badly applied; she was at once the *delight* of Europe, by her beauty and accomplishments, and its *terror* by her want of principle.

† He was buried in the new sacristy of St. Lorenzo, and in the same marble tomb with his father, Lorenzo (*a*); he was supposed to have had his brother, Cardinal Hippolitus, poisoned, fearing in him a rival of his power; to such a length was the ambition of the Medici carried, that in those early days they scrupled no means to attain their ends.

‡ Alexander was complained of for his licentious life to the Emperor Charles V., and was supposed to have poisoned Cardinal Hippolitus, who died at Itri, August 10, 1535.—MURATORI.

(*a*) *Lorenzo the Magnificent.*

Lorenzo, brother of *Cosimo Pater Patriæ*, and son of John the Invincible, captain of the black band. Tuscany now was to assume a new aspect, and under the future guidance of the Medicean princes, to be looked on in a more respectable light in Europe than it had hitherto been. Florence had for many years presented a disgraceful scene of factions and riots, ending often in murders—interested persons fomenting them for their own private advantage, and the republic striving for liberty, which, when possessed, was always abused. The mind sickens at the relation of the enormities committed within the last hundred years, and turns with pleasure to a new state of things. Florence was henceforwards to have a new established firm government, and to be respected by its neighbours as the nursery of arts and sciences.

Cosimo I.

This prince took the helm in a most difficult time, but shewed himself not unequal to the task; he was a man of considerable talents, and though not perhaps equal to his father as a soldier, yet was he not deficient in military skill, as he shewed in many instances, and excelled most of his predecessors in the cabinet. The celebrated words of Cornelius Nepos are applied by most historians to him: "Nihil illo fuisse excellentius vel in vitiis vel in virtutibus*." Cosimo had soon occasion to exercise his talents, taking possession of the government at a most difficult time, when the people were factious and divided into parties, fluctuating between a principality and a republic. Many of the fortresses were in the hands of the Spaniards, and he was opposed by the nobility, at the head of whom were the Strozzi, his declared enemies, and one of the most powerful families of Florence. Out of these difficulties he soon by his prudence

* Corn. Nep. *in Alcibiade.*

extricated himself, making friends of the Imperialists and Spaniards, and shewing great vigour in government; and in the wars which raged between them and the French, he proved himself a most prudent prince, persevering in a neutrality; though pressed by both factions to join them, he declared to the contending parties, that if he was attacked, they would not find him tied in a sack *; in short, no prince knew better than Cosimo how to profit by time and circumstances. In the beginning of his administration there was a dangerous conspiracy, headed by Philip Strozzi, but it was suppressed, and Strozzi was taken †.

In 1539, Cosimo married Donna Eleonora di Toledo, second daughter of the Duke of Toledo, viceroy of Naples ‡. In various parts of his reign this prince appears to have acted with great duplicity, particularly in the affair of Sienna § and its territory, in 1538, which he tried to obtain possession of any way; and his conduct was so palpable, that the Cardinal Hippolitus publicly called him traitor, and said that he would make him repent his conduct, and in this

* GALUZZI.

† He was found dead in his bed in 1538. Cosimo obtained from the emperor that Philip Strozzi should be given up to him, in order that he might obtain some insight into the cause of the deaths of Duke Alexander and Cardinal Hippolitus, to avoid which, he slew hiself with a sword, carelessly left in the prison by the Spanish gaoler. He pointed the sword to his throat, and fell on it with such force, that his body falling against the door, it was opened with great difficulty. He left a writing on the table purporting, that, as he was conscious of the badness of his life, he had put an end to it and his miseries at the same time, influenced by *greatness of mind*, that he might not be tempted to betray his friends.—PAUL. JOV. *Hist. sui temporis.* Thus he committed the greater evil to avoid the lesser—on heathen principles, unworthy of a christian.

‡ This prince was buried in St. Giacomo di Spagnuoli, at Naples.

§ Sienna (*a*) and its territory were taken possession of by the Duke Cosimo, July 10, 1557, to the great grief of the Siennese.

(*a*) In the siege of Sienna various instances of distress occurred; the besieged were, at last, almost famished: those who endeavoured to quit the town were obliged to return, in order to be starved into a surrender.—GALUZZI.

affair he contrived to displease both Imperialists and French. In short, want of sincerity and great ambition were faults imputed to Cosimo by the Kings of France and Spain, and certainly not without reason. In 1540, the celebrated meeting took place at Paris between the two great rivals of the age, Charles V. and Francis I., and there were feasts, *&c.*, and the utmost apparent cordiality between them; but, in 1542, war was declared between them, in which Cosimo was invited to take a part, but extricated himself with his usual dexterity. But this prince now was obliged to exert himself to assist his subjects, afflicted by a great calamity; in 1557, owing to continual and heavy rains, the Arno overflowed so much, that many of the streets had twenty feet of water, and numbers perished. Provisions also and merchandise in abundance were lost; great distress and sickness unavoidably followed, when the water retired, and left mud and filth *.

This prince a few years before had received great mortifications from Henry II., King of France, who, in 1553, at the suggestion of his wife, Catherine, appointed Peter Strozzi commander-in-chief of his armies in Italy, merely to mortify Cosimo, whom she hated. Strozzi went to Rome to stir up the pope against him, but in vain; and so puffed up were the French with some temporary successes, that they vaunted publicly that they would have Cosimo prisoner in Paris within a month. Strozzi † was bold and courageous, but violent, conceited, and impatient of control. Cosimo was entirely in the hands of Philip II., King of Spain, (to whom the Emperor Charles V., weary of the cares of government, had some time before resigned all his dominions, retiring himself to a convent in Spain,) and took no step without his concurrence, insomuch so, that he engaged not to marry his

* The same happened at Rome at the same time from the overflowing of the Tiber.—GALUZZI.

† This Strozzi was a marshal in the service, and though a great general, was turbulent and ambitious, and entirely governed by Pope

sons but with his consent, and the king in return guaranteed the possession of Sienna and his other dominions—such was the *traffic* between princes; and by the treaty of Château Cambresis the possession not only of Sienna but of Tuscany was confirmed to him, which, before, he held on an insecure tenure. It must be said, however, that as this prince was indefatigable in war, day and night planning and directing its operations, so in peace he indulged his natural genius, cultivating the fine arts, and having his great hall ornamented with pictures and prints representing the brilliant actions of the war. He was, however, a great bigot, and so strongly attached to popery, that he, in 1549, published an edict, prohibiting either *printing* or having in *possession any heretical book*. In his reign manufactories and trade increased, but the long war had brought such prejudice to agriculture, that there not only was a great want of corn, but of wine and oil in 1559.

In 1564, Cosimo, weary of the cares of government, admitted his eldest son Francis to a share of the government, with the title of prince-regent. Francis married, July 25,

Paul IV. (*a*) and the Caraffas; he was killed in the trenches before Thionville, June 21, 1558, by which the Spaniards and Cosimo were delivered from their greatest enemy. He was the sole author of the war of Parma, Sienna, *&c.*—GALUZZI.

The family of Strozzi still flourishes, and is one of the most respectable in Florence, and their palace is the most magnificent in the city: the worthy chief of the family has, as we were informed, a very high office in the establishment of the sovereign.—ED.

(*a*) So detested was this turbulent pontiff, who was a disgrace to the church, that on his death, which happened August 4, 1559, his statue was thrown into the Tiber; and so abhorred was his memory, that all the arms and every remembrance of the Caraffas was taken from the city. Pius IV., Cardinal de Medici, of the family of Medici, was elected in his stead, who was as much beloved for his virtues as the last pope was detested. On his intercession, Cardinal Strozzi and Julian Medicis were pardoned by Cosimo. This excellent pope died in 1565, much lamented by all, particularly the House of Medicis, to whom he was ever kind. Cardinal Alessandrino succeeded him by the name of Pius V., a man of such obscure birth, that when a boy he was employed to look after cattle.

1565, the Archduchess Joanna, daughter of the Emperor Ferdinand *, to the great joy of his father, who thus had his ambition gratified completely by an alliance with the imperial house; and, in 1569, to complete his happiness, he had the title of grand duke conferred on him by the pope in a solemn embassy, with the appellation of *serene highness*, amidst the acclamations of his subjects. The emperor joined with the pope in this, but many of the sovereigns of Europe refused to acknowledge his new title, which mortified his vanity (of which he had a considerable share) not a little. This prince now might have been very tranquil, had he had religion and strength of mind sufficient to govern his passions. His states were increased, he was at peace with his neighbours, and his ambition was gratified by his accession of title; but, as he had always been licentious, so was the latter part of his life disgraced by *profligacy and cruelty which led to murder*, thus setting a bad example to his family and subjects. He had for some time had an intrigue with Eleanor Albizzi (whom he afterwards married); and when his valet, Sforza Almeni, zealous for the honour and reputation of his master, boldly reproved him for giving such public offence by his conduct, he slew him in a fit of passion †, thus staining his character with *murder*, which before had been disgraced by *adultery*. His conduct had an immediate effect on his family, for his son and successor Francis would not for some time consummate his marriage with the archduchess. As, after the example of his father, he had always been licentious, so now he *publicly* kept as his mistress the celebrated Capella ‡ Bianca, the cause of so much grief to the grand duchess, and offence to his people. The grand duke had all his life

* It was thought that the feasts and entertainments given on account of this marriage cost 300,000 ducats,—a wonderful sum at that time, especially when the scarcity which afflicted Tuscany is considered.

† GALUZZI.

‡ Probably it should be *Capello Bianco*, so called from her having light hair.

accustomed himself to violent exercises, such as hunting, tennis, *&c.* In 1563 he was attacked with the gout, which returned frequently afterwards, with several fits of apoplexy, which put an end to his life, April 20, 1574. Cosimo was fifty-four years old, of which he had reigned * thirty-eight, twenty-eight by himself, and ten conjointly with his son. In order to form a proper estimate of the character of this prince, it is necessary to search into the actions of his long reign, and we shall find more to *condemn* than *approve*. Many writers, dazzled with the splendour of the government of this founder of the Medicean greatness, have glossed over his vices, and magnified his virtues—not so the impartial historian, who must see the former predominate; and the affair of the Siennese displays such a scene of artifice, treachery, and intrigue, as must ever cover his memory with shame; it was begun with art and ended with cruelty. That he had some good qualities it must be confessed, for who is without some? but they were tarnished by licentiousness, ambition, cruelty, and revenge. For the first, witness his numerous intrigues, and particularly the latter one of Eleonora Albizzi; the second, the affair of Sienna; and the third, the murder of his servant. He took, in short, for his models, Don Pedro di Toledo and the Duke d'Alva, two of the most arbitrary and sanguinary ministers of a cruel and bigotted monarch that ever existed. These men he constantly imitated, and his criminal laws taking their rise from Spanish maxims sufficiently indicate his cruelty. His enemies went so far as to assert †, that he frequently made use of poison

* Though reigned is a term proper only for kings, yet, to avoid confusion, it is here made use of.

† They also have asserted that he slew his son Don Garcia with his own hand, and his brother, Cardinal John, which was the cause of the death of their mother the Duchess Eleanor; but these are probably assertions without proof, as one can scarcely imagine that there could exist such a monster of iniquity. It is, however, *certain*, that he was the cause of the death of many citizens, enemies or supposed enemies to him. His ad-

to rid himself of those he disliked, and it is certain that he endeavoured by that base way to get rid of Strozzi. In excuse for him, it is said that Strozzi first endeavoured to poison him, if that can be called an excuse *. It is said in his favour, that he often gave to the children the confiscated goods of their parents, and was so impartial in his administration of justice, as to be esteemed the most excellent and upright judge of Italy.

A respectable historian † often quoted in this sketch, dazzled by his public character, says "Cosimo was one of the greatest men which Italy produced in the sixteenth century; for besides those qualities which rendered his system of politics so extraordinary, and the ingenuity with which he raised and established the House of Medicis, he was distinguished by many virtues, though it must be owned, obscured by several vices, many of which his admirers attributed to the fault of the age in which he lived, and a defect of temperament in himself." This must be said, that he was a man of great and splendid talents. He came to the government in a most difficult time, when the state was full of faction, and different parties were contending for power and striving to depress his house; he was only sixteen years old, and by management and resolution contrived to get the

mirers excuse these cruelties, from his state being partly acquired, and not in a settled state; but to justify such measures it is a poor excuse to say—

"Res duræ et regni novitas me talia cogunt
Moliri."— VIRGIL.

Tacitus, whom he was fond of reading, furnished him with matter not by any means beneficial; and it is thought that his heart became harder, and that he became more profligate from reading that author.

* In the character and portrait of this prince, as given by a respectable historian, he is called a handsome man, with a fierce countenance; and he says, that from the necessity of the times he *began his reign with much blood.*—AMMIRATO. The same historian qualifies the Sienna business by saying, he made himself master of Sienna by *good sense and activity.*

† GALUZZI.

better of the contending parties, and establish his government on a firm and solid foundation. He not only kept his states undiminished, but increased them much, so that Tuscany, which before his time was looked on in an inconsiderable light, was with the territory acquired by him a respectable state, and bore no small part in the scale of Europe. He contrived to steer clear among the belligerent powers, keeping his dominions as much as possible in peace, and transmitted them to his descendants in a perfectly tranquil state. In short, he deserves the character of a brave and prudent prince, conducting himself in most difficult times with great prudence, and even with such dexterity, as in a certain degree to become the arbiter of the affairs of Italy, not only gaining a considerable accession of states to himself, but likewise the founder of a powerful dukedom, which he left to his family. He was a great encourager of the fine arts, and a number of learned men were protected by him and flourished in his time; statuary also was brought to great perfection, by Bandinelli and Cellini, and painting by Bronzino, Zucchari, &c. He was particularly attentive in religious acts*, building several churches, and repairing others; Pius V. was so pleased with this part of his conduct, that these words were inscribed on the diadem with which he was crowned by the pope, "Ob eximiam dilectionem ac Catholicæ religionis zelum, præcipuumque justiciæ studium."

This prince had the decoration of the Golden Fleece from Charles V., estimated at 200,000 crowns. He instituted the

* In 1552, St. Peter's at Rome was begun by Julius II., formerly Cardinal Rovere, who published a bull, ordering all doubtful legacies to be applied to building this church. This pope was one of the most violent of men; on the painting the Sixtine Chapel, by Michelangelo, the pope grew impatient at the length of the work, and asked the artist when it would be finished; he answered "I shall finish it when I can;" "When you can," answered the violent pontiff, "do you wish me to have you thrown down headlong from the scaffold?" After this menace the work advanced rapidly.—Roscoe.

religious military order of St. Stephen, to combat the Barbary Corsairs, and enlarged, and was a great benefactor to the universities of Pisa and Sienna; he also gave a regular form to the Florentine Academy, and at his own expense opened a printing-office, sending for Florentines from Germany to direct it. He expended a large sum in cultivating the country about Pisa and the isle of Elba, and at his leisure hours employed himself in the gardens of Boboli, grafting, planting, &c. As he was a great patron of the arts and men of letters, so he laid the foundation of those works of genius which have so long distinguished Tuscany from other nations. In the whole, few princes had a greater mixture of faults and virtues; his reign must be called a *glorious* one, and he a *great* prince; but the utmost partiality cannot call him a *good* one, and this founder of the Medicean dynasty, seems more worthy of *admiration* than *esteem*. Cosimo was married twice, to Eleonora di Toledo and Camilla Martelli; the latter lived with him in the palace, but never had the title of grand duchess. Besides his successor Francis, he had Don Ferdinand, who reigned so gloriously, and Don Pedro. An eminent historian (Muratori) calls him a prince worthy of being immortalized; owning, however, his improper conduct as to Camilla Martelli, whom he only married at the repeated intercessions of Pius V.

FRANCIS I., SECOND GRAND DUKE.

Francis succeeded his father in the dukedom in 1574, without difficulty, and found it in perfect peace; having been so many years associated with him, he had learned the art of governing. Happy had it been for both, had he been equally instructed in the moral duties of life, and had had a good example set him; the evils of this reign, arising from licentiousness and profligacy, would then have been avoided, nor would the state have suffered those evils, from which with great difficulty, and by the prudent management only of Ferdinand, his successor, it recovered. This prince

was remarkably indolent, and very different from his father, except in licentiousness, in which, unfortunately, he imitated him: as he had none of the temporizing policy of Cosimo, so were his politics very different; and he threw himself at once into the arms of the House of Austria; as wearing the ducal crown would he thought, offend the powers who refused to acknowledge the newly-created title of grand duke, he refrained making use of it in public. He had hardly taken possession of the government when a serious conspiracy was formed against him by Pucci * and accomplices, in 1675, on account of his dissolute life, of which Cardinal Ferdinand Medici informed his brother, and it was thus prevented. Pucci, when he was arrested, wounded himself severely, in an attempt to kill himself; he, however, recovered, and was punished with death, and many others suffered also, supposed accomplices; and various confiscations took place, so that the grand duke's government, which was unpopular before, was much more so now.

In 1576 an imperial diploma arrived with the confirmation of the title of grand duke, which fed his vanity, and was the occasion of much pomp, and various ceremonies; these festivals and entertainments were not the cause of much joy to the people, and it appeared that they already began to lament the death of their last sovereign, licentious and tyrannical as he was, and to consider it as a fatal stroke to the state. From this time we have a frightful picture of licentiousness and bad government, the relation of which only is painful. These evils had nearly proved the ruin of the state, and rendered Francis hateful to his subjects, and contemptible in the eyes of Europe. The unbounded authority of th ministers, hard-heartedness of the prince, and the want of harmony between him and his people, were the cause of an univefsal spirit of discontent.

* His father, Pandolfo, conspired against the life of Cosimo, and was executed; but Cosimo, with his usual generosity, shewed great kindness to the children, who thus rewarded it.

Justice in this licentious and wicked reign, if justice it can be called, was administered by a notary, who confounded the innocent with the guilty; and the rich and powerful found no difficulty in evading it. Quarrels and assassinations multiplied in an alarming degree, and the eighteen months from the death of the last duke, were looked on as an age. The extravagant and profligate life of the prince and his courtiers, gave a bad example to the people, which was imitated by too many. On the night of July 11, 1576, Don Pedro *, brother of the sovereign, having long lived a depraved and licentious life, murdered his wife with his own hand; and shortly after died Donna Isabella, sister of the grand duke, and wife of Giordano Orsini, said to have been strangled by her husband in a fit of jealousy; so unbridled already were become the passions of this family so lately exalted to sovereign power. In 1578 the state sustained a great loss in the death † of the Grand Duchess Joanna of Austria, who was a most amiable woman; she died in child-bed, to the great grief of the whole court, and all the people ‡. She was a princess of great virtues, endowed with the most amiable qualities, and universally beloved and regretted, and bore the slights of her husband and his infidelity in the most patient manner. On her death-bed she used every religious argument to induce him to give up the indecent connexion with Capella; which he promised with tears, but soon forgot his promise. Francis was obliged to leave Florence suddenly on her death, so great was the affection of the people for her, and their horror at the slights she had received from the duke.

The grand duke was as much attached to Capella Bianca as ever; she had pretended pregnancy some time to him, in

* Don Pedro afterwards went and settled in Spain, and gave great offence there by his profligacy, and also a bad opinion of his nation?

† About this time was instituted by Henry III. the order of the Holy Ghost.

‡ She left three daughters and one son, Don Philip.

order to gratify his wishes, as he was anxious to have children by her; and to complete this farce, in 1576 *, a supposititious child was introduced in the night to Bianca, which was the cause of great joy to her infatuated lover, and there were great rejoicings in the whole court; the child was called Don Antonio, and afterwards not only adopted as a child of the House of Medicis, but always treated kindly by them. Francis being always anxious to have a child by her, she continually fed his hopes, pretending pregnancy, and at last adopted this plan. The grand duke now grew more and more indolent, never interfering with foreign nations; and what was much worse, wholly neglecting his own. Disorders and enormities rapidly increased, and in 1580 the banditti in Tuscany got to such a pitch, from the neglect of government, that it was become hazardous to travel any where.

In 1582 Francis experienced a heavy domestic affliction in the loss of his only son Don Philip, who died of a complication of disorders; whether from apathy or heroism, for one scarcely can impute it to religion, in a man who lived so sensual a life, he bore this loss with great fortitude, not permitting demonstrations of mourning or condolence, which afforded occasion for various conjectures: Cardinal Ferdinando, his brother, who foresaw the consequences likely to result from this event, was seriously affected. The grand duke now became more unpopular than ever; withdrawing himself from the numerous complaints of his subjects, he retired to Prattolino, a villa which he had built about six miles from Florence, with Capella Bianca, whom he had married some time before, and who now bore the title of grand duchess, and was acknowledged by Cardinal Ferdinand; if any thing could increase the dislike of his people to him, it was this disgraceful connexion. At Prattolino he

* About a century after, the same farce was said to have been acted in the British court.

was accessible to scarcely any one but his brother. The disgraceful events of this inglorious reign were put an end to by the death of the grand duke, who died October 19, 1587, of a tertian ague, aged only forty-seven, having survived his father thirteen years. On his death-bed he recommended the care of the grand duchess * and her son, Don Antonio, to his brother and successor, and died perfectly calm and resigned, unregretted by his subjects.

Francis appears to have been naturally of an indolent disposition, and in the early part of his life generous and mild; but for many years he was so wholly lost in sensuality, as to be forgetful of the duties incumbent on him as a sovereign, neglecting them entirely, and utterly careless of the welfare of his people: the consequence was, as might be expected, his ministers, magistrates, &c., did the same; and a kind of anarchy prevailed, which might have been fatal to the state, had he lived much longer. He was latterly vain and proud to the greatest degree, and so indolent, as to leave the care of all public business to his wife and ministers, who abused their trust, to the great injury of the people. As, however, few princes have not some good mixed with the bad, so the character of Francis seems to have been of this nature; the excellence of his laws shews him to have been once a just and impartial prince, and an enemy to all corruption. In the former part of his life he was familiar with his subjects, and furnished with the qualities so much to be desired in his situation. In talents and learning he is said to have been superior to most princes of his time; both learned himself, and an admirer of learning and the fine arts, he not only favoured the sciences, but liberally rewarded the professors.

* It is hard to say whether she excelled most in beauty or wit. Francis heard so much of her, that he wished to see her, and his interview was the cause of the future troubles of his reign; for he found in her a young woman in whom he did not know which most to admire, the graces of her person, or accomplishments of her mind.—MURATORI.

When we compare this part of his character with the other, we cannot help being hurt that such good qualities should be tarnished with bad ones; but sensuality was the vice which brought on all the others, and involved the state in great trouble. One of the most beneficial public acts of this prince's reign appears to have been building the new town of Leghorn. On the 28th of March, 1577, the first stone was laid, and this must be confessed to have been a very useful act; it was planned by his father long before, but carried in execution by him. This town was formerly a marshy unhealthy place, and the harbour so narrow, as to admit only a few small vessels; it originally belonged to Pisa, but was taken by the Genoese, and when Pisa was taken by Florence, the latter bought Leghorn of the Genoese for 100,000 ducats. Francis not only built Prattolino, but the surrounding country, being little better than a desert, he with great taste and expense made it fertile and beautiful.

The grand duchess Capella Bianca, survived her husband but one day, dying of the same disorder; she had for some time paid great attention to Cardinal Ferdinand, who was reconciled to her, and passed some time at Prattolino. Few females in history have made more noise in the world than this; she was a Venetian, of a noble family, and the republic was so pleased at her marriage, that they sent a solemn complimentary embassy to her; but elevated by her beauty to an exalted station, she had not sense or strength of mind sufficient to correct her faults, but incurred the hatred of the nation by her pride and vanity, which murmured at seeing her in a station of which she was not worthy; and her art and duplicity in the affair of Don Antonio, rendered her contemptible in the eyes of all, and has fixed an eternal stain on her memory. Cardinal Ferdinand, successor of Francis, would not suffer her to be interred in the sepulchre of the Medici; but her remains were deposited in an obscure part of St. Lorenzo, in the common grave of the poor, which

now is not known; that no remembrance of a woman who had caused such disorders in the state might remain, he also ordered to be taken from all the public places her arms quartered with those of Medici, in order if possible to extinguish all public remembrance of her. He even went so far as to suffer no one to call her the grand duchess, and always spoke of her as the *worthless Bianca.*

FERDINAND I., THIRD GRAND DUKE.

We now come to a glorious and useful reign, which, in a certain degree, makes amends for the errors and vices of the former, the very account of which fills the reader with disgust. Ferdinand I., son of Cosimo I., succeeded his brother, to the great joy of the people; as his many amiable qualities promised them that happiness under his administration so much wanting in the former, nor were they deceived; he soon demonstrated by his vigour, firmness, and justice, that he was not unworthy of the situation he enjoyed: he shewed his high and proper spirit, by shaking off that dependence on a foreign court, which was such a disgrace to the late duke. He * was a prince not only endowed with great talents and virtues, but had been educated in all the refined politics of the court of Rome, the low cunning of which he rejected, only adopting that part which would assist him in governing his people well. With the accumulated treasures of his brother, he was not only able to sustain the splendour of his family with dignity, but still farther to increase it; he held in abhorrence the pride, and almost oriental manners, so prevalent in his brother in his latter years, and was affable, pleasing, and accessible to all ranks, by which conduct he shortly acquired the love of all. This was the more extra-

* In this prince's time flourished Alessandro Alleri and Berfiardino Pocceti, great painters; and Giovanni Bologna, the sculptor. In the latter part of his reign the celebrated Cardinal Peretti was made pope, by the name of Sixtus V.

ordinary, as this prince was educated a churchman, in general a bad school for government; but he overcame all the prejudices of education, applying himself solely to the good of his subjects, uninfluenced by any private views, and unprejudiced by the interests of others. He, who for twenty-seven years had worn the purple as a cardinal, hardly came to sovereign authority, than he became the protector of arts and letters, and formed immediate plans of increasing his marine power, and was the dread of the Ottoman court. Under his glorious reign the knights of St. Stephen acquired fresh laurels and immortal glory. He applied himself vigorously to remedy the evils of the late administration, by taking care that all ranks of life should have justice impartially.

When he was settled on his throne, he determined to comply with the wishes of his subjects, in marrying, and had no difficulty in procuring a dispensation from the pope. In 1589 he married Christina, daughter of Charles, Duke of Lorraine, and niece of Catharine of Medicis, Queen of France, and in this choice he shewed his judgment; for young as she was, (only sixteen,) by her prudence and docility, she soon gained the affection and esteem not only of her husband, but of all ranks of people. A great scarcity had prevailed in Tuscany from 1587 to 1589, aggravated by the overflowing of the Arno; the grand duke did all in his power to remedy these evils, not only by assisting the poor, but by observing the strictest economy in his family, a conduct more honourable than gaining victories, or increasing his territories. He bought corn in England, with which he was liberally supplied by Queen Elizabeth; and in the inundation of the river he exposed his life to great risks, in order to assist the inhabitants.

Ferdinand offered the new city of Leghorn as an asylum for persons of all nations persecuted by their respective princes; to Christians of a new sect persecuted by Philip

II., to Jews ill-treated and driven from their homes, Corsicans oppressed with the Genoese government, banditti wandering about to escape the arm of justice, and many others who from various reasons were obliged to quit their country; these were all eager to live under the mild laws and wise administration of this prince. However the morality of this measure may be questioned, its policy cannot, for by these means, like Rome, Leghorn, soon increased, and arrived at its most flourishing state. In 1590, his domestic felicity and ambition at the same time were gratified by the birth of a son*, afterwards Cosimo II. He shewed a proper spirit of independence in all his actions; and contrived this year that the castles of Iff† and Pommegues near Marseilles should admit a Tuscan garrison; and a brother and daughter of Fausset, the former commander of the league were detained as hostages for the performance of the treaty with Henry IV., to the great grief of the Duke of Savoy, who hoped to have had these castles with Provence in *full sovereignty* on the dismemberment of the French monarchy.

In 1595 the magnificent church at Sienna, built ever since

* This year died Pope Sixtus V., one of the most enterprising of the popes, and most liberal and free from superstition and bigotry, of any who had sat on the papal throne. Cardinal Spondrati succeeded him, and took the name of Gregory XIV.

† Iff was represented by Ferdinand in his remonstrance to Philip, (wishing to have it,) as in a good state of defence, having *twenty pieces of artillery*, well provided with victuals, and able to *resist any surprise*.—GALUZZI. This little fortress was esteemed of such consequence, that Philip II., who was jealous of Ferdinand's connexion with Henry IV., insisted on having it as a preliminary step to a reconciliation. This fort commanded Ratonneau and Pommegues; the harbour of the first was capable of containing forty galleys, and the latter eighteen. Iff, in short, was coveted by the Spaniards, Savoy, and the Marseillois, to whom it was of great consequence, commanding the harbour of Marseilles. Rinuccini, the Florentine commander, drove away the French of the Guise faction, and displayed the standard of the king, with the universal acclamation of "Long live the king."

1063, was destroyed by fire *, but rebuilt by the exertions of this prince, who used the utmost activity for the good of his subjects; but he particularly exerted himself to repair the heavy disasters occasioned by scarcity and inundations: Agrarian laws were published, and new cultivators sought for, with very advantageous offers, to repair the disasters, and sow the waste lands. In no part of his life was Ferdinand greater than by this public spirit; he ordered marshes to be drained, remedied the future overflowings of the Arno, had aqueducts made, which were the means of introducing both water and health to Pisa at one and the same time; this conduct has immortalized this prince, "hæc tibi erunt artes †."

Leghorn was soon abundantly peopled, by the advantages offered to the new settlers; and the English, Dutch, and Provencaux quickly established with it a system of commerce. Throughout the whole of his reign he displayed a laudable anxiety to put Tuscany in an independent situation; and as he was a liberal-minded prince, (though educated in the papal court,) he gave protection to the English, Dutch, &c., who were refused it by the pope and other Catholic princes, on account of their religion. By this step he secured their gratitude, and benefited his own state by their commerce. The port of Leghorn, which sprang as it were out of lakes, from this spirit of toleration and liberality, was the only port in Italy open to these nations. His court was not less elegant than magnificent, though regulated with the strictest economy; it was no longer, as in the last reign, an asylum for the vicious and profligate, but distinguished by the resort of the learned and ingenious, who found every encouragement in a prince celebrated for his love of literature and the fine arts. Favours were no longer, as formerly bestowed, as the price of enormities, but solely as a recom-

* He gave 12,000 crowns out of the treasury, and had a tax of 40,000 crowns for ten years, and used various other ways to rebuild the church.

† VIRGIL.

pense for merit and virtue. The system of politics pursued by this prudent prince, was to shake off a slavish dependence on the court of Spain, and to establish Henry, King of Navarre, firmly on the throne of France. But as the greatest men have their faults, he was certainly guilty of duplicity; for whilst corresponding with and assisting this prince, he assured Philip II. that the reports on this head were false, and that there was not a prince in Italy more attached and devoted to him than himself. The prudent advice which he gave to Henry, by which he regulated his future conduct, and at length gained possession of the throne of France*, made him be looked on as the wisest prince of his age. The succession appeared sure to Ferdinand's family, by the birth of two sons and a daughter: Christina, the Grand Duchess, young as she was, was a pattern of virtue and religion, and esteemed by all.

In 1598, died Philip, King of Spain, who by his ambition had long been the common disturber of Europe. The grand duke at length had the satisfaction of having his wishes realized by a connexion with Henry IV., with whom the marriage of his niece, daughter of Francis I., took place in 1600, by proxy, at Florence. She arrived at Lyons December 3, where the king saw her by stealth at supper, and stood behind some of her suite; but the queen discovered him, by observing some embarrassment in the attendants. Henry told his confidants that he was much pleased at her appearance, but the sequel did not turn out so well, as it was a most unhappy connexion†. There were great rejoicings at this alliance, and Ferdinand thought himself at the height of his

* In 1595, Henry was reconciled to the pope, and had complete possession of the kingdom.

† Henry IV., when his queen came to Paris, among others, himself presented to her the celebrated d'Entragues with these words, "She has been *my mistress*, and wishes to be *your servant*." Mary of Medicis after this, regularly associated with this woman, in order to secure the aggrandizement of her favourites, Leonora and Concini. "Risum teneatis amici?"—HORACE.

wishes; so short-sighted are mortals in their views of worldly grandeur.

Ferdinand now began to forfeit his independence, by being the tool of the Spaniards: and pursuing the old system, he arrested the pretended Don Sebastian, who was patronised by Henry IV. and the Portuguese. Thus, it appears, that, in spite of all his exertions for a number of years to counteract this system, Tuscany still might be called a province (as it had been) wholly dependant on Spain, whose nod it obeyed. In 1604 died Don Pedro *, brother of Ferdinand, who, having left his country many years, and resided in Spain, might be almost called a Spaniard; he had lucrative and honourable appointments from the King of Spain, and from his partiality to the Spaniards was the cause of many disputes between them and the Tuscans †. In 1607, Cosimo, son of Ferdinand, married the Archduchess Maddalena, daughter of Charles, Archduke of Gratz, and sister of Margaret, Queen of Spain. February 7, 1609, a period was put to the useful and praiseworthy administration, which had so long diffused blessings on the country, by the death of the grand duke. He died regretted universally by his subjects, and the first of the House of Medici who was so. He was beloved by all ranks, having the rare art of accommodating himself to all: in familiar conversation, far different from the austere severity of his ancestors, he was accustomed to unite wit with cheerfulness; his character may be known from his actions. He loved the arts and sciences, and pro-

* His body was carried to the Jesuits with a splendid procession, and with princely honours; but, alas! when the procession arrived, the body was refused admission, as he died insolvent, and it was afterwards carried to the Trinity. He left many natural children, having always lived a licentious life, but was never married.

† In 1604 Alessandro di Medici was elected pope, and took the name of Leo XI., and was the third prince of the House of Medici chosen pope; he lived, however, but twenty-six days (*a*), and Borghese succeeded him, who took the name of Paul V.*a*

(*a*) His monument is in St. Peter's at Rome.

tected men of letters; and though certainly not without ambition, he uniformly made his ambition subservient to the good of his subjects, a moderation rarely to be met with in a prince. It may justly be said that in this prince were united all the brilliant qualities which constitute a great sovereign; ingenuous but cautious, vigorous in his decisions, of a great and resolute mind, even in disasters waxing bold, enjoying the happy but rare talent of mixing clemency with rigour. Such was this prince, who, taking the government in the most difficult times, appears to have been fully equal to the task, governing, in general, with the greatest prudence, from which if he sometimes deviated, (for who among mankind is free from imperfections?) it must be ascribed to the peculiar delicacy of his situation, and not to his want of foresight. Although subject to passion, he soon forgave: witness his conduct to the Aretini, who, though particularly benefited by him, tied a hangman's rope about his statue, acting in the most indecent manner, but he generously forgave them on the pope's intercession. Ferdinand, in short, to sum up the whole in a few words, had all the qualities necessary to secure the love and esteem of his subjects, and is perhaps the only example of a prince being served with fidelity and attachment by ministers loving each other reciprocally without envy, and contributing their talents to the public service, and at the same time assisting the prince, who, esteeming them all, rewarded all their merits; it must therefore be said, that the state sustained a great loss in this prince—much the greatest * of the House of Medici. Ferdinand † left four sons and four daughters.

* He was a prince whose memory will ever be dear to his subjects, leaving the reputation of a wise and magnificent prince. Although he loved amusements, he never suffered them to interfere with his more serious pursuits, and his constant aim was to be loved more than feared.—MURATORI.

† Among his most useful undertakings may be reckoned his building and peopling Leghorn, and draining the Valdichiana, which were marshes

Cosimo II.,

Fourth Grand Duke,

Succeeded his father in a very tender age; for some time he went on very well under the care of his excellent mother, and having his father's upright minister of the name of Vinta; but, on his death, he trusted too much to a man of the name of Cioli, who, unfortunately, acquired the confidence of his mother, and was unworthy of that trust, and he was ultimately the cause of the fall of the House of Medici. The accession of Cosimo to power was rendered memorable by the discovery of the satellites of Jupiter by Galileo, called in compliment to him the Medicean stars. In the beginning of his reign *, this prince pursued the wise plans of his father, dividing his time between his councillors and family, dedicating one portion of it to domestic concerns, and the other to affairs of state; by which means he soon

sixty miles in length and three in breadth. Before his time agriculture was subservient to commerce, which was solely attended to; but he put the former on such a footing that it soon took the lead, and was *first*, as it ought, in every state, those only following commerce who could not be employed in agriculture. Many excellent agricultural laws were passed by this prince, tending to regulate the rural economy between the landlord and tenant. The olive-tree and vine, which are now so beneficial to Tuscany, as well as beautiful objects, owe their rise to the prudent attention of this wise and beneficent prince. The finest and most beautiful gardens of Florence, so justly the admiration of every one, owe their rise likewise to the taste of this sovereign. Nor did he neglect merchandise; but in this, following the system of his brother, as appears by his improvement of Leghorn, held out every proper encouragement to commerce likewise; thus, like a wise prince, attentive to every thing which would promote the good of his state. Sculpture, painting, and architecture flourished in great perfection under Ferdinand in the schools of John of Bologna and Bontalenti. The famous statue of Cosimo I., on the Grande Place, was made under the direction of this prince by John of Bologna.

* In 1610, the beginning of his reign, that dreadful catastrophe took place, the assassination of Henry IV., which deprived France of the greatest of its princes.

acquired the love of the people. In particular, he followed his father's plan, with regard to Leghorn, improving the harbour and works; he built a mole called after him, to this day, Mola Cosimo. To complete his domestic comfort, he had a son to secure the succession, and took great care of his brothers and sisters, procuring them establishments. The hospitality exercised by him towards the unfortunate Emir Faccardino must ever reflect the greatest honour on his memory. This unfortunate eastern prince, in a fruitless attempt to recover his dominions, was strangled at Constantinople with all his family. In 1717, Cosimo's health, which had long been delicate, and in a very declining state, suffered much from his peace of mind being disturbed by the murder of Marshal Ancre and his wife at Paris, and the insults offered to his ambassador and the Tuscans. This prudent prince, though he could not respect the character of these upstarts, had often warned them of their impending ruin, unless they altered their conduct, but in vain; they still persevered in their imperious and arrogant conduct till the fatal event took place. 1619: This year was distinguished by more naval triumphs of the Tuscan galleys. The grand duke had taken the greatest pains to strengthen his marine, and from 1570 to 1619, it was calculated that the Tuscan galleys had made more than 10,000 Turks slaves, and delivered from slavery 6000 Christians. Cosimo married the Archduchess Maria Maddalena of Austria, and had by her a numerous family; but his health, which had long been bad, became worse and worse; till, at length, this prince yielded to the force of his disorder, which deprived him of life at the early age of thirty-two, after a reign of only twelve years. All orders and ranks united in bewailing the loss of this prince, and from this epoch may be dated the fall of the House of Medici. Clemency, forbearance, and moderation, were the leading traits in his character; a natural and pleasing cheerfulness made his society universally sought after, and though

from the state of his health he could not at all times enjoy it, he was pleased and gratified at seeing others partake of those pleasures which he could not taste himself. Not only was he liberal and disinterested, but learned and well read; fond of poetry, he composed verses which were much esteemed. It must, however, be said, that this prince, too intent on foreign pursuits, formed great projects, but neglected too much the affairs of his duchy, at least, he trusted them to others unworthy of his confidence, which was the cause of great troubles to his family. He, however, left Tuscany in the most flourishing condition it had known since the extinction of the republic. At his death the family of Medici was very numerous, though it so soon became extinct; besides Cardinal Charles, and Don Lorenzo, Claudia and Maddalena, his brothers and sisters, Don John, son of Cosimo I.; was still living, and Don Antonio, supposed son of Francis II. Cosimo * left five sons and two daughters; the two grand duchesses, Christina and Archduchess Maria Maddalena, his mother and grandmother, were regents and tutoresses of the young duke by the will of the last. Don John, son of Cosimo I., survived the late grand duke but a short time. He was a prince of great merit both as a soldier and a statesman; he was also a man of letters, but too much addicted to necromancy, which, indeed, is more to be imputed to the fault of the age than himself.

FERDINAND II.,

Fifth Grand Duke.

This prince was eleven years old at the death of his father, and for seven years the state was governed by his mother

* Cosimo II. was a prince liberal, benign, and loved by his people; but with such uniform bad health as not to be able to attend with comfort to the affairs of state, and he used to envy the condition of every private man.—MURATORI.

and grandmother; but in 1628, being eighteen years old, he took possession of the dukedom, and the regency ceased *. In 1630, Tuscany was afflicted with a great scarcity; and fevers and sickness were the consequence of it; the land was neglected for want of proper cultivation, the attention to agriculture given by the late duke ceased, and the people were forced to procure provisions from the Levant at a great expense. Added to these calamities, the plague † made its appearance and destroyed numbers: 6921 perished of this disorder in a month; but the grand duke acquired the greatest honour by going round the city with his brothers, assisting the sick, encouraging the desponding, and endeavouring to give them spirit by his example, to guard against this heavy affliction: this is one of the most brilliant parts of this prince's reign, which conferred on him the greatest honour ‡. The hospitality of Ferdinand, in affording a refuge to the unfortunate Duke and Duchess of Lorraine, in 1634 §, cannot be too much commended, in spite

* Previous to taking possession, he travelled to Rome, Prague, and various parts of Germany, in order to improve his mind; he was received every where with great respect, and was much esteemed by the different princes.

† The grand duke and his physicians endeavoured to prevent its being thought the plague, which was the occasion of its spreading more, from proper precautions not being used.

‡ In 1632, an end was put to the military glory of the hero, Gustavus Adolphus, at the battle of Lutzen.

§ The adventures of these amiable and unfortunate fugitives were sufficient to furnish matter for a romance. In 1634, they were obliged to leave Lorraine, owing to the tyranny of Cardinal Richelieu: the duke, disguised, escaped from his palace to the house of a confidential friend by night; the duchess, in a *dirty ragged dress*, with a torch in her hand, lighting her gentleman-usher, escaped to the same asylum. But they had now only half effected their escape; they had still to elude the vigilance of the French guards, and get out of Nanci. In order to effect this, the duke cut his hair short, and disguised himself as a coal-carrier; the duchess followed him in a dirty tattered gown, carrying on her shoulders a load of dung. A few leagues off they were received by some friends on horseback, and, at length, through many perils, were conducted safe to

of the overbearing tyranny of France, which endeavoured to awe this prince into subjection, and prevent his kind assistance to them. Ferdinand stood high at this time in the public opinion, for virtue, magnanimity, and talents; and this was much increased by his liberal conduct towards his ally and relation the Duke of Parma, whom he endeavoured to protect from the preponderating force of Spain, and the insidious artifices of Pope Urban VIII.* The grand duke appears to have been naturally affable, free, and liberal; a lover of sciences and learned men, and his court was the resort of all of that description of every nation: they were certain of finding a protector in this prince, who was anxious to imitate the splendour of Cosimo the Aged and Lorenzo the Magnificent. Unfortunately, domestic felicity was wanting to this prince. The grand duchess Victoria della Rovere † was of a different character, haughty, narrow-minded, suspicious, and bigoted: two persons of such opposite characters could not live long together, and a separation took place, though Ferdinand always treated her with the utmost respect, and shewed her the greatest attention. Spain still

Franche Comté, from thence to the states of the Duke of Savoy, where they were hospitably received, and from thence to Florence, where they found a comfortable asylum.—GALLUZZI.

* That restless and ambitious pontiff finished his earthly career, in 1644, to the great joy of Europe, which he had long disturbed with his intrigues.

† She was hereditary Princess of Urbino, and married, at thirteen years old, to the grand duke in 1635. In 1642, August 14, she produced an heir to the duchy, five years from the time of his assuming the reins of government. The year after this marriage took place, the grand duchess Christina died, who had been many years regent; she appears to have been more calculated for private than public life. There were many faults in her administration felt a long time in Tuscany, and especially Sienna, which was almost ruined by it; there was also a system of extravagance, idle and superfluous expenses, unnecessary acts of generosity, which brought the state to a low ebb. In private life too much praise cannot be given her, and the excellent education of her family was owing to her prudence and understanding.

had its usual ascendency in the councils of this prince, and it seemed scarcely possible for Tuscany in the present system to be independent. The good qualities, however, of Ferdinand were unfortunately of little use to the state owing to his indolence, and his public character was very faulty. Theologists and lawyers soon began to acquire ascendency in the councils and state, to its great hurt, as well as that of the sovereign. In the regency of the grand duchesses, Christina and Maria Maddalena, educated in courts, and accustomed to be served by marquisses and counts, the richest citizens quitted business, in order to be honoured with titles, and be in the train of the court; and a *regular traffic* was made of this, neither to the honour of the court, nor advantage of the state.

At this time wearing arms was a privilege granted to the nobility, though denied to the people, which caused much murmuring. The negligence likewise in punishing crimes, combined with the weakness of government, overturned, or at least gave a fatal shock to Tuscan manners, and the mildness and gentleness, so prevalent in the time of Ferdinand I. and Cosimo II., were changed into pride, insolence, and ferocity. The sovereign who dared not openly revenge or punish insults, kept in his pay a troop of bravoes, who assassinated all that dared to offend him. Florence and Tuscany were full of convents; in the former were fifty, and in Tuscany (without reckoning Sienna) there were 11,691 nuns. Merchandise and trade, which had flourished so much under the three first grand dukes, were now almost extinct; and although the sovereign, as has been observed, had great talents and good qualities, yet from various disastrous circumstances, even from the beginning of his government, they had no good effect upon the state. The great body of the people were in a languishing state; the ecclesiastics were numerous, and had the ascendency; wars had desolated Italy, commerce was gone, and agriculture

neglected. This was the unfortunate situation of Tuscany at this æra, and Ferdinand countenanced too much the heads of the banditti, with whom he kept an open correspondence, especially with Giulio Pezzuolo, who, incited by the Spanish court, had the audacity to take out of Rome *publicly**, Napoletano, Prince of Sanza, and assisted by twenty of his troop, took him to Naples, and put him to death; an action unparalleled in the annals of history for atrocity: and for this he received universal applause, by which may be conjectured what was the state of manners and governments in the beginning of the seventeenth century.

With regard to politics †, although Ferdinand had the reputation of a prudent prince; he is much censured for timidity, in not assisting the young heroic Duke of Parma, his relation, who, with courage, perhaps, bordering on temerity, was endeavouring to reduce the power of that ambitious pontiff Pope Urban VIII., and his upstart nephews, the Barberini. Had the dukes joined their forces, it was thought that the proud pontiff would have been brought to reason, as well as the Barberini, who disgusted every one with their avarice, pride, and insolence. Here he appears to have neglected his own interest, and lost an opportunity never to be regained; for ultimately the art of the latter prevailed, getting the better of the openness and manly courage of the duke, till by procrastination they were

* He was banished from Rome by *sentence*, but *suffered* to live in it by favour of the Barberini, the pope's nephews, with whom he was connected by marriage. In Rome it was common at this time for the different parties to insult each other by their troops of bravoes *about precedency*; this happened between the Marquis of Los Veles, the Spanish ambassador, and the Bishop of Lamego, when many lives were lost, and much confusion ensued. Rome was full of tumult; such was the state of things in *polished, imperial*, and *papal* Rome.

† He was also much censured in not asserting his wife's right to the duchy of Urbino, on the failure of the male branch.

enabled to recruit their armies. Thus the low cunning of priests got the better of this truly heroic character, and the grand duke was universally censured for pusillanimous conduct in this affair; far different from that of his great ancestor and namesake Ferdinand I., who had nothing temporizing in his conduct, but, on the contrary, decided bravery, and greatness of mind. In his favour, however, it may be said, that he did all in his power to avert the horrors of war from his country; however laudable the motive, it may be doubted whether this might not have been effected better by a spirited conduct, than by a temporizing one, as may be seen in the present instance; for all this caution of Ferdinand was insufficient to keep the country in a pacific state.

In 1643, was formed a league to suppress the ambition of the pope and Barberinis, and two armies were raised of 18,000 foot, and 2,700 horse, one in Lombardy, and the other in Tuscany, under the orders of the grand duke, who at length was roused from his indolence and dangerous lethargy. On the standards of these armies was inscribed *pro bono pacis*. In this war* the Papalists† were continually beaten, and glad to accept a peace granted them on advantageous terms, which took place in 1644. The most ex-

* Pistoia in this war of the allies distinguished itself for its gallant defence against the papal forces, under the Barberini, who attempted to take it by storm. After three hours' hard fighting, the papal forces were obliged to retire, leaving dead more than 300, and all their scaling engines, bombs, &c. &c.

† July 28, 1644, died pope Urban VIII. All Europe, as well as Rome, rejoiced at the death of this turbulent pope, a disgrace to the church; who, during a very long pontificate, of twenty-one years, had involved Europe in such wars and troubles, as made him universally hated. Batista Panfilj was chosen in his room, a man of a very different character, and took the name of Innocent X. In 1648 died the hero Odoardo, Duke of Parma, to the great joy of the court of Rome, which always feared and hated him, as the great opposer of their tyranny and oppression; and in 1655 died Innocent X., and Cardinal Fabio Chigi was elected in his room, who took the name of Alexander VII.

traordinary thing in this war was, that two leaders of banditti were opposed to each other with their banditti; Fra. Paolo on the side of the grand duke.

In 1646, the grand duke was *forced* by Mazarin, who endeavoured to be the arbiter of the affairs of Europe, to enter into a treaty with France, and to cease persecuting, as he termed it, the Barberini; this did him no great honour with the Pope or Spaniards, and his giving them entrance into Leghorn, Porto Ferraio, &c., and supplying them with provisions, excited great disgust. This Ferdinand called a *neutrality*, though not thought so by the Spaniards; but it was in pursuance of his constant and wise plan, though sometimes perhaps carried too far, to keep his dominions in peace, for which he was willing to make *any sacrifice*. This prince, at length, hit on the happy expedient of varying the manners of the people, and softening them by extinguishing pride and ferocity. A necessary economy, arising from the exigencies of the state*, had obliged him to lay aside all pride and ostentation, and genius and philosophy inspired him with the wish of having in his people *obsequious friends, not slaves*. Affability, mildness, politeness, and taste, were now universally conspicuous in his court, and gallantry, regulated by the rules of decency and propriety, was substituted for jealousy. Attention to females, in the seasons of amusement and pleasure, inspired mirth and gave a stimulus to the mind, and relaxation from the more serious and important concerns of life. The court was now no longer, as formerly, the seat of pride and luxury, which humble, and at the same time irritate the inferior orders and the poor; but an assemblage of meritorious persons, fit to associate with one of the most learned and enlightened men of the age. In order to be esteemed at the Medicean court, it was not necessary now to have birth or

* Owing to two wet seasons there was an epidemical disorder and scarcity in Tuscany, as well as other parts of Italy.

wealth, but the qualities of the mind were alone considered, which secured interest there; this, in short, from its delicate and nice discrimination, justly obtained the appellation of the second Medicean age, by no means inferior to that of Cosimo the Great, or Lorenzo the Magnificent. The country reaped the benefit of this change; and Tuscany, from having been the seat of war and troubles, was now become that of elegance and refinement, as the court was the seat of the Muses.

The grand duke, and his son, Leopold, who had the same taste, took delight in ingenious experiments* with men of science and philosophy, and all persons of that description were sure to find a good reception at the court, in which was formed an academy of literati, consisting of ten at the beginning. April 18, 1660, Prince Cosimo, the eldest son of the sovereign, was married to Maria Louisa, eldest daughter of Gaston, Duke of Orleans, by a second marriage, and grand-daughter to Henry the Great, King of France, and Mary of Medicis. It might have been thought that this connexion, both from the accomplishments of the bride and the consanguinity of the parties would have turned out well; but, on the contrary, the pride and ill temper of this princess imbittered the comfort of the prince and the whole ducal court. In 1666, after eighteen years' separation, a reconciliation took place between the grand duke and duchess, and another son was the consequence of it, named Francis Maria.

Cosimo, the eldest son of Ferdinand, in order to soften the uneasiness arising from the conduct of his wife, in 1668, travelled much into Germany and Holland incog., and experienced every where great attention and respect, as both he and his father were much respected abroad. On his return,

* In 1644, the experiment of artificial incubation was made of an egg, when men used to this art were sent for from Cairo to instruct the court of Florence in it.

he had the mortification of finding her as ill-behaved and untoward as before, which occasioned a second journey to Spain, Portugal, England, and France, in all which countries he received equal attentions and civilities. In the latter country, Louis XIV., to shew his disapprobation of the conduct of the princess (who was that king's near relation), and his regard for the duke, took off the sword which he was accustomed to wear, and presented it to him to be kept in remembrance of him *.

May 24, 1670, died Ferdinand II. of a fit of apoplexy, aged fifty-nine, of which he had reigned forty-one †. His moderate conduct, during a long reign, is the test of his character. It perhaps may be called more useful than glorious, and he had the sense and resolution to clear his court

* In 1667, Cardinal Rospiglione of Pistoia, on the death of the last pope, succeeded to the papal see, and took the name of Clement IX.: it is but justice to say, he was a worthy prelate, and a good pope, and afforded an excellent model for his successors. He was one of the few popes, who, so far from changing his character on his exaltation, thought it necessary only to increase in virtue and piety as he increased in dignity. This excellent man, alas! only lived two years, to the great grief of his subjects and Europe; he died Dec. 9, 1669. Clemency, toleration, and mildness, so different, in general, from the papal character, were the leading traits in that of this excellent man; with these, he had great talents for business, and knowledge of the interests of the different princes of Europe, and by his conduct he obtained the confidence of all. He was entirely free from the fault of nepotism, leaving his relations without riches, and having dependence on nothing but the merits of their deceased relative, which, indeed, proved their firmest support, and the proof of the esteem in which their excellent relative was holden. Cardinal Altieri, at the advanced age of eighty (*a*), succeeded him, Dec. 10, and took the name of Clement X.

† Ferdinand II. was at the same time the protector of letters and a lover of the learned. The famous academy instituted by Cardinal Leopold in 1657, encouraged and favoured by this prince, is the greatest proof of this. As he had long governed his people with incomparable prudence and the affection of a father, so they regretted him, and honoured his funeral with many tears.—MURATORI.

(*a*) So depraved and worldly were the Romans now become, that they seldom considered the *qualities* of the candidate for the tiara, but his *age* only, and whether from that circumstance there was likely to be a speedy vacancy.

of that disgraceful herd of sycophants which threatened to involve him and his state in ruin; so that, as he was esteemed much in life, his death was much regretted, as he was regarded for his virtue, prudence, and wisdom. If he erred on the side of caution *, and seemed at times pusillanimous, let it be remembered, that in the most difficult times he endeavoured and succeeded in steering clear between the contending parties, which were tearing Italy to pieces, making it his constant aim, from which he never deviated, to secure to his people the blessings of peace, except when obliged to the contrary by the ambition of the papal tyrant, Urban VIII. His court, as has been observed, was the receptacle of the learned and ingenious. Here the men of letters and fine arts were sure of finding encouragement; and here, in short, might be said to be assembled all the learning, wit, and elegance of the age, so that this ingenious and accomplished prince was universally lamented as the Augustus of Tuscany, without his vanity, and during his reign the court may be said to have been at its zenith; and he of the House of Medicis was most regretted, as having the least pride, and being most affable and popular. His constant motto was "Gratia obvia, ultio quæsita†. The faults of this prince, (for who is free from them?) were being too subject to passion, and too great libertinage in himself, and indulgence in the same to his brother. His character was summed up in a few words by Carlodati in the monumental inscription:

> "Principum aspientissimus, sapientum princeps,
> Fovit artes et auxit, adamavit scientias et habuit ‡.

But such is the infirmity of human nature, it is painful to relate, that adorned with all these *private* qualities, his *pub-*

* It was owing to the moderation and mediation of this prince that the peace was established between Louis XIII. and Pope Alexander VII.

† "Quick in favours, slow in revenge."

‡ "The wisest of princes, and wisest of wise men, he not only cherished but promoted the arts; he loved the sciences, himself a man of science."

lic ones did not answer to it; he was not a good governor, and his government was feeble owing to his easy disposition; abuses multiplied, and the wise constitutions of Cosimo and Francis from neglect fell into disuse. He was, in general, a blind adherent to the pope, and suffered the inquisition to have too great a sway in his states, and priestcraft was too much encouraged—so different often is the public and private character of a prince *; and surely his having bravoes in his pay must be an eternal stain to his reign.

Cosimo III.,
Fifth Grand Duke.

This prince succeeded his father tranquilly in 1670. The people had formed great hopes of him when hereditary prince, which were soon disappointed: instead of introducing among his subjects useful arts by his travels, he brought nothing but pride and contempt for his own country †, and not pursuing his father's wise and prudent system of economy, which procured him the esteem of his subjects, he adopted a new plan of pomp and grandeur utterly inconsistent with his situation and the good of his subjects. They had expected to have had some amends made them for the loss of their late prince; but, on the contrary, the proud contumacious character of the present sovereign was totally opposite to the affability and popular manners of Ferdinand. On the separation therefore of the grand duchess ‡ from her

* In this prince's reign flourished the famous sculptor, Peter Tacca, and Giovanni da St. Giovanni and Peter of Cortona, paint ers, &c. Ferdinand pursued the plan of his predecessors, of improving and embellishing Leghorn.

† The wits said, that he travelled more from ostentation than with a view of acquiring knowledge; and in reading the account of his travels, the whole appears more like a grand procession than a journey.

‡ In 1675, the grand duchess succeeded at last in obtaining the consent of the King of France and the archduke to retire to a convent at Montmartre, and went away, to the great grief of the Florentines, among whom she was very popular.

husband, as settled by Louis XIV., much blame was imputed to his harshness by the people, by whom he was not beloved. It was remarked, that from the time of the grand duchess going into France, and prejudicing the people against him, a visible change took place, and the few good qualities which he had disappeared. He grew dissembling, cruel, and hardened; vanity was the leading trait in his character: magnificent and generous with strangers, he was proud and reserved with his subjects. No sooner was the grand duchess gone *, than an essential change took place in the court—the public exercises of religion were more attended to, in order to discountenance the reports which the duchess spread of the dissoluteness of the court of Florence †. In 1681, Cosimo had a most dangerous illness, and on his

* The grand duchess was fixed in a convent at Montmartre; but she soon overset the regularity of a conventual life, and was so dissipated and headstrong, that the abbess said, she could easier manage the d—— than so turbulent and indocile a character; she was also very negligent in her character, which sustained much censure. In a long letter to her husband, she said, "he had been the *ruin of her salvation*; that she must unavoidably go to the devil, and be consumed in hell-fire, which she did not regard, only that she was sure of meeting him there." She took a copy of this *courtly epistle*, which she gave to Louis XIV., who was so much pleased with it as to read it in *full court*; so much for the *elegant court* of Louis XIV. She never spoke of her husband in any terms but her *hated husband*. In 1681, on the dangerous illness of the grand duke, she kept up a secret correspondence with her son Ferdinand, new modelling the government by anticipation. When the grand duke recovered and discovered it, the two brothers, Lorenzini, much celebrated for their learning and scientific knowledge, were imprisoned in the tower of Volterra for being concerned in this business.

† In 1675 died Cardinal Leopold, uncle of Cosimo III.; his death was brought on by dissipation, the hereditary vice of his family, which, indeed, was the cause of its extinction. He was much beloved by the people, and seriously hurt at the conduct of his nephew the grand duke, which it is thought hastened his death, acting on a debilitated constitution. With him may be said to have expired the glory of the House of Medici, as his learning, accomplishments, and virtues made him be esteemed by all Europe, being reckoned the most accomplished prince in Europe.

recovery changed his whole system, living abstemiously, and using moderate exercise and recreations, a system which had the best effect*. In 1684, this prince exerted himself, and joined the league against the Turks, sending the league several galleys to act on the coasts of Dalmatia and Albania.

The preponderating power of Louis XIV. †, and his insolence to the Genoese, seem to have had a great effect on the grand duke, as he courted his protection with the utmost servility, disclaiming all harsh measures against his wife, and even desiring the king to name matrimonial connexions for his children. In 1689‡, Prince Ferdinand was married to the Princess Violante of Bavaria, a princess of most amiable qualities, to the great joy of the two Houses of Bavaria and Medici. The grand duke did not abate his extravagance, lavishing large sums of money in founding and repairing monasteries, and supporting ecclesiastical pomp, so that by his vanity and extravagance he exhausted

* In 1693, was the famous siege of Vienna by the Turks, when Cosimo III. sent all the assistance he could to the imperialists. Terror and consternation possessed the inhabitants, who were drowned in tears, and penitential processions were continual; they were delivered from their fears by the gallantry of John Sobieski, and Charles, Duke of Lorraine.

† The Genoese having offended this haughty prince could not be received into favour, but by sending their doge and four of the principal senators to Versailles to sue for pardon in the humblest terms, which at length was granted them: such was the arrogance of this haughty prince, which, however, in the latter part of his reign received a complete check.

‡ In 1689, August 6, died Pope Innocent XI., to the great grief of Europe, being a pious and virtuous pontiff; and Oct. 6, Cardinal Ottubuoni was elected, and took the name of Alexander VIII.; he lived only two years, and in 1691 Pope Innocent XII. was chosen, who died September 27, 1700, universally regretted. Cardinal Albani succeeded, by the name of Clement XI. Thus in eleven years were four popes, a rapid succession almost unequalled. We find the popes always much connected with the affairs of Tuscany, for which reason it is necessary to mention them often. Pope Innocent XII. was esteemed by all for his liberality and virtues, and much esteemed by the Tuscans, and universally regretted—far different from most of his predecessors, who were alike contemptible for pride, avarice, bigotry, and worldly-mindedness.

his treasury. In 1691, William, Elector Palatine, married the Princess Ann, daughter of the grand duke, although he had made a treaty of marriage with the Kings of Spain and Portugal, and dauphin of France. The extravagance of the sovereign obliged him to have recourse to extraordinary taxes, and in 1692 there was a great clamour on account of the taxes imposed by the duke on *perukes, men and women servants, horses and asses* *. In the year 1700 Cosimo went to Rome to see the pope, and inspect the sacred relics of St. Peter, to which none can have access but the *canons of the church;* he was therefore made a canon, and ascending the tribune dressed in canonicals, he shewed the people the relics, as Prince Ladislaus, son of Sigismond III., King of Poland, had done in 1625.

Cosimo III. was the great instrument of enriching the noble gallery, which is the wonder of Europe, with those fine works of art, which are the admiration of every one. After his recovery from his dangerous illness, he was prescribed the exercise of walking by his physician, and used to frequent the gallery much, which made him increase the collection and attend to it; but the building was originally erected by Cosimo I. in 1564, and continued by his son Francis. All the princes of Medici contributed something to increase this collection, but chiefly the Grand Duke Ferdinand II. and the Cardinal Leopold. In the latter part of Cosimo's life, his vanity, of which he had a considerable share, was much mortified, as in taking the part of Louis XIV. in the succession war, he incurred the indignation of the allies, particularly Anne of Great Britain, and was obliged to submit to great humiliation in order to mitigate her wrath; he was also obliged to furnish large sums to the allies as a contribution, by order of Prince Eugene in 1708. The grand dukes were, in fact, always forced to take the law from

* A hint to our countrymen not to complain of taxes.

France, Spain, or Austria; such is the fate of minor princes, never to be independent. In 1713 died Ferdinand, eldest son of Cosimo, much regretted for his amiable qualities, without children *. Giovan. Gastone, his brother, had no children, and every thing shewed the near extinction of the House of Medicis, notwithstanding its former numerous branches. As its last hope, Cardinal Francis Maria resigned his cardinal's hat, and married the Princess Eleonora Gonzaga, daughter of Vincent Gonzaga, Duke of Guastalla, in 1709. This marriage proved as unfortunate as the others of the House of Medicis. The bride took a dislike to her husband, and in spite of the solicitations of the pope, and of the relations on both sides, refused to live with him; this prince, who had long resisted entering into the matrimonial state, and had at length complied with the wishes of the grand duke, was so hurt at his wife's conduct, that he fell a victim to grief and a broken constitution, and died in two years.

The reign of Cosimo III., from the beginning to the end, may be said to form the epoch of the decline of his family, as well as of the prosperity of his states. The unarmed neutrality which he attempted to observe was impossible under existing circumstances, and as the monarchy of Spain fell, and that of France rose, he declined with the former, its destinies having always ruled those of Tuscany: Ferdinand II., indeed, had had resolution and magnanimity enough to banish from his court its dark and insidious maxims, but Cosimo, his son, not only adopted them, but blindly adhered to them, which proved the ruin of his House, and over-

* Ferdinand had long been afflicted with epileptic fits, and fell a victim to his former excesses; his inclination for the Belles Lettres, learning, and great enterprises, made him much regretted, as inheriting the genius of Ferdinand II. He was often the advocate of the oppressed, and procured them ease from his father, which made him the darling of the people, who offered up public vows to heaven for his life with tears and lamentations, a proof how much he was beloved.

throw of the state; as, indeed, he was the weakest of the princes of his family, so was his ministry proportionably weak, which is always the case, as wise princes choose good ministers. To him, however, is owing the cultivation of the vine, and in his reign the wines of Tuscany were in the greatest repute in England, Holland, &c. In his time Magliabecchi, (who founded the famous library, called after his name) flourished; and also the famous Galileo.

The Quadruple alliance *, as it was called, formed in 1718, to settle the succession of Tuscany, was the death-blow to the hopes of the reigning family, disposing of their states decidedly without their concurrence, and contrary to their wishes; thus taking away even the shadow of independence. In the latter part of his life the grand duke attended entirely to the regulation of the affairs of the monks, and the minute concerns of his subjects, leaving to his counsellors the important affairs of state, who were influenced by John Gaston, and the electress †, who, since the death of the Elector Palatine, had resided at the court of Florence, and was much disliked for her haughty manners; unfortunately she had the principal direction of affairs.

September 17, 1721, the Grand Duchess Maria Louisa died in France, aged seventy-six; the latter part of her life was more quiet than the former, and if religion had not power to moderate her passions, age at least had; the grand duke latterly had ceased to molest her, and the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, suffered her to live in town or country as she pleased ‡.

* England, Holland, Germany, and France.

† The electress was the favourite child of the duke, and he made every exertion to have her put into the succession, after the death of the Elector Palatine, though contrary to the law of succession in Tuscany. The sovereigns at last consented, and Cosimo died in the full persuasion of her succeeding John Gaston; the event will declare how this plan was frustrated.

‡ It was said that the disputes between her and her husband originated

October 31, 1723, died Cosimo III.*, aged eighty-one, after a long reign of fifty-three years, disturbed by the violence of contending parties, and latterly by the arbitrary attempts of the sovereigns of Europe to regulate the succession to the Duchy. He had travelled much, and seen much of the world, but not profited by his knowledge as he ought, as it appears from a general review of his conduct, for he was vain, ostentatious, bigotted, arbitrary, and extravagant; the people disliked him, as imputing to him all the evils of Tuscany, so much so, that they saw with less regret the approaching extinction of a family they had long been accustomed to look up to with respect. Compassion, humanity, and generosity, were virtues but little known, or at least but little practised, by this proud and inexorable prince; but a fund of ignorance, despotism, hypocrisy, and priestcraft, distinguished this long reign, which might have constituted the comfort of the people and his own glory; which ought always to be the case between a prince and his subjects, as whatever establishes their comfort must tend to his glory. Owing to this long reign hardly the least traces remained of the splendid one of Ferdinand II., and Cosimo III. was followed to the grave without regret.

John Gaston† came to the throne at the age of fifty-

in her freedom with her French servants, and that he one day saw her romping with her cook, at which he was so enraged, that he treated her very severely before several persons, at which she was so much hurt, as to desire a separation, to which he consented; and historians go so far as to say, that the extinction of the Medici arose from a pillow in the garden being thrown at this cook. It is certain, however, that her vivacity carried her to too great a length.

* Cosimo was received at Rome with the greatest honours by Pope Clement II., who made him canon of St. Peters, and among other presents gave him the ancient seat of St. Stephen, to enrich the cathedral of Pisa. But many persons thought this visit was one as much of politics as devotion, with regard to the alarming situation of Italy.—MURATORI.

† So named from his grandfather, youngest son of Henry IV., King of France.

three. It must be said that he was an accomplished prince, being perfectly acquainted with the Latin, German, French, Spanish, and English languages; he understood music well, and had great taste in the fine arts; but these accomplishments were lost in a certain measure, by his conduct. He had been exercised in the school of adversity, and had had great domestic affliction, owing to the perverse conduct of his wife. Every one was surprised at the reluctance with which he undertook the government; but added to a natural indolence, the troubles which he had undergone, and the mortification he had for some time experienced, in witnessing the arrangement for the future dynasty, made him prefer a private to a public life, and the lust of power, which has such great influence with many, had none with him *.

His first step was to imitate the conduct of his grandfather, Ferdinand II., in conversing familiarly with the nobility, and attending to their counsels. He banished from his court the swarm of monks, hypocrites, informers, and parasites, which had so long been a disgrace to it in the last reign; and this conduct procured him such applause, that he soon acquired the love and esteem of his subjects. He exercised acts of clemency and kindness with moderation and discretion, and all seemed contented with the government: but the grand duchess, with her usual caprice, resided in Bo-

* In 1722 died Pope Clement II. Cardinal Conti succeeded by the name of Innocent XIII., who was much superior to his predecessor in the art of government, although by making the profligate Abbé du Bois cardinal, at the intercession of the Regent Duke of Orleans, he did not get much honour, nor do much credit to his notions of morality. In 1724 Cardinal Orsini, aged seventy-nine, succeeded, by the name of Benedict XIII. This pope, defective as to eye-sight and the use of his limbs, had a capacious mind and enterprising spirit, and was well calculated to restore the defective government in church and state. His election, as well as that of many of the popes, was chiefly owing to the House of Medici, and principally to John Gaston, who exerted himself much on this occasion.

hemia *, without having the least correspondence with her husband. Unhappy marriages seemed interwoven with the fate of this House; this was the third reigning prince in succession who had been unfortunate in matrimonial connexions. He, however, endeavoured to console himself by introducing gaiety into his court, and by innocent parties of pleasure and agreeable conversation, he soon made his people forget the austerity of the preceding reign. He had still, however, the mortification of witnessing the arrangements made by the different courts as to the succession, and with difficulty prevented the entry of *foreign garrisons* into his dominions.

The grand duke, however, at length shewed the most perfect indifference and greatness of mind, on observing the different speculations of the European princes on his death, and their future plans on that event. His conduct in resisting the insinuations and menaces of the Spaniards, and all mediation and treaties with regard to his successor, and his

* The grand duchess was Anna Maria Frances of Saxony, widow of Prince Philip of Newburg; every comfort and advantage were expected from this connexion, as this princess was the heiress of the House of Saxe Lauembourg; but on the contrary, it was the source of great evils and troubles to this prince, so short-sighted are mortals in all their worldly plans. He was married to this princess at Dusseldorff, July 2, 1697, and never had much comfort afterwards; she was proud and insolent in her disposition, and remarkably coarse in her manners, being much with grooms and horses, and always riding or hunting. In 1705 she agreed to go with her husband in two years to reside in Florence, and to alter her conduct to him, at the reiterated intreaties of the pope, emperor, elector Palatine, and grand duke, but when the time came, she broke her word; thus the House of Medici, which seemed to be firmly built, and as firmly established by so many male heirs, was doomed to undergo the fate of all dynasties which exclude females from the succession, and to have recourse, though a temporary one, to a female to preserve it a little longer, in the person of the Electress Palatine, as settled by the sovereigns before the death of Cosimo III. France, however, must be excepted from this rule, which for many ages has continued in the male line.

firmness in preserving the integrity of his state, and keeping off any foreign aggression, were looked up to with admiration and wonder in so delicate a situation. Between the imperialists and Spaniards, who alike had interested views, this prince had a difficult task to steer, and his mind was continually harassed: both these powers wished to garrison the duchy with their troops, preparatory to taking possession of it at his death; one threatened, and the other cajoled, so that this prince had little more than the shadow of sovereignty. Greatly, however, to his honour, he exerted himself in the early part of his government in easing the distresses of the country, occasioned by the extravagance of the last reign, and various other causes; for he found it reduced much by penury, heavy taxes, &c., which required the utmost exertion on his part to remedy. Harassed at length with the contending parties waiting for his death, a visible change took place in his conduct, and the latter part of his government was very disgraceful, if government it may be called; and this last duke of the line of Medici has left an indelible stain upon his memory, by leaving the care of the government entirely to his ministers, and his private concerns to his servants. He gave himself up entirely to a man whom he made his confidant, from being a menial servant; and this man became the vehicle of all favours, and the channel of introduction to every one. The grand duke was hardly ever seen by his courtiers, and since the time of his being confined by a dangerous fall, he became almost inaccessible to every one. One thing, however, was greatly to his honour: despairing to preserve the liberty and independence of his state, he at least preserved it from the horrors of war and invasion. In 1731 * died the Princess

* In 1731 died Antonio, Duke of Parma, the last prince of the House of Farnese.

Violante, widow of Prince Ferdinand, eldest brother of the reigning duke, much regretted by him and all persons, as a princess of great merit.

October 26, the fatal stroke was put to the independence of Tuscany, by the arrival at Leghorn of the English and Spanish combined fleets, bringing the Spanish troops to garrison the Tuscan towns, preparatory to the arrival of the infant, and the infant himself aged sixteen, son of the King of Spain, the destined successor of John Gaston, disembarked at Leghorn. December 27, after having been there some time, he went to Florence, and was received in the palace of Pitti by the grand duke and electress, with great affection, and universally acknowledged and approved of as the destined heir of Tuscany; the brother and sister had such command of themselves, as to shew him as much attention as if he had been of their own blood. February 12, 1736, the marriage between Francis, Duke of Lorrain, and the Archduchess Maria* Theresa, eldest daughter of the Emperor Charles VI., too place, from which a future stock of emperors of the Lorrain Austrian line was to spring. The Spanish Prince's popularity increased, and his future subjects formed great hopes from his government; but all this plan was suddenly changed by the war between the houses of Austria and Bourbon, when a peace was made, and treaty, by which Francis, Duke of Lorrain, was to succeed to the duchy of Tuscany †; and thus the Tuscans were now to have the

* This Maria was so known in Europe afterwards for her misfortunes and magnanimity under the name of the Empress queen. The Hungarians were so enthusiastic in her favour, as to say "Moriemur pro nostro Rege Maria." The unfortunate and beautiful Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, whose conduct was so great in adversity as to excite the admiration of all, was her daughter.

† Stanislaus, King of Poland, father-in-law of Louis XV., was to have Lorrain for his life, on the death of John Gaston, and by this new arrangement the Electress Dowager Palatine was excluded from the Tuscan sovereignty, much to her displeasure, as she was proud and ambitious.

Germans for their masters, (whom they hated), instead of the Spaniards; and a new system of courting their future masters was to take place.

The grand duke was so affected at this change, that a melancholy and depression of spirits seized him, and he from this time left to his ministers the entire regulation of state affairs. His health now (from having been much confined to his room and a sedentary life) began visibly to decline, and with the strength of his body, declined the strength of his mind. In 1737 *, the new treaty began to be carried into execution; the Spaniards evacuating Tuscany, were succeeded by the Germans, and General Wachtendonck, the commander, took the oath of fidelity to the grand duke, as prescribed and practised by the Spaniards. John Gaston did not long survive this; but having had violent attacks of the gout and stone, at length yielded to their force, July 9, 1737, aged sixty-six, of which he had reigned only thirteen.

Thus lived and died John Gaston, the last prince of the line of Medici. The candid reader will look with an eye of pity

* The Electress survived her brother a few years; though the last of her family, she was not much regretted, on account of her pride and insolence. It was thought that she brought her father Cosimo III., who was blindly partial to her, to the brink of ruin, by her pernicious counsels, never considering the good of the people, but her own ambitious views. The new government treated her with the most marked attention, consulting her in every thing. It has been remarked that the Houses of Farnese and Medici were exalted nearly by the same means, and took their rise the same way, so they both ended in a female, with this difference, that the electress was mortified in finding her projects rejected by all the powers, without children, and deprived of the inheritance of her ancestors; whilst the female of the House of Farnese exalted to the throne of Spain, and blessed with a numerous progeny, was feared and admired by the different princes of Europe. There was also this difference, that the Farnese were most of them distinguished by their personal bravery, whilst the Medici were more famous in the cabinet than the field, and increased their possessions more by negotiations than the sword; whilst the former with difficulty kept possession of theirs with the point of the sword.

on his failings, as greater allowances are to be made for him than any of his family: he may be said to have been educated in the school of adversity, having never experienced the happiness of paternal affection, nor the joys of domestic comfort. He only exchanged the harshness of a rigid father for the perverseness of an untoward wife—obliged to form this matrimonial connexion, much against his will, by the arbitrary commands of his father; can it, therefore, be cause for wonder, if thus deprived of his happiness, he sometimes erred, and had recourse to a way of life unworthy of his exalted station and future prospects? He was universally lamented as a prince liberal, beneficent, and compassionate, and was much esteemed for his wit and learning; and if there were some parts of his conduct in which he seemed timid and undecided, this must be ascribed to the peculiar difficulties of his reign, and the delicate times in which he lived, and his earnest desire to preserve the independence of the state from the efforts of the contending parties, and keep his subjects from the horrors of invasion and the evils of war, so that the first seven years of his administration were reckoned the happiest which Tuscany had enjoyed a long time. His vices, in short, were magnified, and the tears of his subjects were the test of his virtues. His whole reign may be said to have been a scene of mortification; he no sooner was grand duke, than the contending princes counted the months and years of his life, and formed their speculations on the probability of his death; he saw in himself the last prince of his line, and every illness had the pain of hearing reports of the future plans of princes of another house who were to succeed him; so that, in fact, he was a prince without power, and grand duke only in name: we, therefore, should be inclined to pity more than blame him for his imperfections, for what sovereign had greater trials, or lived in a more difficult period?

Thus finished the line of Medici, the seven princes of which as grand dukes had wielded the sceptre more than

200 years, from Cosimo I., in 1536, to the death of John Gaston, 1737. If they were not free from vices, several of them were endowed with great virtues; and every step which the traveller takes in Florence must remind him of their liberality and munificence, as almost every spot and place shews some statue or public building, serving at the same time as monuments of their taste, and embellishments of this elegant city; so that they will ever be remembered for cultivating the arts, improving their cities, and patronising men of learning. At the death of the grand duke, the prince of Craon took possession of the duchy without opposition, and all the orders of the state took the oath of fidelity to the new Duke, Francis, in whom began the new dynasty of the *Austrian-Lorrain dukes.*

End of Appendix to the First Volume.

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